

## GEORGE R.

**G**EORGE, by the Grace of GOD, King of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

Whereas Our Trusty and Well-beloved BERNARD LINTOT of our City of *London*, Bookseller, has humbly represented unto Us that he is now printing a Translation of the *ILIAD* of HOMER, from the *Greek*, in Six Volumes in Folio, by ALEXANDER POPE Gent. with large Notes upon each Book: And whereas the said BERNARD LINTOT has informed Us that he has been at a great Expence in carrying on the said Work; and that the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the said Work is vested in the said BERNARD LINTOT: He has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the Term of fourteen Years. WE being graciously pleased to encourage so useful a Work, are pleased to condescend to his Request; and do therefore hereby give and grant unto the said BERNARD LINTOT Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole printing and publishing the said Six Volumes of the *ILIAD* of HOMER, translated by the said ALEXANDER POPE, for and during the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof, strictly charging and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever; or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same, or any part thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said BERNARD LINTOT, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils, and such other Penalties as by the Laws and Statutes of this Our Realm may be inflicted: Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of Our City of *London*, Commissioners and other Officers of Our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the sixth Day of *May*, 1715. in the first Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

JAMES STANHOPE.

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*A. Cooper sculp.*

*M. J. Goussier del.*

M H N I C      A X I A H O C

THE  
ILIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

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Translated by Mr. POPE.

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VOL. II.

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*Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina  
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico  
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis  
Tydiden Superis parem?* HORAT.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, and sold by  
HENRY LINTOT, against St. Dunstan's Church,  
in Fleet-street. MDCCXXXII.

THE  
ILLIAD  
OF  
HOMER.

Translated by



THE  
ILLIAD  
OF  
HOMER  
Translated by  
E. V. Rieu

The Third Edition

LONDON:  
Printed for Bernard Quaritch, and sold by  
Hanser Lintor, against St Dunstons Church,  
in the Strand.



TROJA cum Locis pertinentibus. 1. Porta Scæa et Fagus. 2. Captificus. 3. Fontes Scamandri  
 4. Callicolone prope Simois. 5. Batiea seu Sepulcrum Myrinnæ. 6. Ili Monimentum. 7.  
 =lus Eſietis. AA. Murus Achivorum. B. Locus Pugne ante Naves in lib: 8, 12, 13, 14. C. Gesta Diome-  
 loco lib: 5. D. Achilles & Scamandri Certatio lib: 22. E. Locus Pugne in lib 6. F. Pugne in lib: 11. G. Pugne in lib.



A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
*HOMER's Battels.*

**P**Erhaps it may be necessary in this place at the opening of *Homer's Battels*, to premise some observations upon them in general. I shall first endeavour to shew the *Conduct* of the Poet herein, and next collect some *Antiquities*, that tend to a more distinct understanding of those descriptions which make so large a part of the Poem.

One may very well apply to *Homer* himself, what he says of his Heroes at the end of the fourth book, that whosoever should be guided thro' his battels by *Minerva*, and pointed to every scene of them, would see nothing through the whole but subjects of surprize and applause. When the reader reflects that

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no less than the compass of twelve books is taken up in these, he will have reason to wonder by what methods our author could prevent descriptions of such a length from being tedious. It is not enough to say, that tho' the subject it self be the same, the actions are always different; that we have now distinct combates, now promiscuous fights, now single duels, now general engagements; or that the scenes are perpetually vary'd; we are now in the fields, now at the fortification of the *Greeks*, now at the ships, now at the gates of *Troy*, now at the river *Scamander*: But we must look farther into the art of the poet to find the reasons of this astonishing variety.

We may first observe that diversity in the *deaths* of his *warriors*, which he has supply'd by the vastest fertility of invention. These he distinguishes several ways: Sometimes by the *characters* of the Men, their *age*, *office*, *profession*, *nation*, *family*, &c. One is a blooming *youth*, whose father dissuaded him from the war; one is a *Priest*, whose piety could not save him; one is a *sportsman*, whom *Diana* taught in vain; one is the *native* of a far-distant *country*, who is never to return; one is descended from a *noble line*, which ends in his death; one is made remarkable by his *boasting*; another by his *beseeching*; and another, who is distinguish'd no way else, is mark'd by his *Habit* and the singularity of his armour.

Sometimes he varies these deaths by the several *postures* in which his Heroes are represented either fighting or falling. Some of these are so exceedingly *exact*, that one may guess from the very position of the combatant, whereabouts the wound will light: Others so very *peculiar* and *uncommon*,  
that

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that they could only be the effect of an imagination which had search'd thro' all the ideas of nature. Such is that picture of *Mydon* in the fifth book, whose arm being numb'd by a blow on the elbow, drops the reins that trail on the ground; and then being suddenly struck on the temples, falls headlong from the chariot in a soft and deep place; where he sinks up to the shoulders in the sands, and continues a while fix'd by the weight of his armour, with his legs quivering in the air, 'till he is trampled down by his horses.

Another cause of this variety is the difference of the wounds that are given in the *Iliad*: They are by no means like the wounds described by most other Poets, which are commonly made in the self-same obvious places: The heart and head serve for all those in general who understand no anatomy, and sometimes for variety they kill men by wounds that are no where mortal but in their poems. As the whole human body is the subject of these, so nothing is more necessary to him who would describe them well, than a thorough knowledge of its structure, even tho' the poet is not professedly to write of them as an anatomist; in the same manner as an exact skill in anatomy is necessary to those Painters that would excel in drawing the naked, tho' they are not to make every muscle as visible as in a book of chirurgery. It appears from so many passages in *Homer* that he was perfectly master of this science, that it would be needless to cite any in particular. One may only observe, that if we thoroughly examine all the wounds he has described, tho' so infinite in number, and so many ways diversify'd, we shall hardly find one which will contradict this observation.

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I must just add a remark, That the various periphrases and circumlocutions by which *Homer* expresses the single act of *dying*, have supply'd *Virgil* and the succeeding Poets with all their manners of phrasing it. Indeed he repeats the same verse on that occasion more often than they — \* ὃ σκότος ἔω' ἐκάλυψε ——— Ἀράσσιντε ὃ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ, &c. But tho' it must be owned he had more frequent occasions for a line of this kind than any Poet, as no other has describ'd half so many deaths, yet one cannot ascribe this to any sterility of expression, but to the genius of his times, that delighted in those reiterated verses. We find repetitions of the same sort affected by the sacred writers, such as *He was gathered to his people*; *He slept with his fathers*; and the like. And upon the whole they have a certain antiquated harmony, not unlike the burthen of a song, which the ear is willing to suffer, and as it were rests upon.

As the perpetual horror of combates, and a succession of images of death, could not but keep the imagination very much on the stretch; *Homer* has been careful to contrive such reliefs and pauses, as might divert the mind to some other scene, without losing sight of his principal object. His *comparisons* are the more frequent on this account; for a *comparison* serves this end the most effectually of any thing, as it is at once correspondent to, and differing from the subject. Those criticks who fancy that the use of comparisons distracts the attention, and draws it from the first image which should most employ it, (as that we lose the idea of the *battel* it self, while we are led by a simile to that of a *deluge* or a *storm*;) Those, I say, may as well imagine we lose the thought of the sun, when we see his reflection in the  
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the water; where he appears more distinctly, and is contemplated more at ease, than if we gaz'd directly at his beams. For it is with the eye of the imagination as it is with our corporeal eye, it must sometimes be taken off from the object in order to see it the better. The same criticks that are displeased to have their fancy distracted (as they call it) are yet so inconsistent with themselves as to object to *Homer* that his similes are too much alike, and are too often derived from the same animal. But is it not more reasonable (according to their own notion) to compare the same man always to the same animal, than to see him sometimes a sun, sometimes a tree, and sometimes a river? Tho' *Homer* speaks of the same creature, he so diversifies the circumstances and accidents of the comparisons, that they always appear quite different. And to say truth, it is not so much the animal or the thing, as the action or posture of them, that employs our imagination: Two different animals in the same action are more like to each other, than one and the same animal is to himself, in two different actions. And those who in reading *Homer* are shock'd that 'tis always a *lion*, may as well be angry that 'tis always a *man*.

What may seem more exceptionable, is his inserting the same comparisons in the same words at length upon different occasions, by which management he makes one single image afford many ornaments to several parts of the Poem. But may not one say *Homer* is in this like a skilful improver, who places a beautiful statue in a well-disposed garden so as to answer several vistas, and by that artifice one single figure seems multiply'd into as many objects as there are openings from whence it may be view'd?

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What farther relieves and softens these descriptions of battels, is the Poet's wonderful art of introducing many pathetick circumstances about the deaths of the Heroes, which raise a different movement in the mind from what those images naturally inspire, I mean compassion and pity; when he causes us to look back upon the lost riches, possessions, and hopes of those who die: When he transports us to their native countries and paternal seats, to see the griefs of their aged fathers, the despair and tears of their widows, or the abandon'd condition of their orphans. Thus when *Protefilaus* falls, we are made to reflect on the lofty Palaces he left half finish'd; when the sons of *Phænops* are killed, we behold the mortifying distress of their wealthy father, who saw his estate divided before his eyes, and taken in trust for strangers. When *Axylus* dies, we are taught to compassionate the hard fate of that generous and hospitable man, whose house was the house of all men, and who deserv'd that glorious elogy of *The friend of human-kind*.

It is worth taking notice too, what use *Homer* every where makes of each little accident or circumstance that can naturally happen in a battel, thereby to cast a variety over his action; as well as of every turn of mind or emotion a Hero can possibly feel, such as resentment, revenge, concern, confusion, &c. The former of these makes his work resemble a large history-piece, where even the less important figures and actions have yet some convenient place or corner to be shewn in; and the latter gives it all the advantages of tragedy, in those various turns of passion that animate the speeches of his Heroes, and render his whole Poem the most *Dramatick* of any Epick whatsoever.

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It must also be observ'd, that the constant *machines* of the *Gods* conduce very greatly to vary these long battels, by a continual change of the scene from earth to heaven. *Homer* perceiv'd them too necessary for this purpose to abstain from the use of them even after *Jupiter* had enjoin'd the Deities not to act on either side. It is remarkable how many methods he has found to draw them into every book; where if they dare not assist the warriors, at least they are very helpful to the poet.

But there is nothing that more contributes to the variety, surprize, and *Eclat* of *Homer's* battels, or is more perfectly admirable in itself, than that artful manner of taking measure, or (as one may say) *gaging* his Heroes by each other, and thereby elevating the character of one person, by the opposition of it to that of some other whom he is made to excel. So that he many times describes one, only to image another, and raises one only to raise another. I cannot better exemplify this remark, than by giving an instance in the character of *Diomed* that lies before me. Let us observe by what a scale of oppositions he elevates this Hero, in the fifth book, first to excel all human valour, and after to rival the Gods themselves. He distinguishes him first from the *Grecian* Captains in general, each of whom he represents conquering a single *Trojan*, while *Diomed* constantly encounters two at once; and while they are engag'd each in his distinct post, he only is drawn fighting in every quarter, and slaughtering on every side. Next he opposes him to *Pandarus*, next to *Aeneas*, and then to *Hector*. So of the Gods, he shews him first against *Venus*, then *Apollo*, then *Mars*, and lastly in the eighth book against *Jupiter* himself in the midst of his thunders. The same

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conduct is observable more or less in regard to every personage of his work.

This subordination of the Heroes is one of the causes that make each of his battels rise above the other in greatness, terrour, and importance, to the end of the Poem. If *Diomed* has perform'd all these wonders in the first combates, it is but to raise *Hector*, at whose appearance he begins to fear. If in the next battels *Hector* triumphs not only over *Diomed*, but over *Ajax* and *Patroclus*, sets fire to the fleet, wins the armour of *Achilles*, and singly eclipses all the Heroes; in the midst of all his glory, *Achilles* appears, *Hector* flies, and is slain.

The manner in which his Gods are made to act, no less advances the gradation we are speaking of. In the first battels they are seen only in short and separate excursions: *Venus* assists *Paris*, *Minerva* *Diomed*, or *Mars* *Hector*. In the next, a clear stage is left for *Jupiter*, to display his omnipotence, and turn the fate of armies alone. In the last, all the powers of heaven are engaged and banded into regular parties, Gods encountring Gods, *Jove* encouraging them with his thunders, *Neptune* raising his tempests, heaven flaming, earth trembling, and *Pluto* himself starting from the throne of hell.

II. I am now to take notice of some customs of antiquity relating to the arms and art military of those times, which are proper to be known, in order to form a right notion of our Author's descriptions of war.

That *Homer* copied the manners and customs of the age he writ of, rather than of that he lived in, has been observed in some instances. As that he no where represents cavalry or trumpets to have been used

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used in the *Trojan* wars, tho' they apparently were in his own time. It is not therefore impossible but there may be found in his works some deficiencies in the art of war, which are not to be imputed to his ignorance, but to his judgment.

Horses had not been brought into *Greece* long before the siege of *Troy*. They were originally Eastern animals, and if we find at that very period so great a number of them reckon'd up in the wars of the *Israelites*, it is the less a wonder, considering they came from *Asia*. The practice of riding them was so little known in *Greece* a few years before, that they look'd upon the *Centaurs* who first used it, as monsters compounded of men and horses. *Nestor* in the first *Iliad* says he had seen these *Centaurs* in his youth, and *Polypates* in the second is said to have been born on the day that his father expelled them from *Pelion* to the desarts of *Æthica*. They had no other use of horses than to draw their chariots in battel, so that whenever *Homer* speaks of fighting from an horse, taming an horse, or the like, it is constantly to be understood of fighting from a chariot, or taming horses to that service. This (as we have said) was a piece of decorum in the Poet; for in his own time they were arriv'd to such a perfection in horsemanship, that in the fifteenth *Iliad*, v. 822. we have a simile taken from an extraordinary feat of activity, where one man manages four horses at once, and leaps from the back of one to another at full speed.

If we consider in what high esteem among warriors these noble animals must have been at their first coming into *Greece*, we shall the less wonder at the frequent occasions *Homer* has taken to describe and celebrate them. It is not so strange to find them set almost

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almost upon a level with men, at the time when a horse in the prizes was of equal value with a captive.

The chariots were in all probability very low. For we frequently find in the *Iliad*, that a person who stands erect on a chariot is killed (and sometimes by a stroke on the head) by a foot-soldier with a sword. This may farther appear from the ease and readiness with which they alight or mount on every occasion, to facilitate which, the chariots were made open behind. That the wheels were but small, may be guess'd from a custom they had of taking them off and setting them on, as they were laid by, or made use of. *Hebe* in the fifth book puts on the wheels of *Juno's* chariot when she calls for it in haste: And it seems to be with allusion to the same practice that it is said in *Exodus*, ch. 14. *The Lord took off their chariot-wheels, so that they drove them heavily.* The sides were also low; for whoever is killed in his chariot throughout the poem, constantly falls to the ground, as having nothing to support him. That the whole machine was very small and light, is evident from a passage in the tenth *Iliad*, where *Dionides* debates whether he shall draw the chariot of *Rhesus* out of the way, or carry it on his shoulders to a place of safety. All the particulars agree with the representations of the chariots on the most ancient Greek coins; where the tops of them reached not so high as the backs of the horses, the wheels are yet lower, and the heroes who stand in them are seen from the knee upwards\*. This may serve to shew those Criticks are under a mistake, who blame *Homer* for making his warriors sometimes retire behind their chariots, as if it were a piece of cowardice: which was as little disgraceful then, as it is

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\* See the collection of Goltzius, &c.

now to alight from one's horse in a battel, on any necessary emergency.

There were generally two persons in each chariot, one of whom was wholly employ'd in guiding the horses. They used indifferently two, three, or four horses: From hence it happens, that sometimes when a horse is killed, the hero continues the fight with the two or more that remain; and at other times a warrior retreats upon the loss of one; not that he has less courage than the other, but that he has fewer horses.

Their *swords* were all broad cutting swords, for we find they never stab but with their spears. The *spears* were used two ways, either to push with, or to cast from them, like the missive javelins. It seems surprising, that a man should throw a dart or spear with such force, as to pierce thro' both sides of the armour and the body (as is often described in *Homer*.) For if the strength of the men was gigantick, the armour must have been strong in proportion. Some solution might be given for this, if we imagin'd the armour was generally brass, and the weapons pointed with iron; and if we could fancy that *Homer* call'd the spears and swords *brazen*, in the same manner that he calls the reins of a bridle *ivory*, only from the ornaments about them. But there are passages where the point of the spear is expressly said to be of brass, as in the description of that of *Hector* in *Iliad* 6. *Pausanias*, *Laconicis*, takes it for granted, that the arms, as well offensive as defensive, were brass. He says the spear of *Achilles* was kept in his time in the temple of *Minerva*, the top and point of which were of brass; and the sword of *Meriones*, in that of *Æsculapius* among the *Nicomediæns*, was entirely of the same metal. But be it as it will, there are ex-  
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amples even at this day of such a prodigious force in casting darts, as almost exceeds credibility. The *Turks* and *Arabs* will pierce thro' thick planks with darts of harden'd wood; which can only be attributed to their being bred (as the ancients were) to that exercise, and to the strength and agility acquir'd by a constant practice of it.

We may ascribe to the same cause their power of casting *stones* of a vast weight, which appears a common practice in these battels. Those are in a great error, who imagine this to be only a fictitious embellishment of the Poet, which was one of the exercises of war among the ancient *Greeks* and *Oriental*s. \* *St. Jerome* tells us, it was an old custom in *Palestine*, and in use in his own time, to have round stones of a great weight kept in the castles and villages, for the youth to try their strength with. And the custom is yet extant in some parts of *Scotland*, where stones for the same purpose are laid at the gates of great houses, which they call *putting-stones*.

Another consideration which will account for many things that may seem uncouth in *Homer*, is the reflection that before the use of *fire-arms* there was infinitely more scope for *personal valour* than in the modern battels. Now whensoever the personal strength of the combatants happen'd to be unequal,

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\* Mos est in urbibus *Palestinae*, & usque hodie per omnem *Judeam* vetus consuetudo servatur, ut in viculis, oppidis, & castellis rotundi ponantur lapides gravissimi ponderis, ad quos juvenes exercere se solent, & eos pro varietate virium sublevare, alii ad *genua*, alii ad *umbilicum*, alii ad *humeros*, ad *caput*, nonnulli super *verticem*, rectis junctisque manibus, magnitudinem virium demonstrantes, pondus attollunt.

the declining a single combat could not be so dishonourable as it is in this age, when the arms we make use of put all men on a level. For a soldier of far inferior strength may manage a rapier or fire-arms so expertly, as to be an overmatch to his adversary. This may appear a sufficient excuse for what in the modern construction might seem cowardice in *Homer's* heroes, when they avoid engaging with others, whose bodily strength exceeds their own. The maxims of valour in all times were founded upon reason, and the cowardice ought rather in this case to be imputed to him who braves his inferior. There was also more *leisure* in their battels before the knowledge of fire-arms; and this in a good degree accounts for those *harangues* his heroes make to each other in the time of combat.

There was another practice frequently used by these ancient warriors, which was to spoil an enemy of his arms after they had slain him; and this custom we see them frequently pursuing with such eagerness, as if they look'd on their victory not complete 'till this point was gain'd. Some modern Criticks have accused them of avarice on account of this practice, which might probably arise from the great value and scarceness of armour in that early time and infancy of war. It afterwards became a point of honour, like gaining a standard from the enemy. *Moses* and *David* speak of the pleasure of obtaining many spoils. They preserv'd them as monuments of victory, and even religion at last became interested herein, when those spoils were consecrated in the temples of the tutelar Deities of the conqueror.

The reader may easily see, I set down these heads just as they occur to my memory, and only as hints to farther observations; which any one who is conversant

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versant in *Homer* cannot fail to make, if he will but think a little in the same track.

It is no part of my design to enquire what progress had been made in the *art of war* at this early period: The bare perusal of the *Iliad* will best inform us of it. But what I think tends more immediately to the better comprehension of these descriptions, is to give a short view of the *scene* of war, the *situation* of *Troy*, and those places which *Homer* mentions, with the proper *field* of each battle: Putting together, for this purpose, those passages in my Author that give any light to this matter.

The ancient city of *Troy* stood at a greater distance from the sea, than those ruins which have since been shewn for it. This may be gather'd from *Iliad* 5. 7. (of the original) 791. where it is said, that the *Trojans* never durst sally out of the walls of their town, till the retirement of *Achilles*; but afterwards combated the *Grecians* at their very ships, far from the city. For had *Troy* stood (as *Strabo* observes) so nigh the sea-shore, it had been madness in the *Greeks* not to have built any fortification before their fleet till the tenth year of the siege, when the enemy was so near them: And on the other hand, it had been cowardice in the *Trojans* not to have attempted any thing all that time, against an army that lay unfortified and unintrench'd. Besides, the intermediate space had been too small to afford a field for so many various adventures and actions of war. The places about *Troy* particularly mentioned by *Homer* lie in this order.

1. The *Scæan gate*: This open'd to the field of battle, and was that thro' which the *Trojans* made their excursions. Close to this stood the beech-tree sacred to *Jupiter*, which *Homer* generally mentions with it.

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2. The hill of wild fig-trees. It join'd to the walls of Troy on one side, and extended to the high-way on the other. The first appears from what *Andromache* says in *Iliad* 6. *¶* 432. that the walls were in danger of being scaled from this hill; and the last from *Il.* 22. *¶* 145, &c.

3. The two springs of *Scamander*. These were a little higher on the same high-way. (*Ibid.*)

4. *Callicolone*, the name of a pleasant hill, that lay near the river *Simois*, on the other side of the town. *Il.* 20. *¶* 53.

5. *Bateia*, or the sepulchre of *Myrinne*, stood a little before the city in the plain. *Il.* 2. *¶* 318. of the *Catal.*

6. The monument of *Ilus*: Near the middle of the plain. *Il.* 11. *¶* 166.

7. The tomb of *Æsyetes*, commanded the prospect of the fleet, and that part of the sea-coast. *Il.* 2. *¶* 301. of the catalogue.

It seems, by the 465<sup>th</sup> verse of the second *Iliad*, that the Grecian army was drawn up under the several leaders by the banks of *Scamander* on that side toward the ships: In the mean time that of *Troy*, and the auxiliaries, was rang'd in order at *Myrinne's* sepulchre. *Ibid.* *¶* 320. of the *catal.* The place of the first battel, where *Diomed* performs his exploits, was near the joining of *Simois* and *Scamander*; for *Juno* and *Pallas* coming to him, alight at the confluence of those rivers. *Il.* 5. *¶* 776. and that the Greeks had not yet past the stream, but fought on that side next the fleet, appears from *¶* 791. of the same book, where *Juno* says the Trojans now brave them at their very ships. But in the beginning of the sixth book, the place of battel is specify'd to be between the rivers of *Simois* and *Scamander*; so that the

20 *An ESSAY on HOMER's Battels.*

the *Greeks* (tho' *Homer* does not particularize when, or in what manner) had then cross'd the stream toward *Troy*.

The engagement in the eighth book is evidently close to the *Grecian* fortification on the shore. That night *Hector* lay at *Ilus's* tomb in the field, as *Dolon* tells us *Lib.* 10. *l.* 415. And in the eleventh book the battel is chiefly about *Ilus's* tomb.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, about the fortification of the *Greeks*, and in the fifteenth at the *ships*.

In the sixteenth, the *Trojans* being repulsed by *Patroclus*, they engage between the fleet, the river, and the *Grecian* wall: See *l.* 396. *Patroclus* still advancing, they fight at the gates of *Troy*, *l.* 700. In the seventeenth, the fight about the body of *Patroclus* is under the *Trojan* wall, *l.* 403. His body being carried off, *Hector* and *Aeneas* pursue the *Greeks* to the fortification, *l.* 760. And in the eighteenth, upon *Achilles's* appearing, they retire and encamp without the fortification.

In the twentieth, the fight is still on that side next the sea; for the *Trojans* being pursued by *Achilles*, pass over the *Scamander* as they run toward *Troy*: See the beginning of book 21. The following battels are either in the river itself, or between that and the city, under whose walls *Hector* is kill'd in the twenty-second book, which puts an end to the battels of the *Iliad*.

N. B. The verses above are cited according to the number of lines in the Greek.



T H E



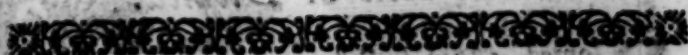


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THE A G U M E N T

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY



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## THE ARGUMENT.

### The Acts of *Diomed*.

**D** *Diomed, assisted by Pallas, performs wonders in this day's battel. Pandarus wounds him with an arrow, but the Goddess cures him, enables him to discern Gods from mortals, and prohibits him from contending with any of the former, excepting Venus. Æneas joins Pandarus to oppose him, Pandarus is killed, and Æneas in great danger but for the assistance of Venus; who, as she is removing her son from the fight, is wounded on the hand by Diomed. Apollo seconds her in his rescue, and at length carries off Æneas to Troy, where he is heal'd in the temple of Pergamus. Mars rallies the Trojans, and assists Hector to make a stand. In the mean time Æneas is restor'd to the field, and they overthrow several of the Greeks; among the rest Tlepolemus is slain by Sarpedon. Juno and Minerva descend to resist Mars; the latter incites Diomed to go against that God; he wounds him, and sends him groaning to heaven.*

*The first battel continues thro' this book. The scene is the same as in the former.*

T H E



THE  
FIFTH BOOK

OF THE

ILLIAD.

**B**UT *Pallas* now *Tydidēs*' soul inspires,  
Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires  
Above the *Greeks* his deathless fame to raise,  
And crown her Hero with distinguish'd praise.

High

y. 1. *But Pallas now, &c.*] As in every just history picture there is one principal figure, to which all the rest refer and are subservient; so in each battel of the *Iliad* there is one principal person, that may properly be call'd the Hero of that day or action. This conduct preserves the unity of the piece, and keeps the imagination from being distracted and confused with a wild number of independent figures, which have no subordination to each other. To make this probable, *Homer* supposes these extraordinary measures of courage to be the immediate gift of the Gods; who bestow them sometimes upon

5 High on his helm celestial lightnings play.

His beamy shield emits a living ray;

Th' un-

upon one, sometimes upon another, as they think fit to make them the instruments of their designs; an opinion conformable to true theology. Whoever reflects upon this, will not blame our Author for representing the same heroes brave at one time, and dispirited at another; just as the Gods assist, or abandon them, on different occasions.

§. 1. Tydides.] That we may enter into the spirit and beauty of this book, it will be proper to settle the true character of *Diomed*, who is the hero of it. *Achilles* is no sooner retired, but *Homer* raises his other *Greeks* to supply his absence; like stars that shine each in his due revolution, till the principal hero rises again, and eclipses all others. As *Diomed* is the first in this office, he seems to have more of the character of *Achilles* than any besides. He has naturally an excess of boldness, and too much fury in his temper, forward and intrepid like the other, and running after Gods or men promiscuously as they offer themselves. But what differences his character is, that he is soon reclaim'd by advice, hears those that are more experienced, and in a word, obeys *Minerva* in all things. He is assisted by the patroness of wisdom and arms, as he is eminent both for prudence and valour. That which characterizes his prudence, is a quick sagacity and presence of mind in all emergencies, and an undisturb'd readiness in the very article of danger. And what is particular in his valour, is agreeable to these qualities, his actions being always performed with remarkable dexterity, activity, and dispatch. As the gentle and manageable turn of his mind seems drawn with an opposition to the boisterous temper of *Achilles*, so his bodily excellencies seem design'd as in contras'te to those of *Ajax*, who appears with great strength, but heavy and unwieldy. As he is forward to act in the field, so is he ready to speak in the council: But 'tis observable that his counsels still incline to war, and are byas'd rather on the side of bravery than caution. Thus he advises to reject the proposals of the *Trojans* in the seventh book, and not to accept of *Helen* herself, tho' *Paris* should offer her. In the ninth he opposes *Agamemnon's* proposition to return to *Greece*, in so strong a manner as to declare he will stay and continue the siege himself, if the General should depart. And thus he hears without con-

cern

Th' unwear'd blaze incessant streams supplies,  
Like the red star that fires th' autumnal skies,

When

cern *Achilles's* refusal of a reconciliation, and doubts not to be able to carry on the war without him. As for his private character, he appears a gallant lover of hospitality in his behaviour to *Glaucus* in the sixth book; a lover of wisdom in his assistance of *Nestor* in the eighth, and his choice of *Ulysses* to accompany him in the tenth; upon the whole, an open sincere friend, and a generous enemy.

The wonderful actions he performs in this battle, seem to be the effect of a noble resentment at the reproach he had receiv'd from *Agamemnon* in the foregoing book, to which these deeds are the answer. He becomes immediately the second hero of *Greece*, and dreaded equally with *Achilles* by the *Trojans*. At the first sight of him his enemies make a question, whether he is a man or a God? *Aeneas* and *Pandarus* go against him, whose approach terrifies *Stenelus*, and the apprehension of so great a warrior marvellously exalts the intrepidity of *Diomed*. *Aeneas* himself is not sav'd but by the interposing of a Deity: He pursues and wounds that Deity, and *Aeneas* again escapes only by the help of a stronger power, *Apollo*. He attempts *Apollo* too, retreats not till the God threatens him in his own voice, and even then retreats but a few steps. When he sees *Hector* and *Mars* himself in open arms against him, he had not retir'd tho' he was wounded, but in obedience to *Minerva*, and then retires with his face toward them. But as soon as she permits him to engage with that God, he conquers, and sends him groaning to heaven. What invention and what conduct appears in this whole episode? What boldness in raising a character to such a pitch, and what judgment in raising it by such degrees? While the most daring flights of poetry are employ'd to move our admiration, and at the same time the justest and closest allegory, to reconcile those flights to moral truth and probability? It may be farther remark'd, that the high degree to which *Homer* elevates this character, enters into the principal design of his whole poem; which is to shew, that the greatest personal qualities and forces are of no effect, when union is wanting among the chief rulers, and that nothing can avail till they are reconciled so as to act in concert.

\* 5. High on his helm celestial light'nings play.] This beautiful

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B

passage

When fresh he rears his radiant orb to fight,  
 10 And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.

Such

passage gave occasion to *Zoilus* for an insipid piece of raillery, who ask'd how it happen'd that the hero escap'd burning by these fires that continually broke from his armour? *Eustathius* answers, that there are several examples in history, of fires being seen to break forth from human bodies, as presages of greatness and glory. Among the rest, *Plutarch*, in the life of *Alexander*, describes his helmet much in this manner. This is enough to warrant the fiction; and were there no such example, the same author says very well, that the imagination of a poet is not to be confined to strict physical truths. But all objections may easily be removed, if we consider it as done by *Minerva*, who had determined this day to raise *Diomed* above all the heroes, and caused this apparition to render him formidable. The power of a God makes it not only allowable; but highly noble, and greatly imagined by *Homer*; as well as correspondent to a miracle in holy scripture, where *Moses* is described with a glory shining on his face at his descent from mount *Sinai*; a parallel which *Spondanus* has taken notice of.

*Virgil* was too sensible of the beauty of this passage not to imitate it, and it must be owned he has surpassed his original.

*Ardet apex capiti, cristisque ac vertice flamma  
 Funditur, & vastos umbo vomit aureus ignes.  
 Non secus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometa  
 Sanguinei lugubre rubent: aut Sirius ardor,  
 Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris,  
 Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine cælum. Æn.x. v.270.*

In *Homer*'s comparison there is no other circumstance alluded to but that of a remarkable brightness: Whereas *Virgil*'s comparison, beside this, seems to foretel the immense slaughter his hero was to make, by comparing him first to a comet, which is vulgarly imagin'd a prognostick, if not the real cause of much misery to mankind; and again to the dog-star, which appearing with the greatest brightness in the latter end of summer, is suppos'd the occasion of all the distempers of that sickly season. And methinks the objection of *Macrobius* to this place is not just, who thinks the simile unseasonably apply'd by *Virgil*.

Such glories *Pallas* on the chief bestow'd,  
Such, from his arms, the fierce effulgence flow'd :  
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,  
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

15 The sons of *Dares* first the combat sought,  
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault ;  
In *Vulcan's* fane the father's days were led,  
The sons to toils of glorious battel bred ;  
These singled from their troops the fight maintain,

20 These from their steeds, *Tydidēs* on the plain.  
Fierce for renown the brother chiefs draw near,  
And first bold *Phœgeus* cast his sounding spear,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its erring force.

25 Not so, *Tydidēs*, flew thy lance in vain,  
But pierc'd his breast, and stretch'd him on the plain.  
Seiz'd with unusual fear, *Idæus* fled,  
Left the rich chariot, and his brother dead ;

And

*Virgil* to *Æneas*, because he was yet on his ship, and had not begun the battel. One may answer, that this miraculous appearance could never be more proper than at the first sight of the hero, to strike terror into the enemy, and to prognosticate his approaching victory.

§. 27. *Idæus fled, Left the rich chariots.*] It is finely said by *M. Dacier*, that *Homer* appears perhaps greater by the criticisms that have been past upon him, than by the praises which have

- And had not *Vulcan* lent celestial aid,  
 30 He too had sunk to death's eternal shade;  
 But in a smoaky cloud the God of fire  
 Preserv'd the son, in pity to the fire.  
 The steeds and chariot, to the navy led,  
 Encreas'd the spoils of gallant *Diomed*.  
 35 Struck with amaze, and shame, the *Trojan* crew  
 Or slain, or fled, the sons of *Dares* view;  
 When by the blood-stain'd hand *Minerva* prest  
 The God of battels, and this speech address.

been given him. *Zoilus* had a cavil at this place; he thought it ridiculous in *Idæus* to descend from his chariot to fly, which he might have done faster by the help of his horses. Three things are said in answer to this: First, that *Idæus* knowing the passion which *Diomed* had for horses, might hope the pleasure of seizing these would retard him from pursuing him. Next, that *Homer* might design to represent in this action of *Idæus* the common effect of fear, which disturbs the understanding to such a degree, as to make men abandon the surest means to save themselves. And then, that *Idæus* might have some advantage of *Diomed* in swiftness, which he had reason to confide in. But I fancy one may add another solution, which will better account for this passage. *Homer's* word is ἐτλη, which I believe would be better translated *non perseveravit*, than *non sustinuit defendere fratrem interfestum*: and then the sense will be clear, that *Idæus* made an effort to save his brother's body, which proving impracticable, he was obliged to fly with the utmost precipitation. One may add, that his alighting from his chariot was not that he could run faster on foot, but that he could sooner escape by mixing with the croud of common soldiers. There is a particular exactly of the same nature in the book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. v. 15. where *Sisera* alights to fly in the same manner.

Stern pow'r of war! by whom the mighty fall,  
 40 Who bathe in blood, and shake the lofty wall!  
 Let the brave chiefs their glorious toils divide;  
 And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide:  
 While we from interdicted fields retire,  
 Nor tempt the wrath of heaven's avenging Sire.  
 45 Her words allay th' impetuous warrior's heat,  
 The God of arms and martial Maid retreat;  
 Remov'd from fight, on *Xanthus*' flow'ry bounds  
 They sate, and listen'd to the dying sounds.  
 Meantime the *Greeks* the *Trojan* race pursue,  
 50 And some bold chieftain ev'ry leader slew:

First

¶. 40. *Who bathe in blood.*] It may seem something unnatural, that *Pallas*, at a time when she is endeavouring to work upon *Mars* under the appearance of benevolence and kindness, should make use of terms which seem so full of bitter reproaches; but these will appear very properly applied to this warlike Deity. For persons of this martial character, who scorning equity and reason, carry all things by force, are better pleas'd to be celebrated for their power than their virtue. Statues are rais'd to the conquerors, that is, the destroyers of nations, who are complemented for excelling in the arts of ruin. *Demetrius* the son of *Antigonus* was celebrated by his flatterers with the title of *Poliorectes*, a term equivalent to one here made use of.

¶. 46. *The God of arms and martial Maid retreat.*] The retreat of *Mars* from the *Trojans* intimates that courage forsook them: It may be said then, that *Minerva*'s absence from the *Greeks* will signify that wisdom deserted them also. It is true she does desert them, but it is at a time when there was more occasion for gallant actions than for wise counsels. *Eustatbius*.

¶. 49. *The Greeks the Trojan race pursue.*] *Homer* always

First *Odius* falls, and bites the bloody sand,  
 His death ennobled by *Atrides*' hand;  
 As he to flight his wheeling car address,  
 The speedy javelin drove from back to breast.

appears very zealous for the honour of *Greece*, which alone might be a proof of his being of that country, against the opinion of those who would have him of other nations.

It is observable through the whole *Iliad*, that he endeavours every where to represent the *Greeks* as superior to the *Trojans* in valour and the art of war. In the beginning of the third book he describes the *Trojans* rushing on to the battel in a barbarous and confus'd manner, with loud shouts and cries, while the *Greeks* advance in the most profound silence and exact order. And in the latter part of the fourth book, where the two armies march to the engagement; the *Greeks* are animated by *Pallas*, while *Mars* instigates the *Trojans*, the Poet attributing by this plain allegory to the former a well-conducted valour, to the latter rash strength and brutal force: So that the abilities of each nation are distinguish'd by the characters of the Deities who assist them. But in this place, as *Eustatbius* observes, the Poet being willing to shew how much the *Greeks* excell'd their enemies, when they engag'd only with their proper force, and when each side was alike destitute of divine assistance, takes occasion to remove the Gods out of the battel, and then each *Grecian* chief gives signal instances of valour superior to the *Trojans*.

A modern Critick observes, that this constant superiority of the *Greeks* in the art of war, valour, and number, is contradictory to the main design of the poem, which is to make the return of *Achilles* appear necessary for the preservation of the *Greeks*: but this contradiction vanishes, when we reflect, that the affront given *Achilles* was the occasion of *Jupiter*'s interposing in favour of the *Trojans*. Wherefore the anger of *Achilles* was not pernicious to the *Greeks* purely because it kept him inactive, but because it occasion'd *Jupiter* to afflict them in such a manner, as made it necessary to appease *Achilles*, in order to render *Jupiter* propitious.

In

- 55 In dust the mighty *Halizonian* lay,  
 His arms resound, the spirit wings its way.  
 Thy Fate was next, O *Phaësus*! doom'd to feel  
 The great *Idomeneus*' protended steel;  
 Whom *Borus* sent, (his son and only joy)  
 60 From fruitful *Tarne* to the fields of *Troy*.  
 The *Cretan* javelin reach'd him from afar,  
 And pierc'd his shoulder as he mounts his car;  
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground,  
 And everlasting shades his eyes surround.  
 65 Then dy'd *Scamandrius*, expert in the chace,  
 In woods and wilds to wound the savage race;  
*Diana* taught him all her sylvan arts,  
 To bend the bow, and aim unerring darts:  
 But vainly here *Diana's* arts he tries,  
 70 The fatal lance arrests him as he flies;  
 From *Menelaus*' arm the weapon sent,  
 Thro' his broad back and heaving bosom went:

§. 63. *Back from the car he tumbles.*] It is in poetry as in painting, the postures and attitudes of each figure ought to be different: *Homer* takes care not to draw two persons in the same posture; one is tumbled from his chariot, another is slain as he ascends it, a third as he endeavours to escape on foot, a conduct which is every where observed by the Poet. *Enstathius*.

Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,  
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

75 Next artful *Phereclus* untimely fell;

Bold *Merion* sent him to the realms of hell.

Thy father's skill, O *Phereclus*, was thine,

The graceful fabrick and the fair design;

For lov'd by *Pallas*, *Pallas* did impart

80 To him the shipwright's and the builder's art.

Beneath his hand the fleet of *Paris* rose,

The fatal cause of all his country's woes;

But he, the mystick will of heav'n unknown,

Nor saw his Country's peril, nor his own.

85 The hapless artist, while confus'd he fled,

The spear of *Merion* mingled with the dead.

Thro' his right hip with forceful fury cast,

Between the bladder and the bone it past:

\*. 75. Next artful *Phereclus*.] This character of *Phereclus* is finely imagined, and presents a noble moral in an uncommon manner. There ran a report, that the *Trojans* had formerly receiv'd an oracle, commanding them to follow husbandry, and not apply themselves to navigation. *Homer* from hence takes occasion to feign, that the shipwright who presumed to build the fleet of *Paris* when he took his fatal voyage to *Greece*, was overtaken by the divine vengeance so long after as in this battle. One may take notice too in this, as in many other places, of the remarkable disposition *Homer* shews to *Mechanicks*; he never omits an opportunity either of describing a piece of workmanship, or of celebrating an artist.

Prone on his knees he falls with fruitless cries,  
 90 And death in lasting slumber seals his eyes.  
 From *Meges*' force the swift *Pedans* fled,  
*Antenor*'s offspring from a foreign bed,  
 Whose gen'rous spouse, *Theano*, heav'nly fair,  
 Nurs'd the young stranger with a mother's care.

Full

§. 93. *Whose gen'rous spouse Theano.*] Homer in this remarkable passage commends the fair *Theano* for breeding up a bastard of her husband's with the same tenderness as her own children. This lady was a woman of the first quality, and (as it appears in the sixth *Illiad*) the high Priestess of *Minerva*: So that one cannot imagine the education of this child was imposed upon her by the authority or power of *Antenor*; Homer himself takes care to remove any such derogatory notion, by particularizing the motive of this unusual piece of humanity to have been to please her husband, *χαρίζομένη τὸσι* &c. Nor ought we to lessen this commendation by thinking the wives of those times in general were more complaisant than those of our own. The stories of *Phœnix*, *Clytemnestra*, *Medea*, and many others, are plain instances how highly the keeping of mistresses was resented by the married ladies. But there was a difference between the *Greeks* and *Asiatics* as to their notions of marriage: For it is certain the latter allowed plurality of wives; *Priam* had many lawful ones, and some of them Princesses who brought great dowries. *Theano* was an *Asiatick*, and that is the most we can grant; for the son she nurs'd so carefully was apparently not by a wife, but by a mistress; and her passions were naturally the same with those of the *Grecian* women. As to the degree of regard then shewn to the bastards, they were carefully enough educated, tho' not (like this of *Antenor*) as the lawful issue, nor admitted to an equal share of Inheritance. *Megapenthes* and *Nicostratus* were excluded from the inheritance of *Sparta*, because they were born of bond-women, as *Pausanias* says. But *Neoptolemus*, a natural son of *Achilles* by *Deidamia*, succeeded in his father's kingdom, perhaps with respect to his mother's quality, who

clus is  
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Prone

95 How vain those cares! when *Meges* in the rear

Full in his nape infix'd the fatal spear;

Swift thro' his crackling jaws the weapon glides,

And the cold tongue and grinning teeth divides.

Then dy'd *Hypsenor*, gen'rous and divine,

100 Sprung from the brave *Dolopion's* mighty line,

was a Princess. Upon the whole, however that matter stood, *Homer* was very favourable to bastards, and has paid them more complements than one in his works. If I am not mistaken, *Ulysses* reckons himself one in the *Odysses*. *Agamemnon* in the eighth *Iliad* plainly accounts it no disgrace, when charm'd with the noble exploits of young *Teucer*, and praising him in the rapture of his heart, he just then takes occasion to mention his illegitimacy as a kind of panegyrick upon him. The reader may consult the passage, *ŷ.* 284. of the original, and *ŷ.* 333. of the translation. From all this I should not be averse to believe, that *Homer* himself was a bastard, as *Virgil* was, of which I think this observation a better proof, than what is said for it in the common lives of him.

*ŷ.* 99. ————— *Hypsenor, gen'rous and divine,*  
*Sprung from the brave Dolopion's mighty line;*  
*Who near ador'd Scamander made abode;*  
*Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.*

From the number of circumstances put together here, and in many other passages, of the parentage, place of abode, profession, and quality of the persons our Author mentions; I think it is plain he compos'd his poem from some records or traditions of the actions of the times preceding, and comply'd with the truth of history. Otherwise these particular descriptions of genealogies and other minute circumstances, would have been an affectation extremely needless and unreasonable. This consideration will account for several things that seem odd or tedious, not to add that one may naturally believe he took these occasions of paying a complement to many great men and families of his patrons, both in *Greece* and *Asia*.

Who

Who near ador'd *Scamander* made abode,  
 Priest of the stream, and honour'd as a God.  
 On him, amidst the flying numbers found,  
*Eurypylus* inflicts a deadly wound;

105 On his broad shoulder fell the forceful brand,  
 Thence glancing downward lopp'd his holy hand,  
 Which stain'd with sacred blood the blushing sand.  
 Down sunk the Priest: the purple hand of death  
 Clos'd his dim eye, and fate suppress'd his breath.

110 Thus toil'd the chiefs, in different parts engag'd,  
 In ev'ry quarter fierce *Tydidēs* rag'd,  
 Amid the *Greek*, amid the *Trojan* train,  
 Rapt thro' the ranks he thunders o'er the plain.  
 Now here, now there, he darts from place to place,

115 Pours on the rear, or lightens in their face.  
 Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong  
 Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along,

Thro'

†. 108. *Down sunk the priest.*] *Homer* makes him die upon the cutting off his arm, which is an instance of his skill; for the great flux of blood that must follow such a wound, would be the immediate cause of death.

†. 116. *Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong.*] This whole passage (says *Eusebius*) is extremely beautiful. It describes the hero carry'd by an enthusiastick valour into the midst of his enemies, and so mingled with their ranks as if himself were a *Trojan*. And the simile wonderfully illustrates this fury, proceeding from an uncommon infusion of courage

- Thro' ruin'd moles the rushing wave resounds,  
 O'erwhelms the bridge, and bursts the lofty bounds;  
 120 The yellow harvests, of the ripen'd year,  
 And flatted vineyards, one sad waste appear!  
 While *Jove* descends in sluicy sheets of rain,  
 And all the labours of mankind are vain.  
 So rag'd *Tydidēs*, boundless in his ire,  
 125 Drove armies back, and made all *Troy* retire.

from heaven, in resembling it not to a constant river, but a torrent rising from an extraordinary burst of rain. This simile is one of those that draws along with it some foreign circumstances: We must not often expect from *Homer* those minute resemblances in every branch of a comparison, which are the pride of modern similes. If that which one may call the main action of it, or the principal point of likeness, be preserved; he affects, as to the rest, rather to present the mind with a great image, than to fix it down to an exact one. He is sure to make a fine picture in the whole, without drudging on the under parts; like those free Painters, who (one would think) had only made here and there a few very significant strokes, that give form and spirit to all the piece. For the present comparison, *Virgil* in the second *Æneid* has inserted an imitation of it, which I cannot think equal to this, tho' *Scaliger* prefers *Virgil's* to all our author's similitudes from rivers put together.

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis  
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,  
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes  
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit——*

Not with so fierce a rage, the foaming flood  
 Roars when he finds his rapid course withstood;  
 Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,  
 And sweeps the cattle and the cotts away. *Dryden.*

With

With grief the \* leader of the *Lycian* band  
 Saw the wide waste of his destructive hand :  
 His bended bow against the chief he drew ;  
 Swift to the mark the thirsty arrow flew,

\* *Pan-*  
*darus.*

30 Whose forky point the hollow breastplate tore,  
 Deep in his shoulder pierc'd, and drank the gore:  
 The rushing stream his brazen armour dy'd,  
 While the proud archer thus exulting cry'd.

Hither ye *Trojans*, hither drive your steeds!

35 Lo! by our hand the bravest *Grecian* bleeds.  
 Not long the deathful dart he can sustain ;  
 Or *Phœbus* urg'd me to these fields in vain.

So spoke he, boastful ; but the winged dart  
 Stopt short of life, and mock'd the shooter's art.

40 The wounded chief behind his car retir'd,  
 The helping hand of *Sthenelus* requir'd ;  
 Swift from his Seat he leap'd upon the ground,  
 And tugg'd the Weapon from the gushing wound ;

†. 139. *The dart stopt short of life.*] *Homer* says it did not kill him, and I am at a loss why *M. Dacier* translates it, *The wound was slight* ; when just after the arrow is said to have pierc'd quite thro', and she herself there turns it, *Perçoit l'espaule d'autre en outre*. Had it been so slight, he would not have needed the immediate assistance of *Minerva* to restore his usual vigour, and enable him to continue the fight.

When

- When thus the King his guardian pow'r address,  
 145 The purple current wand'ring o'er his vest.  
     O progeny of *Jove*! unconquer'd maid!  
     If e'er my Godlike fire deserv'd thy aid,  
     If e'er I felt thee in the fighting field;  
     Now, Goddess, now, thy sacred succour yield.  
 150 Oh give my lance to reach the *Trojan* Knight,  
     Whose arrow wounds the chief thou guard'st in fight;  
     And lay the boaster grov'ling on the shore,  
     That vaunts these eyes shall view the light no more.  
     Thus pray'd *Tydidēs*, and *Minerva* heard,  
 155 His nerves confirm'd, his languid spirits chear'd;  
     He feels each limb with wonted vigor light;  
     His beating bosom claims the promis'd fight.  
     Be bold (the cry'd) in ev'ry combat shine,  
     War be thy province, thy protection mine;  
 160 Rush to the fight, and ev'ry foe controul;  
     Wake each paternal virtue in thy soul:  
     Strength swells thy boiling breast, infus'd by me,  
     And all thy Godlike father breathes in thee!  
     Yet more, from mortal mists I purge thy Eyes,  
 165 And set to view the warring Deities.

These

§. 164. *From mortal mists I purge thy eyes.*] This fiction of *Homer*, (says *M. Dacier*) is founded upon an important truth of

These see thou shun, thro' all th' embattled plain,  
Nor rashly strive where human force is vain.

If *Venus* mingle in the martial band,

Her shalt thou wound: So *Pallas* gives command.

70 With that, the blue-ey'd virgin wing'd her flight;  
The Hero rush'd impetuous to the fight;

of religion, not unknown to the Pagans, that God only can open the eyes of men, and enable them to see what they cannot discover by their own capacity. There are frequent examples of this in the Old Testament. God opens the eyes of *Hagar* that she might see the fountain, in *Genes.* 21. *Y.* 14. So *Numbers* 22. *Y.* 31. *The Lord open'd the eyes of Balaam, and he saw the Angel of the Lord standing in his way, and his sword drawn in his band.* A passage much resembling this of our author. *Venus* in *Virgil's* second *Æneid* performs the same office to *Æneas*, and shews him the Gods who were engag'd in the destruction of *Troy*.

*Aspice; namque omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
Mortales bebetat visus tibi, & humida circum  
Caligat, nubem eripiam—  
Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ  
Numina magna Deum.—*

*Milton* seems likewise to have imitated this, where he makes *Michael* open *Adam's* eyes to see the future revolutions of the world, and fortunes of his posterity, book 11.

—He purg'd with euphrasie and rue  
The visual nerve, for he had much to see,  
And from the well of life three drops distill'd.

This distinguishing fight of *Diomed* was given him only for the present occasion and service, in which he was employ'd by *Pallas*. For we find in the sixth book, that upon meeting *Glaucus*, he is ignorant whether that Hero be a Man or a God.

- With tenfold ardour now invades the plain,  
Wild with delay, and more enrag'd by pain.  
As on the fleecy flocks, when hunger calls,  
175 Amidst the field a brindled lion falls;  
If chance some shepherd with a distant dart  
The savage wound, he rouses at the smart,  
He foams, he roars; the shepherd dares not stay,  
But trembling leaves the scatt'ring flocks a prey.  
180 Heaps fall on heaps; he bathes with blood the ground,  
Then leaps victorious o'er the lofty mound.  
Not with less fury stern *Tydidēs* flew,  
And two brave leaders at an instant flew;  
*Astynous* breathless fell, and by his side  
185 His people's pastor, good *Hypenor*, dy'd;  
*Astynous*' breast the deadly lance receives,  
*Hypenor*'s shoulder his broad faulchion cleaves.  
Those slain he left; and sprung with noble rage  
*Abas* and *Polyidus* to engage;  
190 Sons of *Eurydamas*, who wise and old,  
Could fates foresee, and mystic dreams unfold;  
The youths return'd not from the doubtful plain,  
And the sad father try'd his arts in vain;

No mystic dream could make their fates appear,

Tho' now determin'd by *Tydidēs'* spear.

Young *Xanthus* next, and *Thoön* felt his rage,

The joy and hope of *Phanops'* feeble age,

Vast was his wealth, and these the only heirs

Of all his labours, and a life of cares.

Cold death o'ertakes them in their blooming years,

And leaves the father unavailing tears:

To strangers now descends his heapy store,

The race forgotten, and the name no more.

Two

†. 194. *No mystic dream.*] This line in the original, Τοῖς γὰρ ἑρχομένοις ὁ γέρον ἰκρίνατ' ὄνειρος, contains as puzzling a passage for the construction as I have met with in *Homer*. Most interpreters join the negative particle γὰρ with the verb ἰκρίνατ', which may receive three different meanings: That *Eurydamas* had not interpreted the dreams of his children when they went to the wars, or that he had foretold them by their dreams they should never return from the wars, or that he should now no more have the satisfaction to interpret their dreams at their return. After all, this construction seems forced, and no way agreeable to the general idiom of the *Greek* language, or to *Homer's* simple diction in particular. If we join γὰρ with ἑρχομένοις, I think the most obvious sense will be this; *Diomed* attacks the two sons of *Eurydamas* an old interpreter of dreams; his children not returning, the Prophet sought by his dreams to know their fate; however, they fall by the hands of *Diomed*. This interpretation seems natural and poetical, and tends to move compassion, which is almost constantly the design of the Poet, in his frequent short digressions concerning the circumstances and relations of dying persons.

†. 202. *To strangers now descends his wealth by store.*] This is a circumstance, than which nothing could be imagin'd more tragical,

Two sons of *Priam* in one chariot ride,  
 205 Glitt'ring in arms, and combat side by side.  
 As when the lordly lyon seeks his food  
 Where grazing heifers range the lonely wood,  
 He leaps amidst them with a furious bound,  
 Bends their strong necks, and tears them to the ground.  
 210 So from their seats the brother-chiefs are torn,  
 Their steeds and chariot to the navy born.  
 With deep concern divine *Aeneas* view'd  
 The foe prevailing, and his friends pursu'd,

Thro'

tragical, considering the character of the father. *Homer* says the trustees of the remote collateral relations seiz'd the estate before his eyes, (according to a custom of those times) which to a covetous old man must be the greatest of miseries.

§. 212. *Divine Aeneas.*] It is here *Aeneas* begins to act, and if we take a view of the whole Episode of this Hero in *Homer*, where he makes but an under-part, it will appear that *Virgil* has kept him perfectly in the same character in his Poem, where he shines as the first Hero. His piety and his valour, tho' not drawn at so full a length, are mark'd no less in the original than in the copy. It is the manner of *Homer* to express very strongly the character of each of his persons in the first speech he is made to utter in the Poem. In this of *Aeneas*, there is a great air of piety in those strokes, *Is he some God who punishes Troy for having neglected his sacrifices?* And then that sentence, *The anger of heaven is terrible.* When he is in danger afterwards, he is saved by the heavenly assistance of two Deities at once, and his wounds cured in the holy temple of *Pergamus* by *Latona* and *Diana*. As to his valour, he is second only to *Hector*, and in personal bravery as great in the *Greek* author as in the *Roman*. He is made to exert himself on emergencies of the first importance and hazard, rather

Thro' the thick storm of singing spears he flies,

Exploring *Pandarus* with careful eyes.

At length he found *Lycaon's* mighty son;

To whom the chief of *Venus'* race begun.

Where, *Pandarus*, are all thy honours now,

Thy winged arrows and unerring bow,

ther than on common occasions: He checks *Diomed* here in the midst of his fury; in the thirteenth book defends his friend *Deiphobus* before it was his turn to fight, being placed in one of the hindmost ranks, (which *Homer*, to take off all objections to his valour, tells us, happen'd because *Priam* had an animosity to him, though he was one of the bravest of the army.) He is one of those who rescue *Hector* when he is overthrown by *Ajax* in the fourteenth book. And what alone were sufficient to establish him a first-rate Hero, he is the first that dares resist *Achilles* himself at his return to the fight in all his rage for the loss of *Patroclus*. He indeed avoids encountering two at once in the present book; and shews upon the whole a sedate and deliberate courage, which if not so glaring as that of some others, is yet more just. It is worth considering how thoroughly *Virgil* penetrated into all this, and saw into the very idea of *Homer*; so as to extend and call forth the whole figure in its full dimensions and colours from the slightest hints and sketches which were but casually touch'd by *Homer*, and even in some points too where they were rather left to be understood, than express'd. And this, by the way, ought to be consider'd by those criticks who object to *Virgil's* Hero the want of that sort of courage which strikes us so much in *Homer's Achilles*. *Aeneas* was not the creature of *Virgil's* imagination, but one whom the world was already acquainted with, and expected to see continued in the same character; and one who perhaps was chosen for the Hero of the *Latin Poem*, not only as he was the founder of the *Roman empire*, but as this more calm and regular character better agreed with the temper and genius of the Poet himself.

Thy

- 220 Thy matchless skill, thy yet unrivall'd fame,  
And boasted glory of the *Lycian* name?  
Oh pierce that mortal ! if we mortal call  
That wondrous force by which whole armies fall;  
Or God incens'd, who quits the distant skies
- 225 To punish *Troy* for slighted sacrifice ;  
(Which oh avert from our unhappy state !  
For what so dreadful as celestial hate ?)  
Whoe'er he be, propitiate *Jove* with pray'r ;  
If man, destroy ; if God, intreat to spare.
- 230 To him the *Lycian*. Whom your eyes behold,  
If right I judge, is *Diomed* the bold.  
Such courses whirl him o'er the dusty field,  
So tow'rs his helmet, and so flames his shield.  
If 'tis a God, he wears that Chief's disguise ;
- 235 Or if that Chief, some guardian of the skies  
Involv'd in clouds, protects him in the fray,  
And turns unseen the frustrate dart away,  
I wing'd an arrow, which not idly fell,  
The stroke had fix'd him to the gates of hell,
- 240 And, but some God, some angry God withstands,  
His fate was due to these unerring hands.

Skill'd in the bow, on foot I fought the war,  
 Nor join'd swift horses to the rapid car.  
 Ten polish'd chariots I possess'd at home,  
 And still they grace *Lycaon's* princely dome:  
 There veil'd in spacious coverlets they stand;  
 And twice ten courfers wait their Lord's command.  
 The good old warrior bade me trust to these,  
 When first for *Troy* I sail'd the sacred seas;  
 In fields, aloft, the whirling car to guide,  
 And thro' the ranks of death triumphant ride.  
 But vain with youth, and yet to thrift inclin'd,  
 I heard his counsels with unheedful mind,

And

§. 242. *Skill'd in the bow, &c.*] We see thro' this whole discourse of *Pandarus* the character of a vain-glorious passionate Prince, who being skill'd in the use of the bow, was highly valued by himself and others for this excellence; but having been successless in two different trials of his skill, he is rais'd into an outrageous passion, which vents it self in vain threats on his guiltless bow. *Eustatbius* on this passage relates a story of a *Paplagonian* famous like him for his archery, who having miss'd his aim at repeated trials, was so transported by rage, that breaking his bow and arrows, he executed a more fatal vengeance by hanging himself.

§. 244. *Ten polish'd chariots.*] Among the many pictures *Homer* gives us of the simplicity of the heroic ages, he mingles from time to time some hints of an extraordinary magnificence. We have here a Prince who has all these chariots for pleasure at one time, with their particular sets of horses to each, and the most sumptuous coverings in their stables. But we must remember that he speaks of an *Asiatic* Prince, those *Barbarians* living in great luxury. *Dacier*.

§. 252. *Yet to thrift inclin'd.*] 'Tis *Eustatbius* his remark, that  
*Pandarus*

And thought the steeds (your large supplies unknown)  
 255 Might fail of forage in the straiten'd town :  
 So took my bow and pointed darts in hand,  
 And left the chariots in my native land.

Too late, O friend! my rashness I deplore ;  
 These shafts, once fatal, carry death no more.  
 260 Tydeus' and Atreus' sons their points have found,  
 And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.  
 In vain they bled: This unavailing bow  
 Serves not to slaughter, but provoke the foe.  
 In evil hour these bended horns I strung,

265 And seiz'd the quiver where it idly hung.  
 Curs'd be the fate that sent me to the field,  
 Without a warrior's arms, the spear and shield!  
 If e'er with life I quit the Trojan plain,  
 If e'er I see my Spouse and Sire again,

*Pandarus* did this out of avarice, to save the expence of his horses. I like this conjecture, because nothing seems more judicious, than to give a man of a perfidious character a strong tincture of avarice.

§. 261. *And undissembled gore pursu'd the wound.*] The Greek is ἀρπενὸς αἷμα. He says he is sure it was real blood that follow'd his arrow; because it was anciently a custom, particularly among the *Spartans*, to have ornaments and figures of a purple colour on their breast-plates, that the blood they lost might not be seen by the soldiers, and tend to their discouragement. *Plutarch* in his *Instit. Lacon.* takes notice of this point of antiquity, and I wonder it escap'd *Madam Dacier* in her translation.

This bow, unfaithful to my glorious aims,  
Broke by my hand, shall feed the blazing flames.

To whom the Leader of the *Dardan* race :  
Be calm, nor *Phæbus*' honour'd gift disgrace.  
The distant dart be prais'd, tho' here we need  
The rushing chariot, and the bounding steed.  
Against yon' Hero let us bend our course,  
And, hand to hand, encounter force with force.  
Now mount my seat, and from the chariot's height  
Observe my father's steeds, renown'd in fight ;  
Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,  
To dare the shock, or urge the rapid race :  
Secure with these, thro' fighting fields we go,  
Or safe to *Troy*, if *Jove* assist the foe.  
Haste, seize the whip, and snatch the guiding rein ;  
The warrior's fury let this arm sustain ;

§. 273. *Nor Phæbus' honour'd gift disgrace.*] For *Homer* tells us in the second book, §. 334. of the catalogue, that the bow and shafts of *Pandarus* were given him by *Apollo*.

§. 284. *Haste, seize the whip, &c.*] *Homer* means not here, that one of the Heroes should alight or descend from the chariot, but only that he should quit the reins to the management of the other, and stand on foot upon the chariot to fight from thence. As one might use the expression, *to descend from the ship*, to signify to quit the helm or oar, in order to take up arms. This is the note of *Eustathius*, by which it appears, that most of the translators are mistaken in the sense of this passage, and among the rest *Mr. Hobbes*.

Or

Or if to combat thy bold heart incline,  
Take thou the spear, the chariot's care be mine.

O Prince! (*Lycaon's* valiant son reply'd)

As thine the steeds, be thine the task to guide.

290 The horses practis'd to their Lord's command,  
Shall hear the rein, and answer to thy hand.

But if unhappy, we desert the fight,

Thy voice alone can animate their flight:

Else shall our Fates be number'd with the dead,

295 And these, the victor's prize, in triumph led.

Thine be the guidance then: With spear and shield

My self will charge this terror of the field.

And now both Heroes mount the glitt'ring car;

The bounding coursers rush amidst the war.

300 Their fierce approach bold *Sthenelus* espy'd,

Who thus, alarm'd, to great *Tydidēs* cry'd.

O friend! two chiefs of force immense I see,

Dreadful they come, and bend their rage on thee:

Lo the brave heir of old *Lycaon's* line,

305 And great *Aeneas*, sprung from race divine!

Enough is giv'n to fame. Ascend thy car;

And save a life, the bulwark of our war.

At this the Hero cast a gloomy look,

Fix'd on the chief with scorn, and thus he spoke.

- 10 Me dost thou bid to shun the coming fight?  
 Me would'st thou move to base, inglorious flight?  
 Know, 'tis not honest in my soul to fear,  
 Nor was *Tydidēs* born to tremble here.  
 I hate the cumbrous chariot's slow advance,  
 15 And the long distance of the flying lance;  
 But while my nerves are strong, my force entire,  
 Thus front the foe, and emulate my Sire.  
 Nor shall yon steeds that fierce to fight convey  
 Those threatening heroes, bear them both away;  
 20 One chief at least beneath this arm shall die;  
 So *Pallas* tells me, and forbids to fly.  
 But if she dooms, and if no God withstand,  
 That both shall fall by one victorious hand;  
 Then heed my words: My horses here detain,  
 25 Fix'd to the chariot by the straiten'd rein;

§. 320. *One chief at least beneath this arm shall die.*] It is the manner of our author to make his persons have some intimation from within, either of prosperous or adverse fortune, before it happens to them. In the present instance, we have seen *Aeneas*, astonish'd at the great exploits of *Diomed*, proposing to himself the means of his escape by the swiftness of his horses, before he advances to encounter him. On the other hand, *Diomed* is so filled with assurance, that he gives orders here to *Sthenelus* to seize those horses, before they come up to him. The opposition of these two (as *Madam Dacier* has remark'd) is very observable.

- Swift to *Aeneas*' empty feat proceed,  
 And seize the courfers of æthereal breed.  
 The race of those, which once the thund'ring God  
 For ravish'd *Ganymede* on *Tros* bestow'd,  
 330 The best that e'er on earth's broad surface run,  
 Beneath the rising or the setting sun.  
 Hence great *Anchises* stole a breed, unknown,  
 By mortal *Mares*, from fierce *Laomedon*:  
 Four of this race his ample stalls contain,  
 335 And two transport *Aeneas* o'er the plain.  
 These, were the rich immortal prize our own,  
 Thro' the wide world should make our glory known.

¶ 327. *The courfers of æthereal breed.*] We have already observed the great delight *Homer* takes in horses, as well as heroes, of celestial race: And if he has been thought too fond of the genealogies of some of his warriors, in relating them even in a battel; we find him here as willing to trace that of his horses, in the same circumstance. These were of that breed which *Jupiter* bestow'd upon *Tros*, and far superior to the common strain of *Trojan* horses. So that (according to *Eustatbius*'s opinion) the translators are mistaken who turn Τρόιοι ἵπποι, the *Trojan horses*, in v. 222. of the original, where *Aeneas* extols their qualities to *Pandarus*. The same author takes notice, that frauds in the case of horses have been thought excusable in all times, and commends *Anchises* for this piece of theft. *Virgil* was so well pleas'd with it, as to imitate this passage in the seventh *Æneid*.

*Absenti Aeneæ currum, geminosque jugales  
 Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem,  
 Illorum de gente, patri quos dædala Circe  
 Suppositâ de matre notbos furata creavit.*

Thus

Thus while they spoke, the foe came furious on,  
And stern *Lycaon's* warlike race begun.

340 Prince, thou art met. Tho' late in vain assail'd,  
The spear may enter where the arrow fail'd.

He said, then shook the pondrous lance, and flung,  
On his broad shield the sounding weapon rung,  
Pierc'd the tough orb, and in his cuirass hung.

345 He bleeds! the pride of *Greece*! (the boaster cries)  
Our triumph now the mighty warrior lies!

Mistaken vaunter! *Diomed* reply'd;

Thy dart has err'd, and now my spear be try'd:

Ye 'scape not both; one, headlong from his car,

350 With hostile blood shall glut the God of War.

He spoke, and rising hurl'd his forceful dart,

Which driv'n by *Pallas*, pierc'd a vital part;

Full in his face it enter'd, and betwixt

The nose and eye-ball the proud *Lycian* fixt:

\*. 353. *Full in his face it enter'd.*] It has been ask'd, how *Diomed* being on foot, could naturally be suppos'd to give such a wound as is describ'd here. Were it never so improbable, the express mention that *Minerva* conducted the jav'lin to that part, would render this passage unexceptionable. But without having recourse to a miracle, such a wound might be receiv'd by *Pandarus*, either if he stoop'd, or if his enemy took the advantage of a rising ground, by which means he might not impossibly stand higher, tho' the other were in a chariot. This is the solution given by the ancient *Scholia*, which is confirm'd by the lowness of the chariots, observed in the *Essay on Homer's Battles*.

- 355 Crash'd all his jaws, and cleft the tongue within,  
 'Till the bright point look'd out beneath the chin.  
 Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground;  
 Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound;  
 The starting coursers tremble with affright;  
 360 The soul indignant seeks the realms of night.  
 To guard his slaughter'd friend, *Æneas* flies,  
 His spear extending where the carcass lies;  
 Watchful he wheels, protects it ev'ry way,  
 As the grim lion stalks around his prey.  
 365 O'er the fall'n trunk his ample shield display'd,  
 He hides the Hero with his mighty shade,

y. 361. *To guard his slaughter'd friend Æneas flies.*] This protecting of the dead body was not only an office of piety agreeable to the character of *Æneas* in particular, but look'd upon as a matter of great importance in those times. It was believ'd that the very soul of the deceas'd suffer'd by the body's remaining destitute of the rites of sepulture, as not being else admitted to pass the waters of *Styx*. See what *Patroclus* his ghost says to *Achilles* in the 23d *Iliad*.

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis, inops, inbumataque turba est ;  
 Portitor ille, Charon ; hi, quos vebit unda, sepulti.  
 Nec ripas datur borrendas & rauca fluenta  
 Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt.  
 Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc litora circum.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6.

Whoever considers this, will not be surprized at those long and obstinate combates for the bodies of the Heroes, so frequent in the *Iliad*. Homer thought it of such weight, that he has put this circumstance of want of burial into the *proposition* at the beginning of his Poem, as one of the chief misfortunes that befel the Greeks.

And threats aloud: the *Greeks* with longing eyes  
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

Then fierce *Tydidēs* stoops; and from the fields  
70 Heav'd with vast force, a rocky fragment wields.

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degen'rate days.

He swung it round; and gath'ring strength to throw,  
Discharg'd the pond'rous ruin at the foe.

y. 371. *Not two strong men.*] This opinion of a degeneracy of human size and strength in the process of ages, has been very general. *Lucretius*, lib. 2.

*Jamque adeo fracta est ætas, effataque tellus  
Vix animalia parva creat, quæ cuncta creavit  
Sæcla, deditque ferarum ingentia corpora partu.*

The active life and temperance of the first men, before their native powers were prejudiced by luxury, may be supposed to have given them this advantage. *Cælius* in his first book observes, that *Homer* mentions no sort of diseases in the old heroic times but what were immediately inflicted by heaven, as if their temperance and exercise preserved them from all besides. *Virgil* imitates this passage, with a farther allowance of the decay, in proportion to the distance of his time from that of *Homer*. For he says it was an attempt that exceeded the strength of twelve men, instead of two.

—Saxum circumspicit ingens—  
*Vix illud læti bis sex cervice subirent,  
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.*

*Juvenal* has made an agreeable use of this thought in his fourteenth Satyr.

*Nam genus hoc vivo jam decrescerat Homero,  
Terra malos homines nunc educat, atque pusillos.*

- 375 Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,  
 Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;  
 Thro' both the tendons broke the rugged stone,  
 And stripp'd the skin, and crack'd the solid bone.  
 Sunk on his knees, and stagg'ring with his pains,  
 380 His falling bulk his bended arm sustains;  
 Lost in a dizzy mist the warrior lies;  
 A sudden cloud comes swimming o'er his eyes.  
 There the brave chief who mighty numbers sway'd,  
 Oppress'd had sunk to death's eternal shade;  
 385 But heav'nly *Venus*, mindful of the love  
 She bore *Anchises* in th' *Idaean* grove,  
 His danger views with anguish and despair,  
 And guards her offspring with a mother's care.  
 About her much-lov'd son her arms she throws,  
 390 Her arms whose whiteness match the falling snows.  
 Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil,  
 The swords wave harmless, and the javelins fail:

\*. 391. Screen'd from the foe behind her shining veil.] *Homer* says, she spread her veil that it might be a defence against the darts. How comes it then afterwards to be pierc'd thro', when *Venus* is wounded? It is manifest the veil was not impenetrable, and is said here to be a defence only as it render'd *Aeneas* invulnerable, by being interposed. This is the observation of *Eustatbius*, and was thought too material to be neglected in the translation.

Safe thro' the rushing horse, and feather'd flight  
Of sounding shafts, she bears him from the fight.

195 Nor *Sthenelus*, with unassisting hands,  
Remain'd unheedful of his Lord's commands:  
His panting steeds, remov'd from out the war,  
He fix'd with straiten'd traces to the car.  
Next rushing to the *Dardan* spoil, detains  
200 The heav'nly coursers with the flowing manes:  
These in proud triumph to the fleet convey'd,  
No longer now a *Trojan* Lord obey'd.  
That charge to bold *Deïpylus* he gave,  
(Whom most he lov'd, as brave men love the brave)  
205 Then mounting on his car, resum'd the rein,  
And follow'd where *Tydidēs* swept the plain.  
Mean while, (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)  
The raging chief in chace of *Venus* flies:

No

§. 403. To bold *Deïpylus*—*Whom most he lov'd.*] *Sthenelus* (says *M. Dacier*) loved *Deïpylus*, *parce qu'il avoit la même humeur que lui, la même sagesse.* The words in the original are *ὅτι οἱ Φρεσὶν ἄρτια ἦδην.* Because his mind was equal and consentaneous to his own. Which I should rather translate, with regard to the character of *Sthenelus*, that he had the same bravery, than the same wisdom. For that *Sthenelus* was not remarkable for wisdom, appears from many passages, and particularly from his speech to *Agamemnon* in the fourth book, upon which see *Plutarch's* remark, §. 456.

§. 408. The chief in chace of *Venus* flies.] We have seen with what ease *Venus* takes *Paris* out of the battel in the third book,

- No Goddess she commission'd to the field,  
 410 Like *Pallas* dreadful with her sable shield,  
 Or fierce *Bellona* thund'ring at the wall,  
 While flames ascend, and mighty ruins fall;  
 He knew soft combates suit the tender dame,  
 New to the field, and still a foe to fame.  
 415 Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,  
 And at the Goddess his broad lance extends;  
 Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,  
 Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove:  
 Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd,  
 420 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.

From

when his life was in danger from *Menelaus*; but here when she has a charge of more importance and nearer concern, she is not able to preserve herself or her son from the fury of *Dioned*. The difference of success in two attempts so like each other, is occasion'd by that penetration of sight with which *Pallas* had endu'd her favourite. For the Gods in their intercourse with men are not ordinarily seen, but when they please to render themselves visible; wherefore *Venus* might think herself and her son secure from the insolence of this daring mortal; but was in this deceiv'd, being ignorant of that faculty, wherewith the hero was enabled to distinguish Gods as well as men.

Y. 419. *Her snowy hand the razing steel profan'd.*] *Plutarch* in his *Symposiacks*, l. 9. tells us, that *Maximus* the Rhetorician propos'd this far-fetch'd question at a banquet, *On which of her hands Venus was wounded?* and that *Zopyrion* answer'd it by asking, *On which of his legs Philip was lame?* But *Maximus* reply'd, it was a different case: For *Demosthenes* left no foundation to guess at the one, whereas *Homer* gives a solution of the other,

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,  
Such stream as issues from a wounded God;

Pure

other, in saying that *Diomed* throwing his spear across, wounded her wrist: so that it was her right hand he hurt, her left being opposite to his right. He adds another humorous reason from *Pallas's* reproaching her afterwards, as having got this wound while she was stroking and solliciting some *Grecian Lady*, and unbuckling her zone; *An action* (says this Philosopher) in which no one would make use of the left hand.

§. 422. Such stream as issues from a wounded God.] This is one of those passages in *Homer*, which hath given occasion to that famous censure of *Tully* and *Longinus*; *That he makes Gods of his heroes, and mortals of his Gods*. This, taken in a general sense, appear'd the highest impiety to *Plato* and *Pythagoras*; one of whom has banish'd *Homer* from his commonwealth, and the other said he was tortured in hell, for fictions of this nature. But if a due distinction be made of a difference among beings superior to mankind, which both the Pagans and Christians have allowed, these fables may be easily accounted for. Wounds inflicted on the dragon, bruising the serpent's head, and other such metaphorical Images, are consecrated in holy writ, and apply'd to angelical and incorporeal natures. But in our author's days they had a notion of Gods that were corporeal, to whom they ascribed bodies, tho' of a more subtil kind than those of mortals. So in this very place he supposes them to have blood, but blood of a finer or superior nature. Notwithstanding the foregoing censures, *Milton* has not scrupled to imitate and apply this to angels in the christian system, when *Satan* is wounded by *Michael* in his sixth book. §. 327.

—Then *Satan* first knew pain,  
And writb'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Pass'd thro' him; but th' *Ætherial* substance clos'd,  
Not long divisible, and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd,  
Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed—  
Yet soon be heal'd, for spirits that live throughout,  
Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man  
In entrails, head or heart, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die.

C 5

*Aristotle,*

Pure Emanation! uncorrupted flood;

Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:

(For

*Aristotle, cap. 26. Art. Poet.* excuses Homer for following fame and common opinion in his account of the Gods, though no way agreeable to truth. The religion of those times taught no other notions of the Deity, than that the Gods were beings of human forms and passions; so that any but a real *Anthropomorphite* would probably have past among the ancient *Greeks* for an impious heretick: They thought their religion, which worshipped the Gods in images of human shape, was much more refin'd and rational than that of *Ægypt* and other nations, who ador'd them in animal or monstrous forms. And certainly Gods of human shape cannot justly be esteem'd or described otherwise, than as a celestial race, superior only to mortal men by greater abilities, and a more extensive degree of wisdom and strength, subject however to the necessary inconveniencies consequent to corporeal beings. *Cicero*, in his book *de Nat. Deor.* urges this consequence strongly against the *Epicureans*, who tho' they depos'd the Gods from any power in creating or governing the world, yet maintain'd their existence in human forms. *Non enim sentitis quàm multa vobis suscipienda sunt, si impetraveritis ut concedamus eandem esse hominum & Deorum figuram; omnis cultus & curatio corporis erit eadem adhibenda Deo quæ adhibetur homini, ingressus, cursus, accubatio, inclinatio, sessio, comprehensio, ad extremum etiam sermo & oratio. Nam quod & mares Deos & fæminas esse dicitis, quid sequatur videtis.*

This particular of the wounding of *Venus* seems to be a fiction of *Homer's* own brain, naturally deducible from the doctrine of corporeal Gods above-mentioned; and considered as poetry, no way shocking. Yet our Author, as if he had foreseen some objection, has very artfully inserted a justification of this bold stroke, in the speech *Dione* soon after makes to *Venus*. For as it was natural to comfort her daughter, by putting her in mind that many other Deities had receiv'd as ill treatment from mortals by the permission of *Jupiter*; so it was of great use to the Poet, to enumerate those ancient fables to the same purpose, which being then generally assented to, might obtain credit for his own. This fine remark belongs to *Eustathius*.

ÿ. 424. Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood, &c.] The opinion of the incorruptibility of celestial matter seems to have

- 25 (For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)  
With tender shrieks the Goddess fill'd the place,  
And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.  
Him *Phæbus* took : He casts a cloud around  
30 The fainting chief, and wards the mortal wound.  
Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,  
The King insults the Goddess as she flies.  
Ill with *Jove's* daughter bloody fights agree,  
The field of combat is no scene for thee :  
35 Go, let thy own soft sex employ thy care,  
Go lull the coward, or delude the fair.  
Taught by this stroke, renounce the war's alarms,  
And learn to tremble at the name of arms.  
*Tydidēs* thus. The Goddess, seiz'd with dread,  
40 Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled.  
To aid her, swift the winged *Iris* flew,  
Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.

have been receiv'd in the time of *Homer*. For he makes the immortality of the Gods to depend upon the incorruptible nature of the nutriment by which they are sustained : as the mortality of men to proceed from the corruptible materials of which they are made, and by which they are nourished. We have several instances in him from whence this may be inferred, as when *Diomed* questions *Glaucus* if he be a God or a mortal, he adds, *One who is sustained by the fruits of the earth.* Lib. 6. v. 175.

- The Queen of Love with faded charms she found,  
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.  
 445 To *Mars*, who fate remote, they bent their way;  
 Far on the left, with clouds involv'd he lay;  
 Beside him stood his lance, distain'd with gore,  
 And, rein'd with gold, his foaming steeds before.  
 Low at his knee, she begg'd, with streaming eyes,  
 450 Her brother's car, to mount the distant skies,  
 And shew'd the wound by fierce *Tydidēs* giv'n,  
 A mortal man, who dares encounter heav'n.  
 Stern *Mars* attentive hears the Queen complain,  
 And to her hand commits the golden rein:  
 455 She mounts the seat, oppress'd with silent woe,  
 Driv'n by the Goddess of the painted bow.  
 The lash resounds, the rapid chariot flies,  
 And in a moment scales the lofty skies.  
 There stopp'd the car, and there the couriers stood;  
 460 Fed by fair *Iris* with ambrosial food.  
 Before her mother, Love's bright Queen appears,  
 O'erwhelm'd with anguish and dissolv'd in tears;

¶ 449. *Low at his knee she begg'd.*] All the former *English* translators make it, *she fell on her knees*, an oversight occasion'd by the want of a competent knowledge in antiquities, (without which no man can tolerably understand this Author), for the custom of praying on the knees was unknown to the *Greeks*, and in use only among the *Hebrews*.

She

She rais'd her in her arms, beheld her bleed,  
And ask'd, what God had wrought this guilty deed?

5 Then she; This insult from no God I found,  
An impious mortal gave the daring wound!  
Behold the deed of haughty *Diomed*!

'Twas in the son's defence the mother bled.

The war with *Troy* no more the *Grecians* wage;  
10 But with the Gods (th' immortal Gods) engage.

*Dione* then. Thy wrongs with patience bear,  
And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share;  
Unnumber'd woes mankind from us sustain,  
And men with woes afflict the Gods again.

15 The mighty *Mars* in mortal fetters bound;  
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons under ground,

†. 472. *And share those griefs inferior pow'rs must share.*] The word *inferior* is added by the translator, to open the distinction *Homer* makes between the Divinity itself, which he represents impassible, and the subordinate celestial beings or spirits.

†. 475. *The mighty Mars, &c.*] *Homer* in these fables, as upon many other occasions, makes a great show of his theological learning, which was the manner of all the *Greeks* who had travell'd into *Aegypt*. Those who would see these allegories explained at large, may consult *Eusebius* on this place. *Virgil* speaks much in the same figure, when he describes the happy peace with which *Augustus* had blest the world:

————— *Furor impius intus*  
*Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus ænīs*  
*Post tergum novīs, fremit borridus ore cruento.*

Full

Full thirteen moons imprison'd roar'd in vain ;

*Otus* and *Ephialtes* held the chain :

Perhaps had perish'd, had not *Hermes*' care

480 Restor'd the groaning God to upper<sup>\*</sup> air.

Great *Juno*'s self has born her weight of pain,

Th' imperial partner of the heav'nly reign ;

*Amphitryon*'s son infix'd the deadly dart,

And fill'd with anguish her immortal heart.

485 Ev'n hell's grim King *Alcides*' pow'r confest,

The shaft found entrance in his iron breast,

To *Jove*'s high palace for a cure he fled,

Pierc'd in his own dominions of the dead ;

Where *Paon* sprinkling heav'nly balm around,

490 Assuag'd the glowing pangs, and clos'd the wound.

Rash, impious man ! to stain the blest abodes,

And drench his arrows in the blood of Gods !

\* 479. *Perhaps had perish'd.* ] Some of *Homer*'s censurers have inferred from this passage, that the Poet represents his Gods subject to death ; when nothing but great misery is here described. It is a common way of speech to use *perdition* and *destruction* for *misfortune* : The language of scripture calls eternal punishment *perishing everlastingly*. There is a remarkable passage to this purpose in *Tacitus*, *An. 6.* which very lively represents the miserable state of a distracted tyrant : *It is the beginning of a Letter from Tiberius to the Senate : Quid scribam vobis, P. C. aut quomodo scribam, aut quid omnino non scribam hoc tempore, Dii me Deaque pejus perdant quam perire quotidie sentio, si scio,*

But thou (tho' *Pallas* urg'd thy frantic deed)  
 Whose spear ill-fated makes a Goddess bleed,  
 Know thou, whoe'er with heav'nly pow'r contends,  
 Short is his date, and soon his glory ends;  
 From fields of death when late he shall retire,  
 No infant on his knees shall call him Sire.  
 Strong as thou art, some God may yet be found,  
 To stretch thee pale and gasping on the ground ;

γ. 498. *No infant on his knees shall call him sire.*] This is Homer's manner of foretelling that he shall perish unfortunately in battel, which is infinitely a more artful way of conveying that thought than by a direct expression. He does not simply say, he shall never return from the war, but intimates as much by describing the loss of the most sensible and affecting pleasure that a warrior can receive at his return. Of the like nature is the prophecy at the end of this speech of the hero's death, by representing it in a dream of his wife's. There are many fine strokes of this kind in the prophetic parts of the Old Testament. Nothing is more natural than *Dione's* forming these images of revenge upon *Diomed*, the hope of which vengeance was so proper a topick of consolation to *Venus*.

γ. 500. *To stretch thee pale, &c.*] *Virgil* has taken notice of this threatening denunciation of vengeance, though fulfill'd in a different manner, where *Diomed* in his answer to the Embassador of King *Latinus* enumerates his misfortunes, and imputes the cause of them to this impious attempt upon *Venus*. *Æneid*, lib. 11.

*Invidisse Deos patriis ut redditus oris  
 Conjugium optatum & pulchram Calydonā viderem?  
 Nunc etiam horribili visu portenta sequuntur:  
 Et socii amissi petierunt Æquora pennis:  
 Fluminibusque vagantur aves (heu dira meorum  
 Supplicia!) & seepulos lacrymosis vocibus implent.  
 Hæc adeo ex illo mihi jam speranda fuerunt  
 Tempore, cum ferro cœlestia corpora demens  
 Appetii, & Veneris violavi vulnere dextram.*

Thy

Thy distant wife, *Ægiale* the fair,  
 Starting from sleep with a distracted air,  
 Shall rouse thy slaves, and her lost Lord deplore,  
 The brave, the great, the glorious, now no more!  
 505 This said, she wip'd from *Venus*' wounded palm  
 The sacred *Ichor*, and infus'd the balm.  
*Juno* and *Pallas* with a smile survey'd,  
 And thus to *Jove* began the blue-ey'd maid.

Permit thy daughter, gracious *Jove*! to tell  
 510 How this mischance the *Cyprian* Queen befell.  
 As late she try'd with passion to inflame  
 The tender bosom of a *Grecian* dame,  
 Allur'd the fair with moving thoughts of joy,  
 To quit her country for some youth of *Troy*;  
 515 The clasping Zone, with golden buckles bound,  
 Raz'd her soft hand with this lamented wound.

y. 501. *Thy distant wife.*] The Poet seems here to complement the fair sex at the expence of truth, by concealing the character of *Ægiale*, whom he has described with the disposition of a faithful wife; tho' the history of those times represents her as an abandon'd prostitute, who gave up her own person and her husband's crown to her lover. So that *Diomed* at his return from *Troy*, when he expected to be receiv'd with all the tenderness of a loving spouse, found his bed and throne possess'd by an adulterer, was forc'd to fly his country, and seek refuge and subsistence in foreign lands. Thus the offended Goddess executed her vengeance by the proper effects of her own power, by involving the hero in a series of misfortunes proceeding from the incontinence of his wife.

The Sire of Gods and men superior smil'd,  
And, calling *Venus*, thus address'd his child.

Not

§. 517. *The sire of Gods and men superior smil'd.*] One may observe the decorum and decency our Author constantly preserves on this occasion: *Jupiter* only smiles, the other Gods laugh out. That *Homer* was no enemy to mirth, may appear from several places of his poem; which, so serious as it is, is interspers'd with many gaieties, indeed more than he has been follow'd in by the succeeding Epic Poets. *Milton*, who was perhaps fonder of him than the rest, has given most into the ludicrous; of which his *paradise of fools* in the third book, and his *jesting angels* in the sixth, are extraordinary instances. Upon the confusion of *Babel*, he says there was great laughter in heaven: as *Homer* calls the laughter of the Gods in the first book ἀσβεστός γέλωας, an *inextinguishable laugh*: But the scripture might perhaps embolden the English Poet, which says, *The Lord shall laugh them to scorn*, and the like. *Plato* is very angry at *Homer* for making the Deities laugh, as a high indecency and offence to gravity. He says the Gods in our Author represent magistrates and persons in authority, and are designed as examples to such: On this supposition, he blames him for proposing immoderate laughter as a thing decent in great men. I forgot to take notice in its proper place, that the epithet *inextinguishable* is not to be taken literally for dissolute or ceaseless mirth, but was only a phrase of that time to signify cheerfulness and seasonable gayety; in the same manner as we may now say, *to die with laughter*, without being understood to be in danger of dying with it. The place, time, and occasion were all agreeable to mirth: It was at a banquet; and *Plato* himself relates several things that pass at the banquet of *Agathon*, which had not been either decent or rational at any other season. The same may be said of the present passage: raillery could never be more natural than when two of the female sex had an opportunity of triumphing over another whom they hated. *Homer* makes wisdom herself not able, even in the presence of *Jupiter*, to resist the temptation. She breaks into a ludicrous speech, and the supreme being himself vouchsafes a smile at it. But this (as *Eustathius* remarks) is not

Not these, O daughter, are thy proper cares,  
 520 Thee milder arts besit, and softer wars;  
 Sweet smiles are thine, and kind endearing charms,  
 To *Mars* and *Pallas* leave the deeds of arms.

Thus they in heav'n: While on the plain below  
 The fierce *Tydidēs* charg'd his *Dardan* foe,  
 525 Flush'd with celestial blood pursu'd his way,  
 And fearless dar'd the threatening God of day;  
 Already in his hopes he saw him kill'd,  
 Tho' screen'd behind *Apollo's* mighty shield.  
 Thrice rushing furious, at the chief he strook;

530 His blazing buckler thrice *Apollo* shook:  
 He try'd the fourth: when breaking from the cloud,  
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

O son of *Tydeus*, cease! be wise, and see  
 How vast the diff'rence of the Gods and thee;  
 535 Distance immense! between the pow'rs that shine  
 Above, eternal, deathless, and divine,  
 And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,  
 A short-liv'd reptile in the dust of earth.

not introduced without judgment and precaution. For we see he makes *Minerva* first beg *Jupiter's* permission for this piece of freedom, *Permis thy daughter, gracious Jove*; in which he asks the reader's leave to enliven his narration with this piece of gayety.

So spoke the God who darts celestial fires;  
 He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.  
 Then *Phœbus* bore the chief of *Venus*' race  
 To *Troy*'s high fane, and to his holy place;  
*Latona* there and *Phœbe* heal'd the wound,  
 With vigour arm'd him, and with glory crown'd.  
 This done, the patron of the silver bow  
 A phantome rais'd, the same in shape and show

With

§. 540. *He dreads his fury, and some steps retires.*] *Diomed* still maintains his intrepid character; he retires but a *step or two* even from *Apollo*. The conduct of *Homer* is remarkably just and rational here. He gives *Diomed* no sort of advantage over *Apollo*, because he would not feign what was intirely incredible, and what no allegory could justify. He wounds *Venus* and *Mars*, as it is morally possible to overcome the irregular passions which are represented by those Deities. But it is impossible to vanquish *Apollo*, in whatsoever capacity he is considered, either as the *Sun*, or as *Destiny*: One may shoot at the sun, but not hurt him; and one may strive against destiny, but not surmount it. *Eustathius*.

§. 546. *A phantome rais'd.*] The fiction of a God's placing a phantome instead of the hero, to delude the enemy and continue the engagement, means no more than that the enemy thought he was in the battel. This is the language of Poetry, which prefers a marvellous fiction to a plain and simple truth, the recital whereof would be cold and unaffecting. Thus *Minerva*'s guiding a javelin, signifies only that it was thrown with art and dexterity; *Mars* taking upon him the shape of *Acamas*, that the courage of *Acamas* incited him to do so, and in like manner of the rest. The present passage is copied by *Virgil* in the tenth *Æneid*, where the spectre of *Æneas* is raised by *Juno* or the *Air*, as it is here by *Apollo* or the *Sun*; both equally proper to be employed in forming an apparition. Whoever will compare the two authors on this subject, will observe with what admirable art, and what exquisite

With great *Aeneas*; such the form he bore,  
 And such in fight the radiant arms he wore.  
 Around the spectre bloody wars are wag'd,

550 And *Greece* and *Troy* with clashing shields engag'd.

Mean-time on *Ilion's* tow'r *Apollo* stood,  
 And calling *Mars*, thus urg'd the raging God.

Stern pow'r of arms, by whom the mighty fall,  
 Who bathe in blood, and shake th' embattel'd wall!

555 Rise in thy wrath! to hell's abhorr'd abodes  
 Dispatch yon' *Greek*, and vindicate the Gods.

First rose *Venus* felt his brutal rage;

Me next he charg'd, and dares all heav'n engage:

The wretch would brave high heav'n's immortal fire,

560 His triple thunder, and his bolts of fire.

The God of battel issues on the plain,  
 Stirs all the ranks, and fires the *Trojan* train;  
 In form like *Acamas*, the *Thracian* guide,  
 Enrag'd, to *Troy's* retiring chiefs he cry'd:

exquisite ornaments, the latter has improved and beautify'd his original. *Scaliger*, in comparing these places, has absurdly censured the phantome of *Homer* for its inactivity; whereas it was only form'd to represent the hero lying on the ground, without any appearance of life or motion. *Spencer* in the eighth canto of the third book seems to have improved this imagination, in the creation of his false *Florimel*, who performs all the functions of life, and gives occasion for many adventures.

How

How long, ye sons of *Priam*! will ye fly,  
 And unreveng'd see *Priam*'s people die?  
 Still unresisted shall the foe destroy,  
 And stretch the slaughter to the gates of *Troy*?  
 Lo brave *Aeneas* sinks beneath his wound,  
 Not godlike *Hector* more in arms renown'd:  
 Haste all, and take the gen'rous warrior's part.  
 He said; new courage swell'd each hero's heart.  
*Sarpedon* first his ardent soul express'd,  
 And, turn'd to *Hector*, these bold words address'd.  
 Say, Chief, is all thy ancient valour lost,  
 Where are thy threats, and where thy glorious boast,  
 That propt alone by *Priam*'s race should stand  
*Troy*'s sacred walls, nor need a foreign hand?

§. 575. *The speech of Sarpedon to Hector.*] It will be hard to find a speech more warm and spirited than this of *Sarpedon*, which comprehends so much in so few words. Nothing could be more artfully thought upon to pique *Hector*, who was so jealous of his country's glory, than to tell him he had formerly conceiv'd too great a notion of the *Trojan* valour; and to exalt the auxiliaries above his countrymen. The description *Sarpedon* gives of the little concern or interest himself had in the war, in opposition to the necessity and imminent danger of the *Trojans*, greatly strengthens this preference, and lays the charge very home upon their honour. In the latter part, which precribes *Hector* his duty, there is a particular reprimand, in telling him how much it behoves him to animate and encourage the auxiliaries; for this is to say in other words, you should exhort them, and they are forc'd on the contrary to exhort you.

Now,

- Now, now thy country calls her wanted friends,  
580 And the proud vaunt in just derision ends.  
Remote they stand, while alien troops engage,  
Like trembling hounds before the lion's rage.  
Far distant hence I held my wide command,  
Where foaming *Xanthus* laves the *Lycian* land,  
585 With ample wealth (the wish of mortals) blest,  
A beauteous wife, and infant at her breast;  
With those I left whatever dear could be;  
*Greece*, if she conquers, nothing wins from me.  
Yet first in fight my *Lycian* bands I chear,  
590 And long to meet this mighty man ye fear.  
While *Hector* idle stands, nor bids the brave  
Their wives, their infants, and their altars save.  
Haste, warrior, haste! preserve thy threaten'd state;  
Or one vast burst of all-involving fate  
595 Full o'er your tow'rs shall fall, and sweep away  
Sons, fires, and wives, an undistinguish'd prey.  
Rouze all thy *Trojans*, urge thy aids to fight;  
These claim thy thoughts by day, thy watch by night:  
With force incessant the brave *Greeks* oppose;  
600 Such cares thy friends deserve, and such thy foes.  
Stung to the heart the gen'rous *Hector* hears,  
But just reproof with decent silence bears.

From his proud car the Prince impetuous springs;  
On earth he leaps; his brazen armour rings.  
Two shining spears are brandish'd in his hands;  
Thus arm'd, he animates his drooping bands,  
Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,  
And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.  
They turn, they stand: The *Greeks* their fury dare,  
Condense their pow'rs, and wait the growing war.

As when, on *Ceres'* sacred floor, the swain  
Spreads the wide fan to clear the golden grain,  
And the light chaff, before the breezes born,  
Ascends in clouds from off the heapy corn;  
The grey dust, rising with collected winds,  
Drives o'er the barn, and whitens all the hind.  
So white with dust the *Grecian* host appears,  
From trampling steeds, and thundring charioteers.  
The dusky clouds from labour'd earth arise,  
And roll in smoaking volumes to the skies.  
*Mars* hovers o'er them with his fable shield,  
And adds new horrors to the darken'd field;

\*. 611. *Ceres' sacred floor.*] *Homer* calls the threshing floor sacred (says *Eustathius*) not only as it was consecrated to *Ceres*, but in regard of its great use and advantage to human kind; in which sense also he frequently gives the same epithet to cities, &c. This simile is of an exquisite beauty.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with his charge, and ardent to fulfill

In *Troy's* defence *Apollo's* heav'nly will:

- 625 Soon as from fight the blue-ey'd maid retires,  
 Each *Trojan* bosom with new warmth he fires,  
 And now the God, from forth his sacred fane,  
 Produc'd *Aeneas* to the shouting train;  
 Alive, unharm'd, with all his peers around,  
 630 Erect he stood, and vig'rous from his wound:  
 Enquiries none they made; the dreadful day  
 No pause of words admits, no dull delay;  
 Fierce *Discord* storms, *Apollo* loud exclaims,  
*Fame* calls, *Mars* thunders, and the field's in flames.  
 635 Stern *Diomed* with either *Ajax* stood,  
 And great *Ulysses* bath'd in hostile blood.  
 Embodied close, the lab'ring *Grecian* train  
 The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain;  
 Unmov'd and silent, the whole war they wait,  
 640 Serenely dreadful, and as fix'd as fate.  
 So when th' embattled clouds in dark array  
 Along the skies their gloomy lines display,

When

\*. 641. So when th' embattled clouds.] This simile contains as proper a comparison, and as fine a picture of nature as any in *Homer*: However it is to be fear'd the beauty and propriety of it will not be very obvious to many readers, because it is the description of a natural appearance which they have not had an opportunity to remark, and which can be observed only

When now the *North* his boist'rous rage has spent,  
And peaceful sleeps the liquid element,

45 The low-hung vapours, motionless and still,

Rest on the summits of the shaded hill;

'Till the mass scatters as the winds arise,

Dispers'd and broken thro' the ruffled skies.

Nor was the Gen'ral wanting to his train,

50 From troop to troop he toils thro' all the plain.

only in a mountainous country. It happens frequently in very calm weather, that the atmosphere is charg'd with thick vapours, whose gravity is such that they neither rise nor fall, but remain poiz'd in the air at a certain height, where they continue frequently for several days together. In a plain country this occasions no other visible appearance, but of an uniform clouded sky; but in a hilly region these vapours are to be seen covering the tops, and stretch'd along the sides of the mountains; the clouded parts above being terminated and distinguish'd from the clear parts below by a strait line running parallel to the horizon, as far as the mountains extend. The whole compass of nature cannot afford a nobler and more exact representation of a numerous army, drawn up in line of battel, and expecting the charge. The long-extended even front, the closeness of the ranks, the firmness, order, and silence of the whole, are all drawn with great resemblance in this one comparison. The Poet adds, that this appearance is while *Boreas* and the other boisterous winds, which disperse and break the clouds, are laid asleep. This is as exact as it is poetical; for when the winds arise, this regular order is soon dissolv'd. This circumstance is added to the description, as an ominous anticipation of the flight and dissipation of the *Greeks*, which soon ensued when *Mars* and *Hector* broke in upon them.

Ye *Greeks*, be men! the charge of battle bear;  
 Your brave associates, and yourselves revere!  
 Let glorious acts more glorious acts inspire,  
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire!

655 On valour's side the odds of combat lie,  
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;  
 The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,  
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

These words he seconds with his flying lance,

660 To meet whose point was strong *Deicoon's* chance;  
*Aeneas'* friend, and in his native place  
 Honour'd and lov'd like *Priam's* royal race:

¶ 651. *Ye Greeks be men, &c.*] If *Homer* in the longer speeches of the *Iliad*, says all that could be said by eloquence, in the shorter he says all that can be said with judgment. Whatever some few modern Criticks have thought, it will be found upon due reflection, that the length or brevity of his speeches is determined as the occasions either allow leisure or demand haste. This concise oration of *Agamemnon* is a master-piece in the *Laconic* way. The exigence required he should say something very powerful, and no time was to be lost. He therefore warms the brave and the timorous by one and the same exhortation, which at once moves by the love of glory, and the fear of death. It is short and full, like that of the brave *Scotch* General under *Gustavus*, who upon sight of the enemy, said only this; *See ye those lads? Either sell them, or they'll sell you.*

¶ 652. *Your brave associates and yourselves revere.*] This noble exhortation of *Agamemnon* is correspondent to the wise scheme of *Nestor* in the second book: where he advised to rank the soldiers of the same nation together, that being known to each other, all might be incited either by a generous emulation or a decent shame. *Spondanus.*

Long had he fought the foremost in the field;  
But now the monarch's lance transpierc'd his shield,  
His shield too weak the furious dart to stay,  
Thro' his broad belt the weapon forc'd its way;  
The grizly wound dismiss'd his soul to hell,  
His arms around him rattled as he fell;

Then fierce *Aeneas* brandishing his blade,  
In dust *Orsilochns* and *Creston* laid,  
Whose fire *Diocleus*, wealthy, brave and great,  
In well-built *Phera* held his lofty seat:  
Sprung from *Alpheus*, plenteous stream! that yields  
Encrease of harvests to the *Pylian* fields:

He got *Orsilochns*, *Diocleus* he,  
And these descended in the third degree.  
Too early expert in the martial toil,  
In sable ships they left their native soil,  
T' avenge *Atides*: Now, untimely slain,  
They fell with glory on the *Phrygian* plain.  
So two young mountain lions, nurs'd with blood  
In deep recesses of the gloomy wood,  
Rush fearless to the plains, and uncontroul'd  
Depopulate the stalls and waste the fold;  
'Till pierc'd at distance from their native den,  
O'erpower'd they fall beneath the force of men.

Prostrate on earth their beauteous bodies lay,  
 Like mountain Firs, as tall and strait as they.  
 Great *Menelaus* views with pitying eyes,  
 690 Lifts his bright lance, and at the victor flies;  
*Mars* urg'd him on; yet, ruthless in his hate,  
 The God but urg'd him to provoke his fate.  
 He thus advancing, *Nestor's* valiant son  
 Shakes for his danger, and neglects his own;  
 695 Struck with the thought, should *Helen's* lord be slain,  
 And all his country's glorious labours vain.  
 Already met the threat'ning heroes stand;  
 The spears already tremble in their hand;

y. 691. *Mars urg'd him on.*] This is another instance of what has been in general observ'd in the discourse on the battels of *Homer*, his artful manner of making us measure one hero by another. We have here an exact scale of the valour of *Aeneas* and of *Menelaus*; how much the former outweighs the latter, appears by what is said of *Mars* in these lines, and by the necessity of *Antilochus's* assisting *Menelaus*: as afterwards what overbalance that assistance gave him, by *Aeneas's* retreating from them both. How very nicely are these degrees mark'd on either hand? This knowledge of the difference which nature itself sets between one man and another, makes our Author neither blame these two heroes, for going against one, who was superiour to each of them in strength; nor that one, for retiring from both, when their conjunction made them an overmatch to him. There is great judgment in all this.

y. 696. *And all his country's glorious labours vain.*] For (as *Agamemnon* said in the fourth book upon *Menelaus's* being wounded) if he were slain, the war would be at an end, and the *Greeks* think only of returning to their country. *Spondanus.*

In rush'd *Antilochus*, his aid to bring,  
 100 And fall or conquer by the *Spartan* King.  
 These seen, the *Dardan* backward turn'd his course,  
 Brave as he was, and shunn'd unequal force.  
 The breathless bodies to the *Greeks* they drew;  
 Then mix in combat, and their toils renew.  
 105 First *Pylamenes*, great in battel, bled,  
 Who sheath'd in brass the *Paphlagonians* led.  
*Atrides* mark'd him where sublime he stood;  
 Fix'd in his throat, the javelin drank his blood.  
 The faithful *Mydon*, as he turn'd from fight  
 110 His flying courfers, sunk to endless night:  
 A broken rock by *Nestor's* son was thrown;  
 His bended arm receiv'd the falling stone,  
 From his numb'd hand the iv'ry-studded reins  
 Dropt in the dust, are trail'd along the plains:  
 115 Mean-while his temples feel a deadly wound;  
 He groans in death, and pond'rous sinks to ground:  
 Deep drove his helmet in the sands, and there  
 The head stood fix'd, the quiv'ring legs in air:  
 'Till trampled flat beneath the courser's feet,  
 120 The youthful victor mounts his empty seat,  
 And bears the prize in triumph to the fleet.

} .

Great *Hector* saw, and raging at the view  
 Pours on the *Greeks*: "The *Trojan* troops pursue;  
 He fires his host with animating cries,  
 725 And brings along the Furies of the skies.  
*Mars*, stern destroyer! and *Bellona* dread,  
 Flame in the front, and thunder at their head:  
 This swells the tumult and the rage of fight;  
 That shakes a spear that casts a dreadful light;  
 730 Where *Hector* march'd, the God of battels shin'd,  
 Now storm'd before him, and now rag'd behind.  
*Tydidēs* paus'd amidst his full carrier;  
 Then first the Hero's manly breast knew fear.  
 As when some simple swain his cot forsakes,  
 735 And wide thro' fens an unknown journey takes;  
 If chance a swelling brook his passage stay,  
 And foam impervious cross the wand'rer's way,  
 Confus'd he stops, a length of country past,  
 Eyes the rough waves, and tir'd, returns at last.

§. 726. *Mars, stern destroyer, &c.*] There is a great nobleness in this passage. With what pomp is *Hector* introduc'd into the battel, where *Mars* and *Bellona* are his attendants! The retreat of *Diomed* is no less beautiful; *Minerva* had remov'd the mist from his eyes, and he immediately discovers *Mars* assisting *Hector*. His surprize on this occasion is finely imagin'd by that of the traveller on the sudden sight of the river.

- 740 Amaz'd no less the great *Tydidēs* stands;  
 He stay'd, and turning, thus address'd his bands;  
 No wonder, *Greeks!* that all to *Hector* yield,  
 Secure of fav'ring Gods, he takes the field;  
 His strokes they second, and avert our spears:  
 745 Behold where *Mars* in mortal arms appears!  
 Retire then warriors, but sedate and slow;  
 Retire, but with your faces to the foe.  
 Trust not too much your unavailing might;  
 'Tis not with *Troy*, but with the Gods ye fight.  
 750 Now near the *Greeks* the black battalions drew;  
 And first two Leaders valiant *Hector* slew,  
 His force *Anchialus* and *Mnesthes* found,  
 In ev'ry art of glorious war renown'd;  
 In the same car the chiefs to combat ride,  
 755 And fought united, and united dy'd.  
 Struck at the fight, the mighty *Ajax* glows  
 With thirst of vengeance, and assaults the foes.  
 His massy spear with matchless fury sent,  
 Thro' *Amphiūs*' belt and heaving belly went:  
 760 *Amphiūs* *Apasus*' happy soil possess'd,  
 With herds abounding, and with treasure blest'd;  
 But Fate resistless from his country led  
 The chief, to perish at his people's head.

- Shook with his fall his brazen armour rung,  
 765 And fierce, to seize it, conqu'ring *Ajax* sprung :  
 Around his head an iron tempest rain'd ;  
 A wood of spears his ample shield sustain'd ;  
 Beneath one foot the yet-warm corps he prest,  
 And drew his jav'lin from the bleeding breast :  
 770 He could no more; the show'ring darts deny'd  
 To spoil his glitt'ring arms, and plummy pride;  
 Now foes on foes came pouring on the fields,  
 With bristling lances, and compacted shields ;  
 'Till in the steely circle straiten'd round,  
 775 Forc'd he gives way, and sternly quits the ground.  
 While thus they strive, *Tlepolemus* the great,  
 Urg'd by the force of unresisted fate,  
 Burns with desire *Sarpedon's* strength to prove;  
*Alcides'* off'spring meets the son of *Jove*.  
 780 Sheath'd in bright arms each adverse chief came on,  
*Jove's* great descendant, and his greater son,  
 Prepar'd for combat, e'er the lance he tost,  
 The daring *Rhodian* veats his haughty boast.  
 What brings this *Lycian* counsellor so far,  
 785 To tremble at our arms, not mix in war?

Know

γ. 784. *What brings this Lycian counsellor so far.* ] There is a particular Sarcaſm in *Tlepolemus's* calling *Sarpedon* in this place

Know thy vain self, nor let their flatt'ry move,  
Who style thee son of cloud-compelling *Jove*.  
How far unlike those Chiefs of race divine,  
How vast the difference of their deeds and thine?

790 *Jove* got such heroes as my Sire, whose soul  
No fear could daunt, nor earth, nor hell controul.  
*Troy* felt his arm, and yon' proud ramparts stand  
Rais'd on the ruins of his vengeful hand:  
With six small ships, and but a slender train,

795 He left the town, a wide deserted plain.  
But what art thou? who deedless look'ft around,  
While unreveng'd thy *Lycians* bite the ground:  
Small aid to *Troy* thy feeble force can be,  
But wert thou greater, thou must yield to me.

800 Pierc'd by my spear to endless darkness go!

I make this present to the shades below.

place *Λυκίων Βασιλέως*, *Lycian Counsellor*, one better skill'd in oratory than war; as he was the Governour of a people who had long been in peace, and probably (if we may guess from his character in *Homer*) remarkable for his speeches. This is rightly observed by *Spondanus*, though not taken notice of by *M. Dacier*.

γ. 792. *Troy felt his arm.*] He alludes to the history of the first destruction of *Troy* by *Hercules*, occasion'd by *Laomedon's* refusing that Hero the horses, which were the reward promis'd him for the delivery of his daughter *Hesione*.

The son of *Hercules*, the *Rhodian* guide,  
Thus haughty spoke. The *Lycian* King reply'd.

Thy Sire, O Prince! o'erturn'd the *Trojan* state,  
805 Whose perjur'd Monarch well deserv'd his fate;  
Those heav'nly steeds the Hero sought so far,  
False he detain'd, the just reward of war:  
Nor so content, the gen'rous Chief defy'd,  
With base reproaches and unmanly pride.

810 But you, unworthy the high race you boast,  
Shall raise my glory when thy own is lost:  
Now meet thy fate, and by *Sarpedon* slain,  
Add one more ghost to *Pluto's* gloomy reign.

He said: Both jav'lins at an instant flew:

815 Both struck, both wounded, but *Sarpedon's* flew:  
Full in the boaster's neck the weapon stood,  
Transfix'd his throat, and drank the vital blood;  
The soul disdainful seeks the caves of night,  
And his seal'd eyes for ever lose the light.

\*. 809. *With base reproaches and unmanly pride.*] Methinks these words *καὶ ὑπὲρ ἄνδρα μύθεω* include the chief sting of *Sarpedon's* answer to *Tlepolemus*, which no Commentator that I remember has remark'd. He tells him *Lomedon* deserv'd his misfortune, not only for his perfidy, but for injuring a brave man with unmanly and scandalous reproaches; alluding to those which *Tlepolemus* had just before cast upon him.

Yet.

820 Yet not in vain, *Tlepolemus*, was thrown  
Thy angry lance; which piercing to the bone  
*Sarpedon's* thigh, had robb'd the chief of breath;  
But *Jove* was present, and forbad the death.  
Borne from the conflict by his *Lycian* throng,

825 The wounded Hero dragg'd the lance along.  
(His friends, each busy'd in his sev'ral part,  
Thro' haste, or danger, had not drawn the dart.)  
The *Greeks* with slain *Tlepolemus* retir'd;  
Whose fall *Ulysses* view'd, with fury fir'd;

830 Doubtful if *Jove's* great son he should pursue,  
Or pour his vengeance on the *Lycian* crew.  
But heav'n and fate the first design withstand,  
Nor this great death must grace *Ulysses'* hand.  
*Minerva* drives him on the *Lycian* train;

835 *Alastor*, *Cromius*, *Halius*, strow'd the plain,  
*Alcander*, *Prytanis*, *Noëmon* fell,  
And numbers more his sword had sent to hell:  
But *Hector* saw; and furious at the sight,  
Rush'd terrible amidst the ranks of fight.

840 With joy *Sarpedon* view'd the wish'd relief,  
And faint, lamenting, thus implor'd the Chief.  
Oh suffer not the foe to bear away  
My helpless corps, an unassisted prey.

If I, unblest, must see my son no more,  
 845 My much-lov'd consort, and my native shore,  
 Yet let me die in *Ilion's* sacred wall;  
 Troy, in whose cause I fell, shall mourn my fall.

He said, nor *Hector* to the Chief replies,  
 But shakes his plume, and fierce to combat flies,

Swift

¶ 848. *Nor Hector to the chief replies.*] Homer is in nothing more admirable than in the excellent use he makes of the silence of the persons he introduces. It would be endless to collect all the instances of this truth throughout his Poem; yet I cannot but put together those that have already occur'd in the course of this work, and leave to the reader the pleasure of observing it in what remains. The silence of the two Heralds, when they were to take *Briseis* from *Achilles*, in *Lib. 1.* of which see note 39. In the third book, when *Iris* tells *Helen* the two rivals were to fight in her quarrel, and that all *Troy* were standing spectators; that guilty Princess makes no answer, but casts a veil over her face, and drops a tear; and when she comes just after into the presence of *Priam*, she speaks not, 'till after he has in a particular manner encourag'd and commanded her. *Paris* and *Menelaus* being just upon the point to encounter, the latter declares his wishes and hopes of conquest to Heaven; the former being engag'd in an unjust cause, says not a word. In the fourth book, when *Jupiter* has express'd his desire to favour *Troy*, *Juno* declaims against him, but the Goddess of Wisdom, tho' much concern'd, holds her peace. When *Agamemnon* too rashly reproves *Diomed*, that Hero remains silent, and in the true character of a rough warrior, leaves it to his actions to speak for him. In the present book, when *Sarpedon* has reproach'd *Hector* in an open and generous manner, *Hector* preserving the same warlike character, returns no answer, but immediately hastens to the business of the field; as he also does in this place, where he instantly brings off *Sarpedon*, without so much as telling him he will endeavour his rescue. *Chapman* was not sensible of the beauty of this, when he imagined *Hector's* silence

Swift as a whirlwind drives the scatt'ring foes,  
And dyes the ground with purple as he goes.  
Beneath a beech, *Jove's* consecrated shade,  
His mournful friends divine *Sarpedon* laid :  
Brave *Pelagon*, his fav'rite Chief, was nigh,  
Who wrench'd the jav'lin from his sinewy thigh.  
The fainting soul stood ready wing'd for flight,  
And o'er his eye-balls swum the shades of night.  
But *Boreas* rising fresh, with gentle breath,  
Recall'd his spirit from the gates of death.

silence here proceeded from the pique he had conceiv'd at *Sarpedon* for his late reproof of him. That translator has not scrupled to insert this opinion of his in a groundless interpolation altogether foreign to the author. But indeed it is a liberty he frequently takes, to draw any passage to some new, far-fetch'd conceit of his invention ; inasmuch, that very often before he translates any speech, to the sense or design of which he gives some fanciful turn of his own, he prepares it by several additional lines purposely to prepossess the reader of that meaning. Those who will take the trouble, may see examples of this in what he sets before the speeches of *Hector*, *Paris*, and *Helena*, in the sixth book, and innumerable other places.

†. 858. *But Boreas rising fresh.*] *Sarpedon's* fainting at the extraction of the dart, and reviving by the free air, shews the great judgment of our author in these matters. But how poetically has he told this truth, in raising the God *Boreas* to his *Hero's* assistance, and making a little machine of but one line ! This manner of representing common things in figure and person, was perhaps the effect of *Homer's* *Ægyptian* education.

- 860 The gen'rous *Greeks* recede with tardy pace,  
 Tho' *Mars* and *Hector* thunder in their face ;  
 None turn their backs to mean ignoble flight,  
 Slow they retreat, and ev'n retreating, fight.  
 Who first, who last, by *Mars* and *Hector's* hand.
- 865 Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand ?  
*Teuthras* the great, *Orestes* the renown'd  
 For manag'd steeds, and *Trechus* press'd the ground ;  
 Next *Oenomaus*, and *Oenops'* offspring dy'd ;  
*Oresbius* last fell groaning at their side :

†. 860. *The gen'rous Greeks, &c.*] This slow and orderly retreat of the *Greeks*, with their front constantly turn'd to the enemy, is a fine encomium both of their courage and discipline. This manner of retreat was in use among the ancient *Lacedæmonians*, as were many other martial customs describ'd by *Homer*. This practice took its rise among that brave people, from the apprehensions of being slain with a wound receiv'd in their backs. Such a misfortune was not only attended with the highest infamy, but they had found a way to punish them who suffer'd thus even after their death, by denying them (as *Eustatbius* informs us) the rites of burial.

†. 864. *Who first, who last, by Mars and Hector's hand*  
*Stretch'd in their blood, lay gasping on the sand ?*

This manner of breaking into an interrogation, amidst the description of a battle, is what serves very much to awaken the reader. It is here an invocation to the *Muse* that prepares us for something uncommon ; and the *Muse* is suppos'd immediately to answer, *Teuthras the great, &c.* *Virgil*, I think, has improved the strength of this figure by addressing the apostrophe to the person whose exploits he is celebrating, as to *Camilla* in the eleventh book.

*Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera virgo,  
 Dejicit ? aut quot bumi morientia corpora fundis ?*

*Oresbius.*

370 *Oresbius*, in his painted mitre gay;

In fat *Bœotia* held his wealthy sway,

Where lakes surround low *Hyle's* watry plain ;

A Prince and People studious of their gain.

The carnage *Juno* from the skies survey'd,

375 And touch'd with grief bespoke the blue-ey'd maid.

Oh fight accurst ! Shall faithless *Troy* prevail,

And shall our promise to our people fail ?

How vain the word to *Menelaus* giv'n

By *Jove's* great daughter and the Queen of Heav'n ;

380 Beneath his arms that *Priam's* tow'rs should fall ;

If warring Gods for ever guard the wall ?

*Mars*, red with slaughter, aids our hated foes :

Haste, let us arm, and force with force oppose !

She spoke ; *Minerva* burns to meet the war :

385 And now Heav'n's Empress calls her blazing car.

At her command rush forth the steeds divine ;

Rich with immortal gold their trappings shine.

Bright *Hebè* waits ; by *Hebè*, ever young,

The whirling wheels are to the chariot hung.

y. 385. *And now heav'n's empress calls her blazing car, &c.* ]  
Homer seems never more delighted than when he has some occasion of displaying his skill in *mechanicks*. The detail he gives us of this chariot is a beautiful example of it, where he takes occasion to describe every different part with a happiness rarely to be found in descriptions of this nature.

On

- 890 On the bright axle turns the bidden wheel;  
 Of sounding brass; the polish'd axle steel.  
 Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame;  
 The circles gold, of uncorrupted frame,  
 Such as the Heav'n's produce: And round the gold  
 895 Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd.  
 The bossy naves of solid silver shone;  
 Braces of gold suspend the moving throne:  
 The car behind an arching figure bore;  
 The bending concave form'd an arch before.  
 900 Silver the beam, th' extended yoke was gold,  
 And golden reins th' immortal coursers hold.  
 Herself, impatient, to the ready car  
 The coursers joins, and breathes revenge and war.  
*Pallas* disrobes; her radiant veil unty'd,  
 905 With flow'rs adorn'd, with art diversify'd,

(The

γ. 904. *Pallas disrobes.*] This fiction of *Pallas* arraying herself with the arms of *Jupiter*, finely intimates (says *Eustathius*) that she is nothing else but the wisdom of the Almighty. The same author tells us, that the ancients mark'd this place with a star, to distinguish it as one of those that were perfectly admirable. Indeed there is a greatness and sublimity in the whole passage, which is astonishing, and superiour to any imagination but that of *Homer*; nor is there any that might better give occasion for that celebrated saying, That he was the only man who had seen the forms of the Gods, or the only man who had shewn them. With what nobleness he describes the chariot of *Juno*, the armour of *Minerva*, the *Aegis* of *Jupiter*, fill'd with

(The labour'd veil her heav'nly fingers wove)  
 Flows on the pavement of the court of *Jove*.  
 Now heav'n's dread arms her mighty limbs invest,  
*Jove's* cuirass blazes on her ample breast;  
 Deck'd in sad triumph for the mournful field,  
 O'er her broad shoulders hangs his horrid shield,  
 Dire, black, tremendous! Round the margin roll'd,  
 A fringe of serpents hissing guards the gold:

Here

with the figures of *Horror*, *Affright*, *Discord*, and all the terrors of war, the effects of his wrath against men; and that spear with which his power and wisdom overturns whole armies, and humbles the pride of the Kings who offend him? But we shall not wonder at the unusual majesty of all these ideas, if we consider that they have a near resemblance to some descriptions of the same kind in the sacred writings, where the Almighty is represented arm'd with terror, and descending in majesty to be aveng'd on his enemies: The *chariot*, the *bow*, and the *shield of God*, are expressions frequent in the *Psalms*.

§. 913. *A fringe of serpents.*] Our author does not particularly describe this fringe of the *Ægis*, as consisting of serpents; but that it did so, may be learn'd from *Herodotus* in his fourth book. "The *Greeks* (says he) borrowed the vest and shield of *Minerva* from the *Libyans*, only with this difference, that the *Libyan* shield was fringed with thongs of leather, the *Grecian* with serpents." And *Virgil's* description of the same *Ægis* agrees with this, *Æn.* 8. v. 435.

*Ægidaque bovisferam, turbata Palladis arma,  
 Cartas squamis serpentum, auroque polibant,  
 Camærologus angues*

This note is taken from *Spondanus*, as is also *Ogilby's* on this place, but he has translated the passage of *Herodotus* wrong, and

Here all the terrors of grim war appear,  
 915 Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear,  
 Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,  
 And the dire orb portentous *Gorgon* crown'd.  
 The massy golden helm she next assumes,  
 That dreadful nods with four o'er shading plumes;  
 920 So vast, the broad circumference contains  
 A hundred armies on a hundred plains.  
 The Goddess thus th' imperial car ascends;  
 Shook by her arm the mighty jav'lin bends,  
 Pond'rous and huge; that when her fury burns,  
 925 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns:  
 Swift at the scourge th'etherial coursers fly,  
 While the smooth chariot cuts the liquid sky.

and made the *Libyan* shield have the serpents which were peculiar to the *Grecian*. By the way I must observe, that *Ogilby's* notes are for the most part a transcription of *Spondanus's*.

¶ 920. So vast, the wide circumference contains A hundred armies.] The words in the original are ἑκατὸν πόλεων πρυάνας ἀραρυῖαν, which are capable of two meanings; either that this helmet of *Jupiter* was sufficient to have covered the armies of an hundred cities, or that the armies of an hundred cities were engraved upon it. It is here translated in such a manner that it may be taken either way, tho' the Learned are most inclined to the former sense, as that idea is greater and more extraordinary, indeed more agreeable to *Homer's* bold manner, and not extravagant if we call in the allegory to our assistance, and imagine it (with *M. Dacier*) an allusion to the providence of God that extends over all the universe.

Heav'n

Heav'n gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,  
Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged hours;

y. 928. *Heav'n gates spontaneous open'd.*] This marvellous circumstance of the gates of heav'n opening themselves of their own accord to the divinities that pass thro' them, is copied by Milton, *Lib. 5.*

————— *At the gate*  
*Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide*  
*On golden hinges turning, as by work*  
*Divine the sov'reign Architect had fram'd.*

And again, in the seventh book,

————— *Heav'n open'd wide*  
*Her everduring gates, harmonious sound,*  
*On golden hinges moving*—————

As the fiction that the hours are the guards of those gates, gave him the hint of that beautiful passage in the beginning of his sixth,

————— *The morn*  
*Wak'd by the circling hours, with rose band.*  
*Unbarr'd the gates of light, &c.*

This expression of *the gates of Heaven* is in the *Eastern* manner, where they said the *gates* of Heaven, or of Earth, for the entrance or extremities of Heaven or Earth; a phrase usual in the scriptures, as is observ'd by *Dacier*.

y. 929. *Heav'n's golden gates kept by the winged hours.*] By the *hours* here are meant the *seasons*; and so *Hobbes* translates it, but spoils the sense by what he adds,

*Tho' to the seasons Jove the power gave*  
*Alone to judge of early and of late;*

Which is utterly unintelligible, and nothing like *Homer's* thought. *Natalis Comes* explains it thus, *Lib. 4. c. 5.* *Homerus libro quinto Iliadis non solum has portas cœli servare, sed etiam nubes inducere & serenum facere, cum libuerit; quippe cum apertum cœlum, serenum nominent poætæ, at clausum, tectum nubibus.*

Commission'd

- 930 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The sun's bright portals and the skies command,  
 Involve in clouds th' eternal gates of day,  
 Or the dark barrier roll with ease away.  
 The sounding hinges ring: On either side  
 935 The gloomy volumes, pierc'd with light, divide.  
 The chariot mounts, where deep in ambient skies  
 Confus'd, *Olympus*' hundred heads arise;  
 Where far apart the Thund'rer fills his throne,  
 O'er all the Gods, superiour and alone.
- 940 There with her snowy hand the Queen restrains  
 The fiery steeds, and thus to *Jove* complains.  
 O Sire! can no resentment touch thy soul?  
 Can *Mars* rebel, and does no thunder roll?  
 What lawless rage on yon' forbidden plain,  
 945 What rash destruction! and what heroes slain?  
*Venus*, and *Phœbus* with the dreadful bow,  
 Smile on the slaughter, and enjoy my woe.  
 Mad, furious pow'r! whose unrelenting mind  
 No God can govern, and no justice bind.
- 950 Say, mighty father! shall we scourge his pride,  
 And drive from fight th' impetuous homicide?  
 To whom assenting, thus the Thund'rer said:  
 Go! and the great *Minerva* be thy aid.

To tame the Monster-god *Minerva* knows,  
And oft' afflicts his brutal breast with woes.  
He said; *Saturnia*, ardent to obey,  
Lash'd her white steeds along th' aerial way.  
Swift down the steep of heav'n the chariot rolls,  
Between th' expanded earth and starry poles.  
Far as a shepherd, from some point on high,  
O'er the wide main extends his boundless eye;  
Thro' such a space of air, with thund'ring sound,  
At ev'ry leap th' immortal couriers bound.  
Troy now they reach'd, and touch'd those banks divine  
Where silver *Simois* and *Scamander* join.

¶ 954. *To tame the Monster-god Minerva knows.*—For it is only wisdom that can master strength. It is worth while here to observe the conduct of Homer. He makes *Minerva*, and not *Juno*, to fight with *Mars*; because a combat between *Mars* and *Juno* could not be supported by any allegory to have authorized the fable. Whereas the allegory of a battle between *Mars* and *Minerva* is very open and intelligible. *Estabius*.

¶ 960. *Far as a shepherd, &c.* *Longinus* citing these verses as a noble instance of the sublime, speaks to this effect. "In what a wonderful manner does Homer exalt his Deities; measuring the leaps of their very horses by the whole breadth of the horizon? Who is there that considering the magnificence of this hyperbole, would not cry out with reason, That if these heavenly steeds were to make a second leap, the world would want room for a third?" This puts me in mind of that passage in *Hesiod's Theogony*, where he describes the height of the Heavens, by saying that *Smith's anvil* would be nine days in falling from thence to earth.

There.

There *Juno* stopp'd, and (her fair steeds unloos'd)  
 Of air condens'd a vapour circumfus'd:  
 For these, impregnate with celestial dew,  
 On *Simois'* brink ambrosial herbage grew.  
 970 Thence to relieve the fainting *Argive* throng,  
 Smooth as the sailing doves, they glide along.

¶ 971. *Smooth as the gliding doves.*] This simile is intended to express the lightness and smoothness of the motion of these Goddesses. The doves to which *Homer* compares them, are said by the ancient scholiast to leave no impression of their steps. The word *βάττω* in the original may be render'd *ascenderunt* as well as *incesserunt*; so may imply (as *M. Dacier* translates it) moving without touching the earth, which *Milton* finely calls *smooth-sliding without step*. *Virgil* describes the gliding of one of these birds by an image parallel to that in this verse:

————— *Mox aëre lapsa quieto,  
 Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.*

This kind of movement was appropriated to the Gods by the *Aegyptians*, as we see in *Heliodorus*, *Lib. 3.* *Homer* might possibly have taken this notion from them. And *Virgil* in that passage where *Aeneas* discovers *Venus* by her gait, *Et vera incessu patuit Dea*, seems to allude to some manner of moving that distinguish'd divinities from mortals. This opinion is likewise hinted at by him in the fifth *Aeneid*, where he so beautifully and briefly enumerates the distinguishing marks of a Deity.

————— *Divina signa decoris,  
 Ardentesque notate oculos: qui spiritus illi,  
 Qui vultus, vocisque sonus, vel gressus eunti!*

This passage likewise strengthens what is said in the notes on the first book, ¶ 268.

The best and bravest of the Grecian band  
(A warlike circle) round *Tydidēs* stand:

Such was their look as lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.

Heav'n's Empress mingles with the mortal crowd,  
And shouts, in *Stentor*'s sounding voice, aloud:

*Stentor* the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs,  
Whose throat surpass'd the force of fifty tongues.

Inglorious *Argives*! to your race a shame,  
And only men in figure and in name!

Once from the walls your tim'rous foes engag'd,  
While fierce in war divine *Achilles* rag'd;

Now issuing fearless they possess the plain,  
Now win the shores, and scarce the seas remain.

Her speech new fury to their hearts convey'd;  
While near *Tydidēs* stood th' *Athenian* maid:

The King beside his panting steeds she found,  
O'erspent with toil, reposing on the ground:

§. 978. *Stentor the strong, endu'd with brazen lungs.*] There was a necessity for cryers whose voices were stronger than ordinary, in those ancient times, before the use of trumpets was known in their armies. And that they were in esteem afterwards, may be seen from *Herodotus*, where he takes notice that *Darius* had in his train an *Egyptian*, whose voice was louder and stronger than any man's of his age. There is a farther propriety in *Homer*'s attributing this voice to *Juno*; because *Juno* is no other than the *Air*, and because the *Air* is the cause of sound. *Eustatbius*, *Spondanus*.

To

- 990 To cool his glowing wound he fate apart,  
 (The wound inflicted by the *Lycian* dart)  
 Large drops of sweat from all his limbs descend,  
 Beneath his pond'rous shield his sinews bend,  
 Whose ample belt that o'er his shoulder lay,  
 995 He eas'd; and wash'd the clotted gore away.  
 The Goddess leaning o'er the bending yoke,  
 Beside his courfers, thus her silence broke.  
 Degen'rate Prince! and not of *Tydeus'* kind,  
 Whose little body lodg'd a mighty mind;  
 1000 Foremost he press'd in glorious toils to share,  
 And scarce refrain'd when I forbade the war.  
 Alone, unguarded, once he dar'd to go,  
 And feast encircled by the *Theban* foe;  
 There brav'd and vanquish'd many a hardy knight;  
 1005 Such nerves I gave him, and such force in fight.

y. 998. *Degen'rate Prince, &c.*] This speech of *Minerva* to *Diomed* derives its whole force and efficacy from the offensive comparison she makes between *Tydeus* and his son. *Tydeus* when he was single in the city of his enemy, fought and overcame the *Thebans*, even tho' *Minerva* forbade him; *Diomed* in the midst of his army, and with enemies inferior in number, declines the fight, tho' *Minerva* commands him. *Tydeus* disobey'd her, to engage in the battel; *Diomed* disobey'd her to avoid engaging; and that too after he had upon many occasions experienc'd the assistance of the Goddess. *Madam Dacier* should have acknowledg'd this remark to belong to *Eustatius*.

Thou

Thou too no less hast been my constant care;  
Thy hands I arm'd, and sent thee forth to war:  
But thee, or fear deters, or sloth detains;  
No drop of all thy father warms thy veins.

010 The chief thus answer'd mild. Immortal maid!  
I own thy presence, and confess thy aid.  
Not fear, thou know'st, withholds me from the plains,  
Nor sloth hath seiz'd me, but thy word restrains:  
From warring Gods thou bad'st me turn my spear,  
015 And *Venus* only found resistance here.  
Hence, Goddess! heedful of thy high commands,  
Loth I gave way, and warn'd our *Argive* bands:  
For *Mars* the homicide, these eyes beheld,  
With slaughter red, and raging round the field.

20 Then thus *Minerva*. Brave *Tydidēs*, hear!  
Not *Mars* himself, nor ought immortal fear.  
Full on the God impel thy foaming horse:]  
*Pallas* commands, and *Pallas* lends thee force.  
Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies,  
25 And ev'ry side of wav'ring combat tries;

Large

§. 1024. *Rash, furious, blind, from these to those he flies.*] *Minerva* in this place very well paints the manners of *Mars*, whose business was always to fortify the weaker side, in order to keep up the broil. I think the passage includes a fine allegory of the nature of war. *Mars* is called *inconstant*, and a  
VOL. II. E breaker

Large promise makes, and breaks the promise made;  
Now gives the *Grecians*, now the *Trojans* aid.

She said, and to the steeds approaching near,  
Drew from his seat the martial charioteer.

1030 The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends,  
Fierce for revenge; and *Diomed* attends.

The groaning axle bent beneath the load;  
So great a Hero, and so great a God.

She snatch'd the reins, she lash'd with all her force,

1035 And full on *Mars* impell'd the foaming horse:  
But first, to hide her heav'nly visage, spread  
Black *Orcus*' helmet o'er her radiant head.

Just

*breaker of his promises*, because the chance of war is wavering, and uncertain victory is perpetually changing sides. This latent meaning of the epithet *ἀλλοπρόσαλλος* is taken notice of by *Eustatbius*.

γ. 1033. *So great a God.*] The translation has ventur'd to call a Goddess so; in imitation of the *Greek*, which uses the word *Θεός* promiscuously for either gender. Some of the *Latin* Poets have not scrupled to do the same. *Statius*, *Thebaid* 4. (speaking of *Diana*)

*Nec caret umbra Deo.*

And *Virgil*, *Æneid* 2. where *Æneas* is conducted by *Venus* thro' the dangers of the fire and the enemy.

*Descendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter & hostes  
Expedior.*

γ. 1037. *Black Orcus' helmet.*] As every thing that goes in to the dark empire of *Pluto*, or *Orcus*, disappears and is seen

- Just then gigantick *Periphas* lay slain,  
 The strongest warrior of th' *Æsolian* train;  
 1040 The God who slew him, leaves his prostrate prize  
 Stretch'd where he fell, and at *Tydidēs* flies.  
 Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,  
 The daring *Greek*; the dreadful God of war!  
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,  
 1045 From *Mars* his arm th' enormous weapon fled:  
*Pallas* oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance  
 Far from the car, the strong immortal lance.  
 Then threw the force of *Tydeus*' warlike son;  
 The jav'lin hiss'd; the Goddess urg'd it on:  
 1050 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,  
 It pierc'd the God: His groin receiv'd the wound.  
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again  
 The smoaking steel. *Mars* bellows with the pain:  
 Loud, as the roar encountring armies yield,  
 1055 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.

Both

no more; the *Greeks* from thence borrow'd this figurative expression, to put on *Pluto's* helmet, that is to say, to become invisible. *Plato* uses this proverb in the tenth book of his *Republick*, and *Aristophanes* in *Acharnens*. *Eustatbius*.

§. 1054. Loud as the roar encountring armies yield.] This hyperbole to express the roaring of *Mars*, so strong as it is, yet is not extravagant. It wants not a qualifying circumstance or two; the voice is not human, but that of a Deity; and the

Both armies start, and trembling gaze around;  
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.  
 As vapours blown by *Auster's* sultry breath,  
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,  
 1060 Beneath the rage of burning *Sirius* rise,  
 Choak the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies;  
 In such a cloud the God from combat driv'n,  
 High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.

comparison being taken from an army, renders it more natural with respect to the God of War. It is less daring to say that a God could send forth a voice as loud as the shout of two armies, than that *Camilla*, a *Latian* nymph, could run so swiftly over the corn as not to bend an ear of it. Or, to alledge a nearer instance, that *Polyphemus*, a mere mortal, shook all the island of *Sicily*, and made the deepest caverns of *Ætna* roar with his cries. Yet *Virgil* generally escapes the censure of those moderns who are shock'd with the bold flights of *Homer*. It is usual with those who are slaves to common opinion, to overlook or praise the same things in one, that they blame in another. They think to depreciate *Homer* in extolling the judgment of *Virgil*, who never shew'd it more than when he followed him in these boldnesses. And indeed they who would take boldness from poetry, must leave dulness in the room of it.

¶ 1058. *As vapours blown, &c.*] *Mars* after a sharp engagement, amidst the rout of the *Trojans*, wrapt in a whirlwind of dust, which was rais'd by so many thousand combatants, flies towards *Olympus*. *Homer* compares him in this estate, to those black clouds, which during a scorching southern wind in the dog-days, are sometimes born towards Heaven; for the wind at that time gathering the dust together, forms a dark cloud of it. The heat of the fight, the precipitation of the *Trojans*, together with the clouds of dust that flew above the army, and took *Mars* from the sight of his enemy, supply'd *Homer* with this noble image. *Dacier*.

Wild with his pain, he fought the bright abodes,  
1065 There fullen fate beneath the Sire of Gods,  
Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan  
Thus pour'd his plaints before th' immortal throne.

Can *Jove*, supine, flagitious facts survey,  
And brook the furies of this daring day?  
1070 For mortal men celestial pow'rs engage,  
And Gods on Gods exert eternal rage.  
From thee, O father! all these ills we bear,  
And thy fell daughter with the shield and spear:  
Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light,

1075 Pernicious, wild, regardless of the right.  
All heav'n beside reveres thy sov'reign sway,  
Thy voice we hear, and thy behests obey:  
'Tis hers t' offend, and ev'n offending share  
Thy breast, thy counsels, thy distinguish'd care:

1080 So boundless she, and thou so partial grown,  
Well may we deem the wond'rous birth thy own.

¶. 1074. *Thou gav'st that fury to the realms of light, Pernicious, wild, &c.*] It is very artful in Homer, to make *Mars* accuse *Minerva* of all those faults and enormities he was himself so eminently guilty of. Those people who are the most unjust and violent, accuse others, even the best, of the same crimes: Every irrational man is a distorted rule, tries every thing by that wrong measure, and forms his judgment accordingly. *Eustathius*,

Now frantic *Diomed*, at her command,  
 Against th' Immortals lifts his raging hand:  
 The heav'nly *Venus* first his fury found,  
 1085 Me next encountring, me he dar'd to wound;  
 Vanquish'd I fled: Ev'n I the God of fight,  
 From mortal madness scarce was sav'd by flight.  
 Else hadst thou seen me sink on yonder plain,  
 Heap'd round, and heaving under loads of slain;  
 1090 Or pierc'd with *Grecian* darts, for ages lie,  
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.  
 Him thus upbraiding, with a wrathful look  
 The Lord of thunders view'd, and stern bespoke.  
 To me, perfidious! this lamenting strain?  
 1095 Of lawless force shall lawless *Mars* complain?

γ. 1091. *Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.*] Those are mistaken who imagine our author represents his Gods as mortal. He only represents the inferiour or corporeal Deities as capable of pains and punishments, during the will of *Jupiter*, which is not inconsistent with true theology. If *Mars* is said in *Dione's* speech to *Venus* to have been near perishing by *Otus* and *Epbialtes*, it means no more than lasting misery, such as *Jupiter* threatens him with when he speaks of precipitating him into *Tartarus*. *Homer* takes care to tell us both of this God and of *Pluto*, when *Pæon* cured them, that they were not mortal.

Οὐ μὲν γάρ τι καταβητός γ' ἐτίευντο.

Of all the Gods who tread the spangled skies,

Thou most unjust, most odious in our eyes!

Inhuman discord is thy dire delight,

The waste of slaughter, and the rage of fight,

1100 No bound, no law thy fiery temper quells,

And all thy mother in thy soul rebels.

In

Y. 1096. *Of all the Gods—Thou most unjust, most odious, &c.]* Jupiter's reprimand of Mars is worthy the justice and goodness of the great Governour of the world, and seems to be no more than was necessary in this place. Homer hereby admirably distinguishes between *Minerva* and *Mars*, that is to say, between *Wisdom* and ungovern'd *Fury*; the former is produced from *Jupiter* without a mother, to show that it proceeds from God alone; (and *Homer's* alluding to that fable in the preceding speech shows that he was not unacquainted with this opinion.) The latter is born of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, because, as *Plato* explains it, whatever is created by the ministry of second causes, and the concurrence of matter, partakes of that original spirit of division which reigned in the *chaos*, and is of a corrupt and rebellious nature. The reader will find this allegory pursued with great beauty in these two speeches; especially where *Jupiter* concludes with saying he will not destroy *Mars*, because he comes from himself; God will not annihilate *Passion*, which he created to be of use to *Reason*: "Wisdom (says *Eustatbius* upon this place) has occasion for "passion, in the same manner as Princes have need of "guards. Therefore reason and wisdom correct and keep "passion in subjection, but do not entirely destroy and ruin "it."

Y. 1101. *And all thy mother in thy soul rebels, &c.]* Jupiter says of *Juno*, that she has a temper which is insupportable, and knows not how to submit, tho' he is perpetually chastising her with his reproofs. Homer says no more than this, but *M. Dacier* adds, *Si je ne la retenois par la severite des mes loix, il n'est rien quelle ne bouleversast dans l'Olympe & sous l'Olympe*. Upon which she makes a remark to this effect, "That if it were not for the

In vain our threats, in vain our pow'r we use ;  
 She gives th' example, and her son pursues.  
 Yet long th' inflicted pangs thou shalt not mourn,  
 1105 Sprung since thou art from *Jove*, and heav'nly born.  
 Else, findg'd with light'ning, had'st thou hence been  
 thrown,  
 Where chain'd on burning rocks the *Titans* groan.  
 Thus he who shakes *Olympus* with his nod ;  
 Then gave to *Pæon*'s care the bleeding God.  
 1110 With gentle hand the balm he pour'd around,  
 And heal'd th' immortal flesh, and clos'd the wound.  
 As when the fig's prest juice, infus'd in cream,  
 To curds coagulates the liquid stream,

Sudden

" laws of providence, the whole world would be nothing but confusion." This practice of refining and adding to *Homer*'s thought in the text, and then applauding the author for it in the notes, is pretty usual with the more florid modern translators. In the third *Iliad*, in *Helen*'s speech to *Priam*, *ÿ. 175.* she wishes she had rather died than follow'd *Paris* to *Troy*. To this is added in the *French*, *Mais je n'eus ni assez de courage ni assez de vertu*, for which there is not the least hint in *Homer*. I mention this particular instance in pure justice, because in the treatise *de la corruption du gout exam. de Liv. 3.* she triumphs over *M. de la Motte*, as if he had omitted the sense and moral of *Homer* in that place, when in truth he only left out her own interpolation.

*ÿ. 1112.* As when the fig's prest juice, &c.] The sudden operation of the remedy administer'd by *Pæon*, is well express'd by this similitude. It is necessary just to take notice, that they anciently made use of the juice or sap of a fig for run-

net,

Sudden the fluids fix, the parts combin'd;  
 115 Such, and so soon, th' ætherial texture join'd.  
 Cleans'd from the dust and gore, fair *Hebè* drest  
 His mighty limbs in an immortal vest.

Glorious

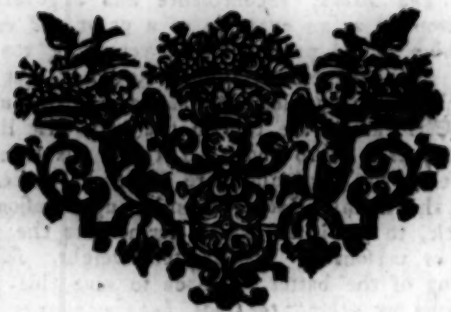
net, to cause their milk to coagulate. It may not be amiss to observe, that *Homer* is not very delicate in the choice of his allusions. He often borrow'd his similes from low life, and provided they illustrated his thoughts in a just and lively manner, it was all he had regard to.

THE allegory of this whole book lies so open, is carry'd on with such closeness, and wound up with so much fulness and strength, that it is a wonder how it could enter into the imagination of any critick, that these actions of *Diomed* were only a daring and extravagant fiction in *Homer*, as if he affected the *marvellous* at any rate. The great moral of it is, that a brave man should not contend against Heaven, but resist only *Venus* and *Mars*, Incontinence and ungovern'd Fury. *Diomed* is propos'd as an example of a great and enterprizing nature, which would perpetually be venturing too far, and committing extravagancies or impieties, did it not suffer itself to be check'd and guided by *Minerva* or Prudence: For it is this *Wisdom* (as we are told in the very first lines of the book) that raises a Hero above all others. Nothing is more observable than the particular care *Homer* has taken to shew he designed this moral. He never omits any occasion throughout the book, to put it in exprefs terms into the mouths of the Gods, or persons of the greatest weight. *Minerva*, at the beginning of the battel, is made to give this precept to *Diomed*: *Fight not against the Gods, but give way to them, and resist only Venus*. The same Goddess opens his eyes, and enlightens him so far as to perceive when it is heaven that acts immediately against him, or when it is man only that opposes him. The hero himself, as soon as he has perform'd her dictates in driving away *Venus*, cries out, not as to the Goddess, but as to the Passion, *Thou hast no business with warriors, is it not enough that thou deceiv'st weak women?* Even the mother of *Venus*, while she comforts her daughter, bears testimony to

Glorious he fate, in majesty restor'd,  
Fast by the throne of heav'ns superiour Lord.

1120 *Juno* and *Pallas* mount the blest abodes,  
Their task perform'd, and mix among the Gods.

the moral: *That man (says she) is not long-liv'd who contends with the Gods. And when Diomed, transported by his nature, proceeds but a step too far, Apollo discovers himself in the most solemn manner, and declares this truth in his own voice, as it were by direct revelation: Mortal, forbear! consider, and know the vast difference there is between the Gods and thee. They are immortal and divine, but man a miserable reptile of the dust.*



THE





THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILLIAD.



## The A R G U M E N T.

### The Episodes of *Glaucus* and *Diomed*, and of *Hector* and *Andromache*.

**T**HE Gods having left the field, the Grecians prevail. Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, commands Hector to return to the city, in order to appoint a solemn procession of the Queen and the Trojan matrons to the temple of Minerva, to entreat her to remove Diomed from the fight. The battel relaxing during the absence of Hector, Glaucus and Diomed have an interview between the two armies; where, coming to the knowledge of the friendship and hospitality past between their ancestors, they make exchange of their arms. Hector having performed the Orders of Helenus, prevail'd upon Paris to return to the battel, and taken a tender leave of his wife Andromache, hastens again to the field.

The scene is first in the field of battel, between the river Simois and Scamander, and then changes to Troy.

T H E



THE  
SIXTH BOOK  
OF THE

I L I A D.

**N**OW heav'n forsakes the fight: Th'im-  
mortals yield

To human force and human skill, the field:  
Dark show'rs of jav'lines fly from foes to foes;  
Now here, now there, the tyde of combate flows;  
While Troy's fam'd \* streams that bound the deathful plain  
On either side run purple to the main.

Great

\* Scamander and Simois.

- Great *Ajax* first to conquest led the way,  
 Broke the thick ranks, and turn'd the doubtful day,  
 The *Thracian Acamas* his faulchion found,  
 10 And hew'd th' enormous giant to the ground;  
 His thund'ring arm a deadly stroke imprest  
 Where the black horse-hair nodded o'er his crest:  
 Fix'd in his front the brazen weapon lies,  
 And seals in endless shades his swimming eyes.  
 15 Next *Teuthras*' son distain'd the sands with blood,  
*Axylus*, hospitable, rich and good:

In

§. 7. *First Ajax.*] *Ajax* performs his exploits immediately upon the departure of the Gods from the battle. It is observ'd that this hero is never assisted by the Deities, as most of the rest are: See his character in the notes on the seventh book. The expression of the *Greek* is, that he brought light to his troops, which *M. Dacier* takes to be metaphorical: I do not see but it may be literal; he broke the thick squadrons of the enemy, and open'd a passage for the light.

§. 9. *The Thracian Acamas.*] This *Thracian* Prince is the same in whose likeness *Mars* appears in the preceding book, rallying the *Trojans*, and forcing the *Greeks* to retire. In the present description of his strength and size, we see with what propriety this personage was selected by the Poet, as fit to be assumed by the God of war.

§. 16. *Axylus, hospitable.*] This beautiful character of *Axylus* has not been able to escape the misunderstanding of some of the Commentators, who thought *Homer* design'd it as a reproof of an undistinguish'd generosity. It is evidently a panegyrick on that virtue, and not improbably on the memory of some excellent, but unfortunate man in that country, whom the Poet honours with the noble title of *A friend to mankind*. It is indeed a severe reproof of the ingratitude of men, and a kind of satire on human race, while he represents  
 this

In fair *Arisba's* walls, (his native place)

He held his seat; a friend to human race.

Fast

this lover of his species miserably perishing without assistance from any of those numbers he had obliged. This death is very moving, and the circumstance of a faithful servant's dying by his side, well imagined, and natural to such a character. His manner of keeping house near a frequented highway, and relieving all travellers, is agreeable to that ancient hospitality which we now only read of. There is abundance of this spirit every where in the *Odyssy*. The Patriarchs in the Old Testament sit at their gates to see those who pass by, and entreat them to enter into their houses: This cordial manner of invitation is particularly described in the 18th and 19th chapters of *Genesis*. The *Eastern* nations seem to have had a peculiar disposition to these exercises of humanity, which continues in a great measure to this day. It is yet a piece of charity frequent with the *Turks*, to erect *Caravan-sera's*, or inns for the reception of travellers. Since I am upon this head, I must mention one or two extraordinary examples of ancient hospitality. *Diodorus Siculus* writes of *Gallias* of *Agrigentum*, that having built several inns for the relief of strangers, he appointed persons at the gates to invite all who travell'd to make use of them; and that this example was followed by many others who were inclined after the ancient manner to live in a humane and beneficent correspondence with mankind. That this *Gallias* entertained and cloathed at one time no less than five hundred horsemen; and that there were in his cellars three hundred vessels, each of which contain'd an hundred hogsheads of wine. The same Author tells us of another *Agrigentine*, that at the marriage of his daughter feasted all the people of his city, who at that time were above twenty thousand.

*Herodotus* in his seventh book has a story of this kind, which is prodigious, being of a private man so immensely rich as to entertain *Xerxes* and his whole army. I shall transcribe the passage as I find it translated to my hands.

"*Pythius* the son of *Arys*, a *Lydian*, then residing in *Cer-lane*, entertain'd the King and all his army with great magnificence, and offer'd him his treasures towards the expence of the war: which liberality *Xerxes* communicating to the

*Persians*

Fast by the road, his ever-open door

20 Oblig'd the wealthy, and reliev'd the poor.

To stern *Tydidēs* now he falls a prey,

No friend to guard him in the dreadful day!

Breathless the good man fell, and by his side,

His faithful servant, old *Calefius* dy'd.

By

" *Persians* about him, and asking who this *Pythius* was, and  
 " what riches he might have to enable him to make such an  
 " offer? receiv'd this answer: *Pythius*, said they, is the per-  
 " son who presented your father *Darius* with a plane tree and  
 " vine of gold; and after you, is the richest man we know in  
 " the world. *Xerxes* surpriz'd with these last words, ask'd  
 " him to what sum his treasures might amount. I shall con-  
 " ceal nothing from you, said *Pythius*, nor pretend to be ig-  
 " norant of my own wealth; but being perfectly inform'd of  
 " the state of my accompts, shall tell you the truth with sin-  
 " cerity. When I heard you was ready to begin the march  
 " towards the *Grecian* sea, I resolv'd to present you with a  
 " sum of money towards the charge of the war; and to that  
 " end having taken an account of my riches, I found by com-  
 " putation that I had two thousand talents of silver, and three  
 " millions nine hundred ninety three thousand pieces of gold,  
 " bearing the stamp of *Darius*. These treasures I freely give  
 " you, because I shall be sufficiently furnish'd with whatever  
 " is necessary to life by the labour of my servants and hus-  
 " bandmen.

" *Xerxes* heard these words with pleasure, and in answer to  
 " *Pythius*, said; My *Lydian* host, since I parted from *Susa* I  
 " have not found a man beside your self, who has offer'd to  
 " entertain my army, or voluntarily to contribute his trea-  
 " sures to promote the present expedition. You alone have  
 " treated my army magnificently, and readily offer'd me im-  
 " mense riches: Therefore, in return of your kindness, I  
 " make you my host; and that you may be master of the in-  
 " tire sum of four millions of gold, I will give you seven  
 " thousand *Darian* pieces out of my own treasure. Keep then  
 " all

By great *Euryalus* was *Dreus* slain,  
 And next he lay'd *Opheltius* on the plain.  
 Two twins were near, bold, beautiful and young,  
 From a fair *Naiad* and *Bucolion* sprung:  
 (*Laomedon*'s white flocks *Bucolion* fed,  
 That monarch's first-born by a foreign bed ;  
 In secret woods he won the *Naiad*'s grace,  
 And two fair infants crown'd his strong embrace.)  
 Here dead they lay in all their youthful charms ;  
 The ruthless victor stripp'd their shining arms.

*Astyalus* by *Polypætes* fell ;  
*Ulysses*' spear *Pidytes* sent to hell ;  
 By *Teucer*'s shaft brave *Aretæon* bled,  
 And *Nestor*'s son laid stern *Ablers* dead,  
 Great *Agamemnon*, leader of the brave,  
 The mortal wound of rich *Elatius* gave,

" all the riches you now possess ; and if you know how to  
 " continue always in the same good disposition, you shall never  
 " have reason to repent of your affection to me, either now or in  
 " future time."

The sum here offer'd by *Pythius* amounts, by *Brerewood*'s  
 computation, to three millions three hundred seventy-five  
 thousand pounds Sterling, according to the lesser valuation of  
 talents. I make no apology for inserting so remarkable a  
 passage at length, but shall only add, that it was at last the  
 fate of this *Pythius* (like our *Axylus*) to experience the ingrati-  
 tude of man ; his eldest son being afterwards cut in pieces by the  
 same *Xerxes*.

Who

Who held in *Pedasus* his proud abode,  
 And till'd the banks where silver *Satnio* flow'd.  
*Melanthius* by *Eurypylus* was slain;  
 And *Phylacus* from *Leitus* flies in vain.

- 45 Unblest *Adrastus* next at mercy lies  
 Beneath the *Spartan* spear, a living prize.  
 Scar'd with the din and tumult of the fight,  
 His headlong steeds precipitate in flight,  
 Rush'd on a *Tamarisk's* strong trunk, and broke
- 50 The shatter'd chariot from the crooked yoke:  
 Wide o'er the field, resistless as the wind,  
 For *Troy* they fly, and leave their lord behind.  
 Prone on his face he sinks beside the wheel:  
*Atrides* o'er him shakes his vengeful steel;
- 55 The fallen chief in suppliant posture press'd  
 The victor's knees, and thus his pray'r address'd.  
 Oh spare my youth, and for the life I owe  
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow;

¶ 57. *Oh spare my youth, &c.*] This passage, where *Ay-memnon* takes away that *Trojan's* life whom *Menelaus* had pardoned, and is not blamed by *Homer* for so doing, must be ascribed to the uncivilized manners of those times, when mankind was not united by the bonds of a rational society, and is not therefore to be imputed to the Poet, who followed nature as it was in his days. The historical books of the Old Testament abound in instances of the like cruelty to conquer'd enemies.

Virgil

When fame shall tell, that not in battel slain  
Thy hollow ships his captive son detain,  
Rich heaps of brass shall in thy tent be told;  
And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

He said: compassion touch'd the hero's heart,  
He stood suspended with the lifted dart:  
As pity pleaded for his vanquish'd prize,  
Stern Agamemnon swift to vengeance flies,

Virgil had this part of Homer in his view, when he described the death of *Magus* in the tenth *Æneid*. Those lines of his prayer, where he offers a ranfome, are translated from this of *Adrastus*; but both the prayer and the answer *Æneas* makes when he refuses him mercy, are very much heighten'd and improved. They also receive a great addition of beauty and propriety from the occasion on which he inserts them: Young *Pallas* is just kill'd, and *Æneas* seeking to be reveng'd upon *Turnus*, meets this *Magus*. Nothing can be a more artful piece of address than the first lines of that supplication, if we consider the character of *Æneas*, to whom it is made.

*Per patrios manes, per spes surgentis Iuli,  
Te precon, banc animam serves natoque, patrique.*

And what can exceed the closeness and fulness of that reply to it:

——— *Belli commercia Turnus  
Sustulit ista prior, jam tum Pallante perempto.  
Hoc patris Anchisæ manes, hoc sentit Iulus.*

This removes the imputation of cruelty from *Æneas*, which had less agreed with his character than it does with *Agamemnon's*; whose reproof to *Menelaus* in this place is not unlike that of *Sa-muel* to *Saul*, for not killing *Agag*.

And

And furious, thus. Oh impotent of mind!

Shall these, shall these *Atrides'* mercy find?

Well hast thou known proud *Troy's* perfidious land,

70 And well her natives merit at thy hand!

Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,

Shall save a *Trojan* from our boundless rage:

*Ilion* shall perish whole, and bury all;

Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

75 A dreadful lesson of exampled fate,

To warn the nations, and to curb the great!

The monarch spoke; the words with warmth address'd

To rigid justice steel'd his brother's breast.

Fierce from his knees the hapless chief he thrust;

80 The monarch's jav'lin stretch'd him in the dust.

Then pressing with his foot his panting heart,

Forth from the slain he rugg'd the reeking dart.

§. 74. *Her infants at the breast shall fall.*] Or, her infants yet in the womb, for it will bear either sense. But I think *Madam Dacier* in the right, in her affirmation that the *Greeks* were not arrived to that pitch of cruelty to rip up the wombs of women with child. *Homer* (says she) to remove all equivocal meaning from this phrase, adds the words *αἶνον ἔοντα*, *juvencum parvulum existentem*, which would be ridiculous, were it said of a child yet unborn. Besides, he would never have represented one of his first heroes capable of so barbarous a crime, or at least would not have commended him (as he does just after) for such a wicked exhortation.

Old *Nestor* saw, and rous'd the warrior's rage;  
Thus, heroes! thus the vig'rous combat wage!  
No son of *Mars* descend, for servile gains,  
To touch the booty, while a foe remains.  
Behold yon' glitt'ring host, your future spoil!  
First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.

And now had *Greece* eternal fame acquir'd,  
And frighted *Troy* within her walls retir'd;  
Had not sage *Helenus* her fate redrest,  
Taught by the Gods that mov'd his sacred breast:  
Where *Hector* stood, with great *Aeneas* join'd,  
The seer reveal'd the counsels of his mind.

Ye gen'rous chiefs! on whom th'immortals lay  
The cares and glories of this doubtful day,

§. 38. *First gain the conquest, then reward the toil.*] This important maxim of war is very naturally introduced, upon *Nestor's* having seen *Menelaus* ready to spare an enemy for the sake of a ransom. It was for such lessons as these (says *M. Dacier*) that *Alexander* so much esteem'd *Homer*, and study'd his poem. He made his use of this precept in the battel of *Arbela*, when *Armenio* being in danger of weakening the main body to defend the baggage, he sent this message to him. Leave the baggage here, for if we gain the victory, we shall not only recover what our own, but be masters of all that is the enemy's. Histories ancient and modern are fill'd with examples of enterprizes that were miscarry'd, and battels that have been lost, by the greediness of soldiers for pillage,

On

On whom your aids, your country's hopes depend,  
Wise to consult, and active to defend!

Here, at our gates, your brave efforts unite,  
100 Turn back the routed, and forbid the flight;  
E'er yet their wives soft arms the cowards gain,  
The sport and insult of the hostile train.  
When your commands have hearten'd ev'ry band,  
Our selves, here fix'd, will make the dang'rous stand;  
105 Press'd as we are, and sore of former fight,  
These straits demand our last remains of might.  
Meanwhile, thou *Hector* to the town retire,  
And teach our mother what the Gods require:

¶ 98. *Wise to consult, and active to defend.*] This is a two fold branch of praise, expressing the excellence of these Princes both in council and in battel. I think Madam *Dacier's* translation does not come up to the sense of the original. *Les plus hardis & les plus experimentez des nos capitains.*

¶ 107. *Thou Hector to the town.*] It has been a modern objection to *Homer's* conduct, that *Hector*, upon whom the whole fate of the day depended, is made to retire from the battel only to carry a message to *Troy* concerning a sacrifice, which might have been done as well by any other. They think it absurd in *Helenus* to advise this, and in *Hector* to comply with it. What occasion'd this false criticism, was, that they imagin'd it to be a piece of advice, and not a command. *Helenus* was a priest and augur of the highest rank, he enjoins it as a point of religion, and *Hector* obeys him as one inspired from heaven. The *Trojan* army was in the utmost distress, occasion'd by the prodigious slaughter made by *Diomed*: There was therefore more reason and necessity to propitiate *Minerva* who assisted that hero; which *Helenus* might know, though *Hector* would have chosen to have stay'd and trusted to the arm of *Achilles*.

Direct the Queen to lead th' assembled train  
Of Troy's chief matrons to *Minerva's* fane;  
Unbar the sacred gates, and seek the pow'r  
With offer'd vows, in *Ilion's* topmost tow'r.  
The largest mantle her rich wardrobes hold,  
Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,

Here is nothing but what may agree with each of their characters. *Hector* goes as he was obliged in religion, but not before he has animated the troops, re-establish'd the combat, repulsed the *Greeks* to some distance, received a promise from *Helenus* that they would make a stand at the gates, and given one himself to the army that he would soon return to the fight: All which *Homer* has been careful to specify, to save the honour, and preserve the character, of this hero. As to *Helenus* his part, he saw the straits his countrymen were reduced to, he knew his authority as a priest, and design'd to revive the courage of the troops by a promise of divine assistance. Nothing adds more courage to the minds of men than superstition, and perhaps it was the only expedient then left; much like a modern practice in the army, to enjoin a *fast* when they wanted provision. *Helenus* could no way have made his promise more credible, than by sending away *Hector*; which look'd like an assurance that nothing could prejudice them during his absence on such a religious account. No leader of less authority than *Hector* could so properly have enjoin'd this solemn act of religion; and lastly, no other whose valour was less known than his, could have left the army in this juncture, without a taint upon his honour. *Homer* makes this piety succeed; *Paris* is brought back to the fight, the *Trojans* afterwards prevail, and *Jupiter* appears openly in their favour, *l. 8*. Tho' after all, I cannot dissemble my opinion, that the Poet's chief intention in this, was to introduce that fine episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*. This change of the scene to *Troy* furnishes him with a great number of beauties. By this means (says *Eustatbius*) his poem is for a time divested of the fierceness and violence of battels, and being as it were wash'd from slaughter and blood, becomes calm and smiling by the beauty of these various episodes.

Before

- 115 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread;  
 And twelve young heifers to her altars led.  
 If so the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
 And far avert *Tydidēs'* wastful ire,  
 120 That mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.  
 Not thus *Achilles* taught our hosts to dread,  
 Sprung tho' he was from more than mortal bed;  
 Not thus resistless from the stream of fight,  
 In rage unbounded, and unmatch'd in might.

\*. 117. *If so the pow'r, atton'd, &c.* The Poet here plainly supposes *Helenus*, by his skill in augury, or some other divine inspiration, well inform'd that the might of *Diomed*, which wrought such great destruction among the *Trojans*, was the gift of *Pallas* incens'd against them. The prophet therefore directs prayers, offerings, and sacrifices to be made to appease the anger of this offended Goddess; not to invoke the mercy of any propitious Deity. This is conformable to the whole system of *Pagan* superstition, the worship whereof being grounded not on love but fear, seems directed rather to avert the malice and anger of a wrathful and mischievous *Dæmon*, than to implore the assistance and protection of a benevolent being. In this strain of religion this same prophet is introduced by *Virgil* in the third *Æneid*, giving particular direction to *Æneas* to appease the indignation of *Juno*, as the only means which could bring his labours to a prosperous end.

Unum illud tibi, nate Deâ, præque omnibus unum  
 Prædicam, & repetens iterumque iterumque manebo;  
 Junonis magnæ primum præce numen adora;  
 Junoni cane vota libens, dominamque potentem  
 Supplicibus supera donis.

- 125 *Hektor* obedient heard; and, with a bound,  
 Leap'd from his trembling chariot to the ground;  
 Thro' all his host, inspiring force he flies,  
 And bids the thunder of the battel rise.  
 With rage recruited the bold *Trojans* glow,  
 30 And turn the tyde of conflict on the foe:  
 Fierce in the front he shakes two dazling spears;  
 All *Greece* recedes, and 'midst her triumph fears.  
 Some God, they thought, who rul'd the fate of wars,  
 Shot down avenging, from the vault of stars.  
 35 Then thus, aloud. Ye dauntless *Dardans* hear!  
 And you whom distant nations send to war!  
 Be mindful of the strength your fathers bore;  
 Be still yourselves, and *Hektor* asks no more.  
 One hour demands me in the *Trojan* wall,  
 40 To bid our altars flame, and victims fall:  
 Nor shall, I trust, the matron's holy train  
 And rev'rend elders, seek the Gods in vain.  
 This said, with ample strides the hero past;  
 The shield's large orb behind his shoulder cast,  
 45 His neck o'ershading, to his ancle hung;  
 And as he march'd, the brazen buckler rung.

Now paus'd the battel, (Godlike *Hector* gone)  
 When daring *Glaucus* and great *Tydeus'* son  
 Between

§. 147. *The interview of Glaucus and Diomed.*] No passage in our Author has been the subject of more severe and groundless criticisms than this, where these two heroes enter into a long conversation (as they will have it) in the heat of a battel. Monsieur *Dacier's* answer in defence of *Homer* is so full, that I cannot do better than to translate it from his remarks on the 26th chapter of *Aristotle's Poetic*. There can be nothing more unjust than the criticisms past upon things that are the effect of custom. It was usual in ancient times for soldiers to talk together before they encounter'd. *Homer* is full of examples of this sort, and he very well deserves we should be so just as to believe, he had never done it so often, but that it was agreeable to the manners of his age. But this is not only a thing of custom, but founded on reason itself. The ties of hospitality in those times were held more sacred than those of blood; and it is on that account *Diomed* gives so long an audience to *Glaucus*, whom he acknowledges to be his guest, with whom it was not lawful to engage in combat. *Homer* makes an admirable use of this conjuncture, to introduce an entertaining history after so many battels as he has been describing, and to unbend the mind of his reader by a recital of so much variety as the story of the family of *Sisyphus*. It may be farther observ'd, with what address and management he places this long conversation; it is not during the heat of an obstinate battel, which had been too unreasonable to be excused by any custom whatever; but he brings it in after he has made *Hector* retire into *Troy*, when the absence of so powerful an enemy had given *Diomed* that leisure which he could not have had otherwise. One need only read the judicious remark of *Eusebius* upon this place. *The Poet* (says he) *after having caus'd Hector to go out of the fight, interrupts the violence of wars, and gives some relaxation to the reader, in causing him to pass from the confusion and disorder of the action to the tranquillity and security of an historical narration. For by means of the happy episode of Glaucus, he casts a thousand pleasing wonders into his poem; as fables, that include beautiful allegories, histories, genealogies, sentences, ancient customs, and several other graces that tend to the diversifying of his work, and which by breaking (as one*  
 may

Between both armies met: The chiefs from far  
 150 Observ'd each other, and had mark'd for war.

Near

may say) the monotony of it, agreeably instruct the reader. Let us observe, in how fine a manner Homer has hereby praised both *Diomed* and *Hector*. For he makes us know, that as long as *Hector* is in the field, the *Greeks* have not the least leisure to take breath; and that as soon as he quits it, all the *Trojans*, however they had regain'd all their advantages, were not able to employ *Diomed* so far as to prevent his entertaining himself with *Glaucus* without any danger to his party. Some may think after all, that though we may justify Homer, yet we cannot excuse the manners of his time; it not being natural for men with swords in their hands to dialogue together in cold blood just before they engage. But not to alledge, that these very manners yet remain in those countries, which have not been corrupted by the commerce of other nations, (which is a great sign of their being natural) what reason can be offer'd that it is more natural to fall on at first sight with rage and fierceness, than to speak to an enemy before the encounter? Thus far Monsieur *Dacier*; and *St. Evremont* asks humourously, if it might not be as proper in that country for men to harangue before they fought, as it is in *England* to make speeches before they are hanged?

That *Homer* is not in general apt to make unseasonable harangues (as these censurers would represent) may appear from that remarkable care he has shewn in many places to avoid them: As when in the fifth book *Aeneas* being cured on a sudden in the middle of the fight, is seen with surprize by his soldiers; he specifies with particular caution, that they asked him no questions how he became cured, in a time of so much business and action. Again, when there is a necessity in the same book that *Minerva* should have a conference with *Diomed*, in order to engage him against *Mars* (after her prohibition to him to fight with the Gods) *Homer* chuses a time for that speech, just when the hero is retir'd behind his chariot to take breath, which was the only moment that could be spared during the hurry of that whole engagement. One might produce many instances of the same kind.

The discourse of *Glaucus* to *Diomed* is severely censured, not only on account of the circumstance of time and place, but

Near as they drew, *Tydidēs* thus began.

What art thou, boldest of the race of man?

Our eyes, till now, that aspect ne'er beheld,

Where fame is reap'd amid th' embattel'd field ;

likewise on the score of the subject, which is taxed as improper, and foreign to the end and design of the poem. But the Criticks who have made this objection, seem neither to comprehend the design of the poet in general, nor the particular aim of this discourse. Many passages in the best ancient Poets appear unassuming at present, which probably gave the greatest delight to their first readers, because they were very nearly interested in what was there related. It is very plain that *Homer* designed this poem as a monument to the honour of the *Greeks*, who, though consisting of several independent societies, were yet very national in point of glory, being strongly affected with every thing that seem'd to advance the honour of their common country, and resentful of any indignity offer'd to it. This disposition was the ground of that grand alliance which is the subject of this poem. To men so fond of their country's glory, what could be more agreeable than to read a history fill'd with wonders of a noble family transplanted from *Greece* into *Asia*? They might here learn with pleasure that the *Grecian* virtues did not degenerate by removing into distant climes : but especially they must be affected with uncommon delight to find that *Sarpedon* and *Glaucus*, the bravest of the *Trojan* auxiliaries, were originally *Greeks*.

*Tasso* in this manner has introduced an agreeable episode, which shews *Clorinda* the offspring of *Christian* parents, tho' engag'd in the service of the *Infidels*, Cant. 12.

§. 149. *Between both armies met, &c.*] It is usual with *Homer*, before he introduces a hero, to make as it were a halt, to render him the more remarkable. Nothing could more prepare the attention and expectation of the reader, than this circumstance at the first meeting of *Diomed* and *Glaucus*. Just at the time when the mind begins to be weary with the battle, it is diverted with the prospect of a single combat, which of a sudden turns to an interview of friendship, and an unexpected scene of sociable virtue. The whole air of the conversation between these two heroes has something heroically solemn in it.

Yet

- 155 Yet far before the troops thou dar'st appear,  
 And meet a lance the fiercest heroes fear.  
 Unhappy they, and born of luckless fires,  
 Who tempt our fury when *Minerva* fires!  
 But if from heav'n, celestial thou descend;  
 160 Know, with immortals we no more contend.  
 Not long *Lycurgus* view'd the golden light,  
 That daring man who mix'd with Gods in fight;  
*Bacchus*, and *Bacchus*' votaries, he drove  
 With brandish'd steel from *Nyssa*'s sacred grove,

γ. 159. *But if from heav'n, &c.*] A quick change of mind from the greatest impiety to as great superstition, is frequently observable in men who having been guilty of the most heinous crimes without any remorse, on the sudden are fill'd with doubts and scruples about the most lawful or indifferent actions. This seems the present case of *Diomed*, who having knowingly wounded and insulted the Deities, is now afraid to engage the first man he meets, lest perhaps a God might be conceal'd in that shape. This disposition of *Diomed* produces the question he puts to *Glaucus*, which without this consideration will appear impertinent, and so naturally occasions that agreeable episode of *Bellerophon*, which *Glaucus* relates in answer to *Diomed*.

γ. 161. *Not long Lycurgus, &c.*] What *Diomed* here says is the effect of remorse, as if he had exceeded the commission of *Pallas* in encountering with the Gods, and dreaded the consequences of proceeding too far. At least he had no such commission now, and besides, was no longer capable of distinguishing them from men (a faculty she had given him in the foregoing book:) He therefore mentions this story of *Lycurgus* as an example that sufficed to terrify him from so rash an undertaking. The ground of the fable they say is this: *Lycurgus* caused most of the vines of his country to be rooted up, so that his subjects were obliged to mix it with water, when it was less plentiful: Hence it was feign'd that *Tbetis* receiv'd *Bacchus* into her bosom.

- 165 Their consecrated spears lay scatter'd round,  
 With curling vines and twisted ivy bound;  
 While *Bacchus* headlong sought the briny flood,  
 And *Thetis*' arms receiv'd the trembling God.  
 Nor fail'd the crime th' immortals wrath to move,  
 170 (Th' immortals blest with endless ease above)  
 Depriv'd of sight by their avenging doom,  
 Chearless he breath'd, and wander'd in the gloom:  
 Then sunk unpity'd to the dire abodes,  
 A wretch accurst, and hated by the Gods!  
 175 I brave not heav'n: But if the fruits of earth  
 Sustain thy life, and human be thy birth;  
 Bold as thou art, too prodigal of breath,  
 Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.

¶ 170. *Immortals blest with endless ease.*] Tho' *Dacier*'s and most of the versions take no notice of the epithets used in this place, *Θεοὶ ἡσυχὰς ἔχοντες*, *Dii facile seu beatè viventes*; the translator thought it a beauty which he could not but endeavour to preserve. *Milton* seems to have had this in his eye in his second book.

————— *Thou wilt bring me soon  
 To that new world of light and bliss, among  
 The Gods who live at ease* —————

¶ 178. *Approach, and enter the dark gates of death.*] This haughty air which *Homer* gives his heroes was doubtless a copy of the manners and hyperbolical speeches of those times. Thus *Goliath* to *David*, 1 Sam. ch. 17. *Approach, and I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field.* The Orientals speak the same language to this day.

What,

What, or from whence I am, or who my sire,  
180 (Reply'd the chief) can *Tydeus'* son enquire?

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,  
Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise;

¶. 181. *Like leaves on trees.*] There is a noble gravity in the beginning of this speech of *Glaucus*, according to the true style of antiquity, *Few and evil are our days.* This beautiful thought of our author, whereby the race of men are compared to the leaves of trees, is celebrated by *Stronides* in a fine fragment extant in *Stobæus*. The same thought may be found in *Ecclesiasticus*, ch. 14. ¶. 18. almost in the same words; *As of the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some grow; so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born.*

The reader, who has seen so many passages imitated from *Homer* by succeeding Poets, will no doubt be pleased to see one of an ancient Poet which *Homer* has here imitated; this is a fragment of *Musæus* preserv'd by *Clemons Alexandrinus* in his *Stromata*, lib. 6.

Ὡς δ' αὖτως καὶ Φύλλα Φύει χεῖδωρος ἄρηρα,  
Ἄλλα μὲν ἔνι μελίησιν ἀποφθίνει, ἄλλα δὲ Φύει,  
Ὡς δὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων γενεὴ καὶ Φύλλον ἐλίσσει.

Tho' this comparison be justly admir'd for its beauty in this obvious application to the mortality and succession of human life, it seems however design'd by the Poet in this place as a proper emblem of the transitory state, not of men, but of families, which being by their misfortunes or follies fallen and decay'd, do again in a happier season revive and flourish in the same and virtues of their posterity: In this sense it is a direct answer to what *Diomed* had ask'd, as well as a proper preface to what *Glaucus* relates of his own family, which having been extinct in *Corinth*, had recover'd new life in *Lycia*.

- 185 So generations in their course decay,  
 So flourish these, when those are past away.  
 But if thou still persist to search my birth,  
 Then hear a tale that fills the spacious earth.  
 A city stands on *Argos*' utmost bound,  
 190 (*Argos* the fair for warlike deeds renown'd)  
*Æolian Sisyphus*, with wisdom blest,  
 In ancient time the happy walls possess,  
 Then call'd *Ephyre*: *Glaucus* was his son;  
 Great *Glaucus*, father of *Bellerophon*,  
 195 Who o'er the sons of men in beauty shin'd,  
 Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.  
 Then mighty *Proetus Argos*' sceptres sway'd,  
 Whose hard commands *Bellerophon* obey'd.  
 With direful jealousy the monarch rag'd,  
 200 And the brave Prince in num'rous toils engag'd.

†. 193. *Then call'd Ephyre.*] It was the same which was afterwards called *Corinth*, and had that name in *Homer*'s time, as appears from this catalogue, †. 77.

†. 196. *Lov'd for that valour which preserves mankind.*] This distinction of true valour which has the good of mankind for its end, in opposition to the valour of tyrants or oppressors, is beautifully hinted by *Homer* in the epithet *ἡραταίνῃ*, *amiable valour*. Such as was that of *Bellerophon*, who freed the land from monsters, and creatures destructive to his species. It is apply'd to this young hero with particular judgment and propriety, if we consider the innocence and gentleness of his manners appearing from the following story, which every one will observe has a great resemblance with that of *Joseph* in the scriptures.

For

For him, *Antea* burn'd with lawless flame,  
And strove to tempt him from the paths of fame:  
In vain she tempted the relentless youth,  
Endu'd with wisdom, sacred fear, and truth.

205 Fir'd at his scorn the Queen to *Prætus* fled,

And begg'd revenge for her insulted bed:

Incens'd he heard, resolving on his fate;

But hospitable laws restrain'd his hate:

To *Lycia* the devoted youth he sent,

210 With tablets seal'd, that told his dire intent:

Now blest by ev'ry pow'r who guards the good,

The chief arriv'd at *Xanthus*' silver flood:

There *Lycia*'s monarch paid him honours due;

Nine days he feasted; and nine bulls he slew.

215 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,

The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd:

§. 216. *The faithful youth his monarch's mandate show'd.* Plutarch much commends the virtue of *Bellerophon*, who faithfully carry'd those letters he might so justly suspect of ill consequence to him: The passage is in his discourse of *curiosity*, and worth transcribing. "A man of curiosity is void of all faith, and it is better to trust letters, or any important secrets to servants, than to friends and familiars of an inquisitive temper. *Bellerophon*, when he carry'd letters that order'd his own destruction, did not unseal them, but forbore touching the King's dispatches with the same continence, as he had refrain'd from injuring his bed: For curiosity is an incontinence as well as adultery."

- The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,  
 The deathful secret to the King reveal'd.  
 First, dire *Chimæra*'s conquest was enjoin'd ;  
 220 A mingled monster, of no mortal kind ;  
 Behind, a dragon's fiery tail was spread ;  
 A goat's rough body bore a lion's head ;  
 Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire ;  
 Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.  
 225 This pest he slaughter'd (for he read the skies,  
 And trusted heav'n's informing prodigies)  
 Then met in arms the *Solymæan* crew,  
 (Fiercest of Men) and those the warrior slew.

Y. 219. *First dire Chimæra.*] *Chimæra* was feign'd to have the head of a lion breathing flames, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon ; because the mountain of that name in *Lycia* had a *vulcano* on its top, and nourish'd lions ; the middle part afforded pasture for goats ; and the bottom was infested with serpents. *Bellerophon* destroying these, and rendring the mountain habitable, was said to have conquer'd *Chimæra*. He calls this monster *Θεῖον γένος*, in the manner of the *Hebrews*, who gave to any thing vast or extraordinary the appellative of *Divine*. So the Psalmist says, *The mountains of God*, &c.

Y. 227. *The Solymæan crew.*] These *Solymi* were an ancient nation inhabiting the mountainous parts of *Asia Minor*, between *Lycia* and *Pisidia*. *Pliny* mentions them as an instance of a people so intirely destroy'd, that no footsteps of them remain'd in his time. Some authors both ancient and modern, from a resemblance in sound to the *Latin* name of *Jerusalem*, have confounded them with the *Jews*. *Tacitus*, speaking of the various opinions concerning the origin of the *Jewish* nation, has these words : *Clara alii tradunt Judæorum initia, Salymos carminibus Homeri celebratam gentem, condita urbi Hierosolymam nomen è suo fecisse.* Hist. Lib. 6.

Next

Next the bold *Amazon's* whole force defy'd;  
230 And conquer'd still, for heav'n was on his side.

Nor ended here his toils: His *Lycian* foes  
At his return, a treach'rous ambush rose,  
With levell'd spears along the winding shore;  
There fell they breathless, and return'd no more.  
235 At length the monarch with repentant grief  
Confess'd the Gods, and God-descended chief;

His daughter gave, the stranger to detain,  
With half the honours of his ample reign.  
The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground,  
240 With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.

There  
[y. 239. The *Lycians* grant a chosen space of ground.] It was  
usual in the ancient times, upon any signal piece of service per-  
form'd by the Kings or great men, to have a portion of land  
decreed by the publick as a reward to them. Thus when *Sar-  
pedon* in the twelfth book incites *Glaucus* to behave himself va-  
liantly, he puts him in mind of these possessions granted by his  
countrymen.

Γλαῦκε, τίη δὴ νῦν τιμήμεσθα μάλικα—εε.  
Καὶ Τίμνος νεμόμεσθα μάγα Εἴνθεω παρ' ὀχθας,  
Καλὸν, Φυταλιῆς καὶ ἀρύρης τυροφόροιο.

In the same manner in the ninth book of *Virgil*, *Nisus* is pro-  
mised by *Ascanius* the fields which were possess'd by *Latinus*, as a  
reward for the service he undertook.

—Campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.

There long the chief his happy lot possess'd,  
 With two brave sons and one fair daughter blest'd;  
 (Fair ev'n in heav'nly eyes; her fruitful love  
 Crown'd with *Sarpedon's* birth th' embrace of *Jove*)

245 But when at last, distracted in his mind,  
 Forsook by heav'n, forsaking human-kind,  
 Wide o'er th' *Aleian* field he chose to stray,  
 A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!

*Chapman* has an interpolation in this place, to tell us that this field was afterwards called by the *Lycians*, *The field of wandrings*, from the wandrings and distraction of *Bellerophon* in the latter part of his life. But they were not these fields that were call'd *Ἀλκίον*, but those upon which he fell from the horse *Pegasus*, when he endeavour'd (as the fable has it) to mount to heaven.

Y. 245. *But when at last, &c.*] The same Criticks who have taxed *Homer* for being too tedious in this story of *Bellerophon*, have censured him for omitting to relate the particular offence which had rais'd the anger of the Gods against a man formerly so highly favour'd by them: But this relation coming from the mouth of his grandson, it is with great decorum and propriety he passes over in silence those crimes of his ancestor, which had provok'd the divine vengeance against him. *Milton* has interwoven this story with what *Homer* here relates of *Bellerophon*.

*Left from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once  
 Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
 Dismounted on the Aleian field I fall,  
 Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.* Parad. lost. B. 7.

*Tully* in his third book of *Tusculane* questions, having observ'd that persons oppress'd with woe naturally seek solitude, instances this example of *Bellerophon*, and gives us his translation of two of these lines.

*Qui miser in campos mærens errabat Aleii,  
 Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.*

Woes.

Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart ;  
50 His beauteous daughter fell by *Phæbe's* dart;  
His eldest-born by raging *Mars* was slain,  
In combat on the *Solyman* plain.  
*Hippolochus* surviv'd ; from him I came,  
The honour'd author of my birth and name ;  
55 By his decree I fought the *Trojan* town,  
By his instructions learn to win renown,  
To stand the first in worth as in command,  
To add new honours to my native land,  
Before my eyes my mighty fires to place,  
60 And emulate the glories of our race.

He spoke, and transport fill'd *Tydidēs'* heart ;  
In earth the gen'rous warrior fix'd his dart,  
Then friendly, thus, the *Lycian* Prince address'd.  
Welcome, my brave hereditary guest !  
65 Thus ever let us meet with kind embrace,  
Nor stain the sacred friendship of our race.  
Know, chief, our grandfires have been guests of old ;  
*Oeneus* the strong, *Bellerophon* the bold :

Our

§. 267. *Our grandfires have been guests of old.*] The laws of hospitality were anciently held in great veneration. The friendship contracted hereby was so sacred, that they preferr'd it to all the bands of consanguinity and alliance, and accounted it obligatory even to the third and fourth generation.

We

Our ancient seat his honour'd presence grac'd,

270 Where twenty days in genial rites he pass'd.

The parting heroes mutual presents left;

A golden goblet was thy grandfire's gift;

*Oeneus* a belt of matchless work bestow'd,

That rich with *Tyrian* dye refulgent glow'd.

275 (This from his pledge I learn'd, which safely stor'd

Among my treasures, still adorns my board:

For *Tydeus* left me young, when *Thebè's* wall

Beheld the sons of *Greece* untimely fall.)

Mindful of this, in friendship let us join;

280 If heav'n our steps to foreign lands incline,

My guest in *Argos* thou, and I in *Lycia* thine.

We have seen in the foregoing story of *Bellerophon*, that *Prætor*, a Prince under the supposition of being injur'd in the highest degree, is yet afraid to revenge himself upon the criminal on this account: He is forced to send him into *Lycia* rather than be guilty of a breach of this law in his own country. And the King of *Lycia* having entertain'd the stranger before he unseal'd the letters, puts him upon expeditions abroad, in which he might be destroy'd, rather than at his court. We here see *Diomed* and *Glaucus* agreeing not to be enemies during the whole course of a war, only because their grandfathers had been mutual guests. And we afterwards find *Teucer* engaged with the *Greeks* on this account against the *Trojans*, tho' he was himself of *Trojan* extraction, the nephew of *Priam* by the mother's side, and cousin german of *Hector*, whose life he purpues with the utmost violence. They preserved in their families the presents which had been made on these occasions, as obliged to transmit to their children the memorials of this right of hospitality. *Eustatius*.

Enough

Enough of *Trojans* to this lance shall yield,  
 In the full harvest of yon' ample field;  
 Enough of *Greeks* shall dye thy spear with gore;  
 But thou and *Diomed* be foes no more.

Now change we arms, and prove to either host  
 We guard the friendship of the line we boast.

Thus having said, the gallant chiefs alight,  
 Their hands they join, their mutual faith they plight,  
 Brave *Glaucus* then each narrow thought resign'd,  
 (Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind)

For *Diomed*'s brass arms, of mean device,  
 For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price)

γ. 291. *Jove warm'd his bosom and enlarg'd his mind.*] The words in the original are ἐξέλετο Φρίνας, which may equally be interpreted, *he took away his sense*, or *he elevated his mind*. The former being a reflection upon *Glaucus*'s prudence, for making so unequal an exchange, the latter a praise of the magnanimity and generosity which induced him to it. *Porphyry* contends for its being understood in this last way, and *Eusebius*, *Monfieur* and *Madam Dacier* are of the same opinion. Notwithstanding it is certain that *Homer* uses the same words in the contrary sense in the seventeenth Iliad, γ. 470. of the original, and in the nineteenth, γ. 137. And it is an obvious remark, that the interpretation of *Porphyry* as much dishonours *Diomed* who proposed this exchange, as it does honour to *Glaucus* for consenting to it. However I have followed it, if not as the juster, as the most heroic sense, and as it has the nobler air in poetry.

He gave his own, of gold divinely wrought,  
295 A hundred Beeves the shining purchase bought.

Meantime the guardian of the Trojan state,  
Great *Hector*, enter'd at the *Scaan* gate.  
Beneath the beech-tree's consecrated shades,  
The *Trojan* matrons and the *Trojan* maids  
300 Around him flock'd, all press'd with pious care  
For husbands, brothers, sons, engag'd in war.  
He bids the train in long procession go,  
And seek the Gods, t' avert th' impending woe.  
And now to *Priam's* stately courts he came,

305 Rais'd on arch'd columns of stupendous frame;  
O'er these a range of marble structure runs,  
The rich pavilions of his fifty sons,  
In fifty chambers lodg'd: and rooms of state  
Oppos'd to those, where *Priam's* daughters late:

[*Y. 295. A hundred beeves.*] I wonder the curious have not remark'd from this place, that the proportion of the value of gold to brass in the time of the *Trojan* war, was but as an hundred to nine; allowing these armours of equal weight; which as they belong'd to men of equal strength, is a reasonable supposition: As to this manner of computing the value of the armour by *beeves* or *oxen*, it might be either because the money was anciently stamp'd with those figures, or (which is most probable in this place) because in those times they generally purchased by exchange of commodities, as we see by a passage near the end of the seventh book.

10 Twelve domes for them and their lov'd spouses shone,  
Of equal beauty, and of polish'd stone.

Hither great *Hector* pass'd, nor pass'd unseen

Of royal *Hecuba*, his mother Queen.

(With her *Laodice*, whose beauteous face

15 Surpass'd the nymphs of *Troy*'s illustrious race)

Long in a strict embrace she held her son,

And press'd his hand, and tender thus begun.

O *Hector*! say, what great occasion calls

My son from fight, when *Greece* surrounds our walls?

20 Com'st thou to supplicate th' almighty pow'r,

With lifted hands from *Ilion*'s lofty tow'r?

Stay, till I bring the cup with *Bacchus* crown'd,

In *Jove*'s high name, to sprinkle on the ground,

And pay due vows to all the gods around.

25 Then with a plenteous draught refresh thy soul,

And draw new spirits from the gen'rous bowl;

Spent as thou art with long laborious fight,

The brave defender of thy country's right.

Far hence be *Bacchus*' gifts (the chief rejoin'd)

30 Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,

Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.

Let

y. 329. *Far hence be Bacchus' gifts—Enflaming wine.*]  
This maxim of *Hector*'s concerning wine, has a great deal of truth  
in

Let chiefs abstain, and spare the sacred juice  
To sprinkle to the Gods, its better use.

By me that holy office were prophan'd;

335 Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd,

To the pure skies these horrid hands to raise,

Or offer heav'n's great Sire polluted praise.

in it. It is a vulgar mistake to imagine the use of wine either raises the spirits, or encreases strength. The best Physicians agree with Homer in this point; whatever our modern soldiers may object to this old heroic regimen. One may take notice that Sampson as well as Hector was a water-drinker; for he was a Nazarite by vow, and as such was forbid the use of wine. To which Milton alludes in his *Sampson Agonistes*.

*Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,  
With touch æthereal of heav'n's fiery rod,  
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.*

¶. 335. *Ill fits it me, with human gore distain'd, &c.*] The custom which prohibits persons polluted with blood to perform any offices of divine worship before they were purified, is so ancient and universal, that it may in some sort be esteem'd a precept of natural religion, tending to inspire an uncommon dread and religious horror of bloodshed. There is a fine passage in Euripides, where Iphigenia argues how impossible it is that human sacrifices should be acceptable to the Gods, since they do not permit any defil'd with blood, or even polluted with the touch of a dead body, to come near their altars. Iphig. in Tauris, ¶. 380. Virgil makes his Æneas say the same thing Hector does here.

*Me bello è tanto digressum & cæde recenti  
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo  
Abluero.*

You,

You, with your matrons, go! a spotless train,  
 And burn rich odours in *Minerva's* fane.  
 The largest mantle your full wardrobes hold,  
 Most priz'd for art, and labour'd o'er with gold,  
 Before the Goddess' honour'd knees be spread,  
 And twelve young heifers to her altar led.  
 So may the pow'r, atton'd by fervent pray'r,  
 Our wives, our infants, and our city spare,  
 And far avert *Tydid's* wastful ire,  
 Who mows whole troops, and makes all *Troy* retire.  
 Be this, O mother, your religious care;  
 I go to rouse soft *Paris* to the war;  
 If yet, not lost to all the sense of shame,  
 The recreant warrior hear the voice of fame.  
 Oh would kind earth the hateful wretch embrace,  
 That pest of *Troy*, that ruin of our race!  
 Deep to the dark abyss might he descend,  
 If *Troy* yet should flourish, and my sorrows end.  
 This heard, she gave command; and summon'd came  
 Each noble matron, and illustrious dame.  
 The *Phrygian* Queen to her rich wardrobe went,  
 Where treasur'd odours breath'd a costly scent.

There

- 360 There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,  
*Sidonian* maids embroider'd ev'ry part,  
 Whom from soft *Sidon* youthful *Paris* bore,  
 With *Helen* touching on the *Tyrian* shore.  
 Here as the Queen revolv'd with careful eyes
- 365 The various-textures and the various dyes,  
 She chose a veil that shone superiour far,  
 And glow'd refulgent as the morning star.  
 Herself with this the long procession leads;  
 The train majestically slow proceeds.
- 370 Soon as to *Ilion's* topmost tow'r they come,  
 And awful reach the high *Palladian* dome,  
*Antenor's* consort, fair *Theano*; waits  
 As *Pallas's* priestess, and unbars the gates.  
 With hands uplifted and imploring eyes,
- 375 They fill the dome with supplicating cries.

¶ 361. *Sidonian maids.*] *DiEys Cretensis*, lib. 1. acquaints us that *Paris* return'd not directly to *Troy* after the rape of *Helen*, but fetch'd a compass, probably to avoid pursuit. He touch'd at *Sidon*, where he surpriz'd the King of *Phœnicia* by night, and carry'd off many of his treasures and captives, among which probably were these *Sidonian* women. The author of the ancient poem of the *Cypriacks* says, he sail'd from *Sparta* to *Troy* in the space of three days: from which passage *Herodotus* concludes that poem was not *Homer's*. We find in the scriptures, that *Tyre* and *Sidon* were famous for works in gold, embroidery, &c. and whatever regarded magnificence and luxury.

¶ 374. *With hands uplifted.*] The old gesture describ'd by *Homer*, as used by the ancients in the invocation of the Gods,

The Priestess then the shining veil displays,  
Plac'd on *Minerva's* knees, and thus she prays.

Oh awful Goddess! ever-dreadful maid,  
*Troy's* strong defence, unconquer'd *Pallas*, aid!

Break

is the lifting up their hands to heaven. *Virgil* frequently alludes to this practice; particularly in the second book there is a passage, the beauty of which is much rais'd by this consideration.

*Ecce trahatur passis Priameia virgo  
Crinibus, à templo, Cassandra, adytisque Minervæ,  
Ad cælum tendens ardentia lumina frustra,  
Lumina! nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

§. 378. *Oh awful Goddess, &c.*] This procession of the Trojan matrons to the temple of *Minerva*, with their offering, and the ceremonies; tho' it be a passage some moderns have criticised upon, seems to have particularly pleas'd *Virgil*. For he has not only introduced it among the figures in the picture at Carthage, *Æn.* I. §. 483.

*Interea ad templum non æquæ Palladis ibant  
Crinibus Iliades passis, peplumque ferebant  
Suppliciter tristes; & tunsis pectora palmis.  
Diva solo fixos oculos averfa tenebat.*

But he has again copied it in the eleventh book, where the Lædian dames make the same procession upon the approach of *Æneas* to their city. The prayer to the Goddess is translated almost word for word: §. 483.

*Armipotens belli præses, Tritonia virgo,  
Frange manu telum Pbrgyii prædonis, & ipsum  
Prænum sterne solo, portisque effunde sub altis.*

This prayer in the Latin Poet seems introduced with less propriety, since *Pallas* appears no where interested in the conduct of affairs thro' the whole *Æneid*. The first line of the Greek here

- 380 Break thou *Tydidēs'* spear, and let him fall  
 Prone on the dust before the *Trojan* wall.  
 So twelve young heifers, guiltless of the yoke,  
 Shall fill thy temple with a grateful smoke.  
 But thou, atton'd by penitence and pray'r,  
 385 Our selves, our infants, and our city spare!  
 So pray'd the Priestess in her holy fane;  
 So vow'd the matrons, but they vow'd in vain.  
 While these appear before the pow'r with pray'rs,  
 *Hector* to *Paris'* lofty dome repairs.  
 390 Himself the mansion rais'd, from ev'ry part  
 Assembling architects of matchless art.

here is translated more literally than the former versions; *ἐρυσίπλοισι, διὰ θεῶν*. I take the first Epithet to allude to *Minerva's* being the particular protectress of *Troy* by means of the *Palladium*, and not (as Mr. *Hobbes* understands it) the protectress of all cities in general.

γ. 387. *But they vow'd in vain.*] For *Helenus* only ordered that prayers should be made to *Minerva* to drive *Diomed* from before the walls. But *Theano* prays that *Diomed* may perish, and perish flying, which is included in his falling forward. *Madam Dacier* is so free as to observe here, that women are seldom moderate in the prayers they make against their enemies, and therefore are seldom heard.

γ. 390. *Himself the mansion rais'd.*] I must own my self not so great an enemy to *Paris* as some of the commentators. His blind passion is the unfortunate occasion of the ruin of his country, and he has the ill fate to have all his fine qualities swallowed up in that. And indeed I cannot say he endeavours much to be a better man than his nature made him. But as to his parts and turn of mind, I see nothing that is

either

Near *Priam's* court and *Hector's* palace stands  
 The pompous structure, and the town commands.  
 A spear the hero bore of wondrous strength,  
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length,  
 The steely point with golden ringlets join'd,  
 Before him brandish'd, at each motion shin'd.  
 Thus entering in the glitt'ring rooms he found  
 His brother-chief, whose useless arms lay round,  
 His eyes delighting with their splendid show,  
 Bright'ning the shield, and polishing the bow.

either weak, or wicked, the general manners of those times considered. On the contrary, a gentle soul, patient of good advice, tho' indolent enough to forget it; and liable only to that frailty of love, which methinks might in his case as well as *Helen's* be charged upon the *Stars*, and the *Gods*. So very amorous a constitution, and so incomparable a beauty to provoke it, might be temptation enough even to a wise man, and in some degree make him deserve compassion, if not pardon. It is remarkable, that *Homer* does not paint him and *Helen* (as some other Poets would have done) like monsters, odious to Gods and Men, but allows their characters such esteemable qualifications as could consist, and in truth generally do, with tender frailties. He gives *Paris* several polite accomplishments, and in particular a turn to those sciences that are the result of a fine imagination. He makes him have a taste and addiction to *curious works* of all sorts, which caus'd him to transport *Sidonian* artists to *Troy*, and employ himself at home in adorning and finishing his armour: And now we are told that he assembled the most skilful builders from all parts of the country, to render his palace a compleat piece of *Architecture*. This, together with what *Homer* has said elsewhere of his skill in the *Harp*, which in those days included both *Musick* and *Poetry*, may I think establish him a *Bel-Esprit* and a *fine genius*.

Beside

Beside him *Helen* with her virgins stands,  
Guides their rich labours, and instructs their hands.

Him thus unactive, with an ardent look  
405 The Prince beheld, and high-resenting spoke.

Thy hate to *Troy*, is this the time to show?

(Oh wretch ill-fated, and thy country's foe!)

*Paris* and *Greece* against us both conspire,

Thy close resentment, and their vengeful ire.

410 For thee great *Ilion's* guardian heroes fall,

Till heaps of dead alone defend her wall?

\*. 406. *Thy hate to Troy, &c.*] All the commentators observe this speech of *Hector* to be a piece of artifice; he seems to imagine that the retirement of *Paris* proceeds only from his resentment against the *Trojans*, and not from his indolence, luxury, or any other cause. *Plutarch* thus discourses upon it. "As a discreet physician rather chuses to cure his patient by diet or rest, than by castoreum or scammony, so a good friend, a good master, or a good father, are always better pleas'd to make use of commendation than reproof, for the reformation of manners: For nothing so much assists a man who reprehends with frankness and liberty, nothing renders him less offensive, or better promotes his good design, than to reprove with calmness, affection, and temper. He ought not therefore to urge them too severely if they deny the fact, nor forestall their justification of themselves, but rather try to help them out, and furnish them artificially with honest and colourable pretences to excuse them; and tho' he sees that their fault proceeded from a more shameful cause, he should yet impute it to something less criminal. Thus *Hector* deals with *Paris*, when he tells him, *This is not the time to manifest your anger against the Trojans*: As if his retreat from the battle had not been absolutely a flight, but merely the effect of resentment and indignation." *Plut.* *Of knowing a flatterer from a friend.*

For

For thee the soldier bleeds, the matron mourns,  
And wastful war in all its fury burns.

Ungrateful man! deserves not this thy care,

415 Our troops to hearten, and our toils to share?

Rise, or behold the conqu'ring flames ascend,

And all the *Phrygian* glories at an end.

Brother, 'tis just (reply'd the beauteous youth)

Thy free remonstrance proves thy worth and truth:

420 Yet charge my absence less, oh gen'rous chief!

On hate to *Troy*, than conscious shame and grief:

Here, hid from human eyes, thy brother sate,

And mourn'd in secret, his, and *Ilium's* fate.

'Tis now enough: now glory spreads her charms,

425 And beauteous *Helen* calls her chief to arms.

Conquest to-day my happier sword may bless,

'Tis man's to fight, but heav'n's to give success.

¶ 418. *Brother, 'tis just, &c.*] *Paris* readily lays hold of the pretext *Hector* had furnish'd him with, and confesses he has partly touch'd upon the true reason of his retreat, but that it was also partly occasion'd by the concern he felt at the victory of his rival. Next he professes his readiness for the fight; but nothing can be a finer trait (if we consider his character) than what *Homer* puts into his mouth just in this place, that *he is now exhorted to it by Helen*: Which shews that not the danger of his country and parents, neither private shame, nor publick hatred, could so much prevail upon him, as the commands of his mistress, to go and recover his honour.

- But while I arm, contain thy ardent mind;  
 Or go, and *Paris* shall not lag behind.
- 430 He said, nor answer'd *Priam*'s warlike son;  
 When *Helen* thus with lowly grace begun.  
 Oh gen'rous brother! if the guilty dame  
 That caus'd these woes, deserves a sister's name!  
 Wou'd heav'n, e'er all these dreadful deeds were done,
- 435 The day that show'd me to the golden sun,  
 Had seen my death! Why did not whirlwinds bear  
 The fatal infant to the fowls of air?  
 Why sunk I not beneath the whelming tyde,  
 And 'midst the roarings of the waters dy'd?
- 440 Heav'n fill'd up all my ills, and I accurst  
 Bore all, and *Paris* of those ills the worst.  
*Helen* at least a braver spouse might claim,  
 Warm'd with some virtue, some regard of fame!  
 Now tir'd with toils, thy fainting limbs recline,
- 445 With toils, sustain'd for *Paris*' sake and mine:

\*. 432. *Helen's speech.*] The repentance of *Helena* (which we have before observed *Homer* never loses an opportunity of manifesting) is finely touch'd again here. Upon the whole, we see the Gods are always concern'd in what befalls an unfortunate beauty: Her stars foredoom'd all the mischief, and Heaven was to blame in suffering her to live: Then she fairly gets quit of the infamy of her lover, and shews she has higher sentiments of honour than he. How very natural is all this in the like characters to this day?

The Gods have link'd our miserable doom,  
Our present woe, and infamy to come:  
Wide shall it spread, and last thro' ages long,  
Example sad! and theme of future song.

450 The chief reply'd: This time forbids to rest:

The *Trojan* bands by hostile fury prest,  
Demand their *Hector*, and his arm require;  
The combat urges, and my soul's on fire.

Urge thou thy Knight to march where glory calls,

455 And timely join me, e'er I leave the walls.

E'er yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay;  
This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
Demands a parting word, a tender tear:

460 This day, some God who hates our *Trojan* land,

May vanquish *Hector* by a *Grecian* hand.

He said, and part with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part;

At

\*. 462. *The Episode of Hector and Andromache.*] *Homer* undoubtedly shines most upon the great subjects, in raising our admiration or terror: Pity, and the softer passions, are not so much of the nature of his Poem, which is formed upon anger and the violence of ambition. But we have cause to think his genius was no less capable of touching the heart with tenderness, than of firing it with glory, from the few sketches he has left us of his excellence in that way too. In the

At home he fought her, but he fought in vain:

465 She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retir'd; and with her second joy,  
The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.  
Pensive she stood on *Ilion's* tow'ry height,  
Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight;

There

the present Episode of the parting of *Hector* and *Andromache*, he has assembled all that love, grief, and compassion could inspire. The greatest censurers of *Homer* have acknowledg'd themselves charm'd with this part, even *Monsieur Perrault* translated it into *French* verse, as a kind of penitential sacrifice for the sacrileges he had committed against this author.

This Episode tends very much to raise the character of *Hector*, and endear him to every reader. This hero, tho' doubtful if he should ever see *Troy* again, yet goes not to his wife and child, 'till after he has taken care for the sacrifice, exhorted *Paris* to the fight, and discharg'd every duty to the Gods, and to his country; his love of which, as we formerly remark'd, makes his chief character. What a beautiful contraste has *Homer* made between the manners of *Paris* and those of *Hector*, as he here shews them one after the other in this domestick light, and in their regards to the fair sex? What a difference between the characters and behaviour of *Helen* and of *Andromache*? And what an amiable picture of conjugal love, oppos'd to that of unlawful passion?

I must not forget, that *Mr. Dryden* has formerly translated this admirable Episode, and with so much success, as to leave me at least no hopes of improving or equalling it. The utmost I can pretend is to have avoided a few modern phrases and deviations from the original, which have escaped that great man. I am unwilling to remark upon an author to whom every *English* Poet owes so much; and shall therefore only take notice of a criticism of his, which I must be obliged to answer in its place, as it is an accusation of *Homer* himself.

¶ 468. Pensive she stood on *Ilion's* tow'ry height.] It is a fine imagination to represent the tenderness of *Andromache* for *Hector*,

470 There her sad eyes in vain her Lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desir'd,  
Whose virtue charm'd him as her beauty fir'd,  
Stood in the gates, and ask'd what way she bent  
475 Her parting step? If to the fane she went,

Where late the mourning matrons made resort;  
Or sought her sisters in the *Trojan* court?  
Not to the court, (reply'd th' attendant train)  
Nor mix'd with matrons to *Minerva*'s fane:

480 To *Ilion*'s steepy tow'r she bent her way,  
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
*Troy* fled, she heard, before the *Grecian* sword;  
She heard, and trembled for her distant lord:  
Distracted with surprize, she seem'd to fly,

485 Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
The young *Astyanax*, the hope of *Troy*.

*Hector*, by her standing upon the tower of *Troy*, and watching all his motions in the field; even the religious procession to *Minerva*'s temple could not draw her from this place, at a time when she thought her husband in danger.

Y. 473. *Whose virtue charm'd him, &c.*] *Homer* in this verse particularizes the virtue of *Andromache* in the Epithet ἀμύμονα, blameless, or without a fault. I have used it literally in another part of this Episode.

- Hector*, this heard, return'd without delay;  
 Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,  
 490 Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state;  
 And met the mourner at the *Scaan* gate.  
 With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
 His blameless wife, *Aëtion's* wealthy heir:  
 (*Cilician Thebè* great *Aëtion* sway'd,  
 495 And *Hippoplacus's* wide-extended shade)  
 The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest,  
 His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
 Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
 Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.  
 500 To this lov'd infant *Hector* gave the name  
*Scamandrius*, from *Scamander's* honour'd stream;

*Asiyanax*

Y. 488. *Hector, this heard, return'd.*] *Hector* does not stay to seek his wife on the tower of *Ilion*, but hastens where the business of the field calls him. *Homer* is never wanting in point of honour and decency, and while he constantly obeys the strictest rules, finds a way to make them contribute to the beauty of his poem. Here for instance he has managed it so, that this observance of *Hector's* is the cause of a very pleasing surprize to the reader; for at first he is not a little disappointed to find that *Hector* does not meet *Andromache*, and is no less pleas'd afterwards to see them encounter by chance, which gives him a satisfaction he thought he had lost.  
*Dacier.*

Y. 501. *Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream, &c.*] This manner of giving proper names to children, derived from any place, accident, or quality belonging to them or their parents, is very ancient, and was customary among the  
*Hebrews.*

*Astyanax* the *Trojans* call'd the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of *Troy*.  
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd

505 To tender passions all his mighty mind:

His beauteous Princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;  
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

510 Too daring Prince! ah whither dost thou run?

Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son!  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!

For sure such courage length of life denies,

515 And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.

*Greece* in her single heroes strove in vain;  
Now Hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
Oh grant me, Gods! e'er *Hector* meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heav'n, an early tomb!

520 So shall my days in one sad tenor run,

And end with sorrows as they first begun.

*Hebrews.* The *Trojans* call'd the son of *Hector*, *Astyanax*, because (as it is said here and at the end of the twenty second book) *his father defended the city*. There are many instances of the same kind in the thirtieth chapter of *Genesis*, where the names given to *Jacob's* children, and the reasons of those names, are enumerated.

No parent now remains, my griefs to share,

No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our walls in fire,

525 Laid *Thebè* waste, and slew my warlike Sire!

His

Y. 524. *The fierce Achilles, &c.*] Mr. Dryden, in the preface to the third volume of *Miscellany Poems*, has past a judgment upon part of this speech, which is altogether unworthy of him. "*Andromache* (says he) in the midst of her concernment " and fright for *Hector*, runs off her bias, to tell him a story of her pedigree, and of the lamentable death of her father, her mother, and her seven brothers. The Devil was " in *Hector*, if he knew not all this matter, as well as she who told it him; for she had been his bedfellow for many " years together: And if he knew it, then it must be confessed, that *Homer* in this long digression, has rather given " us his own character, than that of the fair Lady whom he " paints. His dear friends the commentators, who never " fail him at a pinch, will needs excuse him, by making " the present sorrow of *Andromache*, to occasion the remembrance of all the past: But others think that she had enough " to do with that grief which now oppress'd her, without running for assistance to her family." But may not it be answer'd, That nothing was more natural in *Andromache*, than to recollect her past calamities, in order to represent her present distress to *Hector* in a stronger light, and shew her utter desertion if he should perish? What could more effectually work upon a generous and tender mind, like that of *Hector*? What could therefore be more proper to each of their characters? If *Hector* be induced to refrain from the field, it proceeds from compassion to *Andromache*: If *Andromache* endeavour to persuade him, it proceeds from her fear for the life of *Hector*. *Homer* had yet a farther view in this recapitulation; it tends to raise his chief hero *Achilles*, and acquaints us with those great achievements of his which preceded the opening of the Poem. Since there was a necessity that this hero should be absent from the action during a great part of the *Iliad*, the Poet has shewn his art in nothing more, than in the methods he takes from time to time to keep up our great idea

His fate compassion in the victor bred ;  
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the fun'ral pile ;

530 Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd,  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By

idea of him; and to awaken our expectation of what he is to perform in the progress of the work. His greatest enemies cannot upbraid, or complain of him, but at the same time they confess his glory, and describe his victories. When *Apollo* encourages the *Trojans* to fight, it is by telling them *Achilles* fights no more. When *Juno* animates the *Greeks*, it is by putting them in mind that they have to do with enemies who durst not appear out of their walls while *Achilles* engaged. When *Andromache* trembles for *Hector*, it is with remembrance of the resistless force of *Achilles*. And when *Agamemnon* would bribe him to a reconciliation, it is partly with those very treasures and spoils which had been won by *Achilles* himself.

Y. 528. *His arms preserv'd from hostile spoil.*] This circumstance of *Achilles*'s being burned with his arms, will not appear trivial in this relation, when we reflect with what eager passion these ancient heroes fought to spoil and carry off the armour of a vanquish'd enemy ; and therefore this action of *Achilles* is mention'd as an instance of uncommon favour and generosity. Thus *Aeneas* in *Virgil* having slain *Lausus*, and being mov'd with compassion for this unhappy youth, gives him a promise of the like favour.

*Arma, quibus lætatus, babe tuar teque parentum  
Manibus, & cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.*

Y. 532. *Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow A barren shade, &c.*] It was the custom to plant about tombs only such

By the same arm my sev'n brave brothers fell,  
 535 In one sad day beheld the gates of hell;  
 While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
 Amid their fields the hapless Heroes bled!  
 My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
 The Queen of *Hippoplacia's* sylvan lands:  
 540 Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
 Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
 When ah! oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
 She fell a victim to *Diana's* bow.

Yet while my *Hector* still survives, I see  
 545 My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee.  
 Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
 Once more will perish if my *Hector* fall.  
 Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share:  
 Oh prove a husband's and a father's care!

trees as elms, alders, &c. that bear no fruit, as being most suitable to the dead. This passage alludes to that piece of antiquity.

\* 543. *A victim to Diana's bow.*] The *Greeks* ascribed all sudden deaths of women to *Diana*. So *Ulysses*, in *Odyss.* 11. asks *Anticlia*, among the shades, if she died by the darts of *Diana*? And in the present book, *Laodame*, the daughter of *Bellerophon*, is said to have perish'd young by the arrows of this Goddess. Or perhaps it may allude to some disease fatal to women, such as *Macrobius* speaks of, *Sat.* 1. 17. *Fæminas certis afflicta morbis Σεληνοβλήτους και 'Αρσεμειδοβλήτους vocant.*

That

- 550 That quarter most the skilful *Greeks* annoy,  
Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of *Troy*:  
Thou, from this tow'r defend th' important post;  
There *Agamemnon* points his dreadful host,  
That pass *Tydidēs*, *Ajax*, strive to gain,  
555 And there the vengeful *Spartan* fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my *Hector* here, and guard his *Troy*.  
560 The Chief reply'd: That post shall be my care,  
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of *Troy*, in arms renown'd,  
And *Troy's* proud dames, whose garments sweep the  
Attaint the lustre of my former name, [ground,  
565 Should *Hector* basely quit the field of fame?

ŷ. 550. *That quarter most*———*Where yon' wild fig-trees.*] The artifice *Andromache* here uses to detain *Hector* in *Troy*, is very beautifully imagined. She takes occasion from the three attacks that had been made by the enemy upon this place, to give him an honourable pretence for staying at that rampart to defend it. If we consider that those attempts must have been known to all in the city, we shall not think she talks like a soldier, but like a woman, who naturally enough makes use of any incident that offers, to persuade her lover to what she desires. The ignorance too which she expresses, of the reasons that mov'd the *Greeks* to attack this particular place, was what I doubt not *Homer* intended, to reconcile it the more to a female character.

My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
 My soul impels me to th' embattel'd plains:  
 Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
 And guard my father's glories, and my own.

570 Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates;  
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)  
 The day when thou, imperial *Troy*! must bend,  
 And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind;  
 575 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
 Not *Priam*'s hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
 As thine, *Andromache*! thy griefs I dread;  
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!

580 In *Argive* looms our battels to design,  
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine!  
 To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
 The weight of waters from *Hyperia*'s spring.

\* 583. *Hyperia's spring.*] Drawing water was the office of the meanest slaves. This appears by the holy scripture, where the *Gibeonites* who had deceiv'd *Joshua* are made slaves, and subjected to draw water. *Joshua* pronounces the curse against them in these words: *Now therefore ye are cursed, and there shall none of you be freed from being bondmen, and drawers of wood, and drawers of water: Josh. ch. 9. v. 23. Dacier.*

There,

There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
 585 They cry, Behold the mighty *Hector's* wife!  
 Some haughty *Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,  
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame;  
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!  
 590 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!  
 Thy *Hector*, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.  
 Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of *Troy*,  
 595 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The

¶ 595. *Stretch'd his fond arms.*] There never was a finer piece of painting than this. *Hector* extends his arms to embrace his child; the child affrighted at the glittering of his helmet and the shaking of the plume, shrinks backward to the breast of his nurse; *Hector* unbraces his helmet, lays it on the ground; takes the infant in his arms, lifts him towards heaven, and offers a prayer for him to the Gods; then returns him to the mother *Andromache*, who receives him with a smile of pleasure, but at the same instant the fears for her husband make her burst into tears. All these are but small circumstances, but so artfully chosen, that every reader immediately feels the force of them, and represents the whole in the utmost liveliness to his imagination. This alone might be a confutation of that false criticism some have fallen into, who affirm that a Poet ought only to collect the great and noble particulars in his paintings. But it is in the images of things as in the characters of persons; where a small action, or even a small circumstance of an action, lets us more into the knowledge and comprehension of them, than the material

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
 Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
 And *Hector* hasted to relieve his child,  
 600 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,  
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,  
 Thus to the Gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.  
 O thou! whose glory fills th' æthereal throne,  
 605 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!

Grant

rial and principal parts themselves. As we find this in a history, so we do in a picture, where sometimes a small motion or turn of a finger will express the character and action of the figure more than all the other parts of the design. *Longinus* indeed blames an author's insisting too much on trivial circumstances; but in the same place extols *Homer* as "the Poet who best knew how to make use of important and beautiful circumstances, and to avoid the mean and superfluous ones." There is a vast difference betwixt a small circumstance and a trivial one, and the smallest become important if they are well chosen, and not confused.

\*. 604. *Hector's prayer for his son.*] It may be ask'd how *Hector's* prayer, that his son might protect the *Trojans*, could be consistent with what he had said just before, that he certainly knew *Troy* and his parents would perish. We ought to reflect that this is only a prayer: *Hector* in the excess of a tender emotion for his son, entreats the Gods to preserve *Troy*, and permit *Astyanax* to rule there. It is at all times allowable to beseech heaven to appease its anger, and change its decrees; and we are taught that prayers can alter destiny, *Dacier*. Besides, it cannot be inferred from hence, that *Hector* had any divine foreknowledge of his own fate, and the approaching ruin of his country; since in many following passages

Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the *Hector* of the future age!

So when triumphant from successful toils,  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame:

passages we find him possess'd with strong hopes and firm assurances to raise the siege, by the flight or destruction of the *Greeks*. So that these forebodings of his fate were only the apprehensions and misgivings of a soul dejected with sorrow and compassion, by considering the great dangers to which he saw all that was dear to him expos'd.

§. 613. *Transcends his father's fame.*] The commendation *Hector* here gives himself, is not only agreeable to the openness of a brave man, but very becoming on such a solemn occasion; and a natural effect from the testimony of his own heart to his honour; at this time especially, when he knew not but he was speaking his last words. *Virgil* has not scrupled it, in what he makes *Aeneas* say to *Ascanius* at his parting for the battel.

*Et pater Aeneas & avunculus excitet Hector.  
Disce puer virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,  
Fortunam ex aliis.* —

*Æn.* 12.

I believe he had this of *Homer* in his eye, tho' the pathetical mention of *Fortune* in the last line seems an imitation of that prayer of *Sophocles*, copied also from hence, where *Ajax* wishes his son may be like him in all things but in his misfortunes,

While

- While pleas'd amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,  
 615 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.  
 He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
 Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;  
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
 620 The troubled pleasure soon chastis'd by fear,  
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

*Andromache* ! my soul's far better part,

- 625 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?  
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,  
 And such the hard condition of our birth:

No

¶. 615. *His mother's conscious heart.*] Tho' the chief beauty of this prayer consists in the paternal piety shewn by *Hector*, yet it wants not a fine stroke at the end, to continue him in the character of a tender lover of his wife, when he makes one of the motives of his wish, to be the joy she shall receive on hearing her son applauded:

¶. 628 *Fix'd is the term.*] The reason which *Hector* here urges to allay the affliction of his wife, is grounded on a very ancient and common opinion, that the fatal period of life is appointed to all men at the time of their birth; which as no precaution can avoid, so no danger can hasten. This sentiment is as proper to give comfort to the distress'd, as to inspire

No force can then resist, no flight can save,

All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,

There guide the spindle, and direct the loom:

Me glory summons to the martial scene,

The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,

The first in danger as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes

His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.

His princess parts with a prophetick sigh,

Unwilling parts, and oft' reverts her eye

That stream'd at every look: then moving slow,

Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,

Thro' all her train the soft infection ran,

The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,

And mourn the living *Hector*, as the dead.

But now, no longer deaf to honour's call,

Forth issues *Paris* from the palace wall.

In

spire courage to the desponding; since nothing is so fit to quiet and strengthen our minds in times of difficulty, as a firm assurance that our lives are expos'd to no real hazards, in the greatest appearances of danger.

x. 649. *Forth issues Paris.*] *Paris* stung by the reproaches of *Hector*,

650 In brazen arms that cast a gleamy ray,  
 Swift thro' the town the warrior bends his way.  
 The wanton courser thus, with reins unbound,  
 Breaks from his stall, and beats the trembling ground;  
Pamper'd

*Hector*, goes to the battel. 'Tis a just remark of *Eusebius*, that all the reproofs and remonstrances in *Homer* have constantly their effect. The Poet by this shews the great use of reprehensions when properly apply'd, and finely intimates that every worthy mind will be the better for them.

ψ. 652. *The wanton courser thus, &c.*] This beautiful comparison being translated by *Virgil* in the eleventh *Æneid*; I shall transcribe the originals, that the reader may have the pleasure of comparing them.

Ὡς δ' ὅτε τις ζατὸς ἵππος ἀκομήσας ἐπὶ φάτνῃ,  
 Δισμὸν ἀπερρήξας θείας πεδίοιο κροαίνων,  
 Εἰωθὸς λῆσθαι ἐυβρεῖος πόλ' αμείω,  
 Κυδιόων, ὃψ' δὲ κάρη ἔχει, ἀμφὶ δὲ χαῖται  
 Ὀμοῖς αἰσσονται. ὃ δ' ἀγλαΐῃφι πεποιθὸς,  
 Ῥίμφα ἐγὼνα φέρει μετὰ τ' ἤθεα καὶ νομὸν ἵππων.

*Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præsepia vinculis  
 Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,  
 Aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum:  
 Aut assuetus aquæ perfundi flumine noto  
 Emicat, arrexisque emicat cervicibus altè  
 Luxurians; luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.*

Tho' nothing can be translated better than this is by *Virgil*, yet in *Homer* the simile seems more perfect, and the place more proper. *Paris* had been indulging his ease within the walls of his palace, as the horse in his stable, which was not the case of *Turnus*. The beauty and wantonness of the steed agrees more exactly with the character of *Paris* than with the other: And the insinuation of his love of the mares has yet a nearer resemblance. The languishing flow of that verse,

*Εἰωθὸς*

Pamper'd and proud, he seeks the wonted tides,  
 And laves, in height of blood, his shining sides;  
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;  
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;  
 He snuffs the females in the distant plain,  
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again.  
 With equal triumph, sprightly, bold and gay,  
 In arms refulgent as the God of day,  
 The son of *Priam*, glorying in his might,  
 Rush'd forth with *Hector* to the fields of fight.

And now the warriors passing on the way,  
 The graceful *Paris* first excus'd his stay.

To

Εὐθὺς ἀγεσθαι ὑπὲρτος πόλμοιο,

finely corresponds with the ease and luxuriancy of the pamper'd courser bathing in the flood; a beauty which *Scaliger* did not consider, when he criticis'd particularly upon that line. *Tasso* has also imitated this simile, *cant.* 9.

Come destrier, che da la regie stalle  
 Ove a l'uso de l'arme s'è reherba,  
 Fugge, e libero alfin per largo calle  
 Và trà gl'armenti, ò al fiume usato, ò a l'erba;  
 Scherzau sù 'l collo i crini, e sù le spatte,  
 Si scote la service alta, e superba;  
 Suonano i piè nel corso, e par, ch'auvampi,  
 Di sonori nitriti empiendo i campi.

¶ 665. *Paris excus'd his stay.*] Here, in the original, is a short speech of *Paris* containing only these words; *Brother, I have detained you too long, and should have come sooner as you desired me,*

To whom the noble *Hector* thus reply'd:  
 O Chief! in blood, and now in arms, ally'd!  
 Thy pow'r in war with justice none contest;  
 Known is thy courage, and thy strength confest.

- 670 What pity, sloth should seize a soul so brave,  
 Or godlike *Paris* live a woman's slave!  
 My heart weeps blood at what the *Trojans* say,  
 And hopes, thy deeds shall wipe the stain away.  
 Haste then, in all their glorious labours share;  
 675 For much they suffer, for thy sake, in war.  
 These ills shall cease, whene'er by *Jove's* decree  
 We crown the bowl to *Heav'n* and *Liberty*:

While

*me.* This, and some few others of the same nature in the *Iliad*, the translator has ventured to omit, expressing only the sense of them. A living author (whom future times will quote, and therefore I shall not scruple to do it) says that these short speeches, tho' they may be natural in other languages, can't appear so well in ours, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course.

§. 669. *Known is thy courage, &c.*] *Hector* here confesses the natural valour of *Paris*, but observes it to be overcome by the indolence of his temper and the love of pleasure. An ingenious *French* writer very well remarks, that the true character of this hero has a great resemblance with that of *Marc Anthony*. See the notes on the third book, §. 37, and 86.

§. 677. *We crown the bowl to heav'n and liberty.*] The Greek is, κρητὴρα ἐλευθερίαν, the free bowl, in which they made libations to *Jupiter* after the recovery of their liberty. The expression

While the proud foe his frustrate triumphs mourns,  
And Greece indignant thro' her seas returns.

pression is observed by M. Dacier to resemble those of the Hebrews; *The cup of salvation, the cup of sorrow, the cup of benediction, &c.* *Athenæus* mentions those cups which the Greeks call'd γραμματικὰ ἱκτωρῶνα, and were consecrated to the Gods in memory of some success. He gives us the inscription of one of this sort, which was, ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ.



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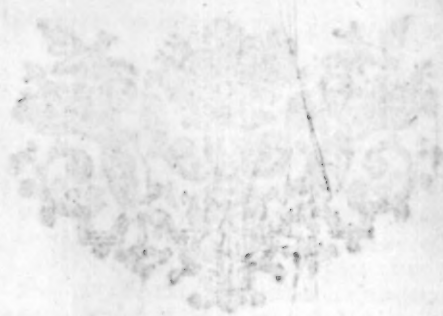
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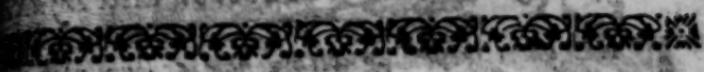


Hector, being return'd to his Camp, enters into single Combat with Ajax, after having defeated the most valiant of the Greeks. They are interrupted by the Greeks who part them.

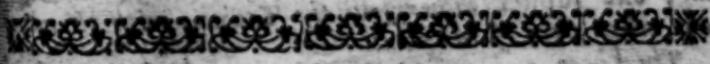
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THE  
SEVENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILLIAD.



## The A R G U M E N T.

### The single combate of *Hector* and *Ajax*.

**T**HE battel renewing with double ardour upon the return of Hector, Minerva is under apprehensions for the Greeks. Apollo seeing her descend from Olympus, joins her near the Scæan gate. They agree to put off the general engagement for that day, and incite Hector to challenge the Greeks to a single combate. Nine of the Princes accepting the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several attacks, are parted by the night. The Trojans calling a council, Antenor proposes the delivery of Helen to the Greeks, to which Paris will not consent, but offers to restore them her riches. Priam sends a herald to make this offer, and to demand a truce for burning the dead, the last of which only is agreed to by Agamemnon. When the funerals are performed, the Greeks, pursuant to the advice of Nestor, erect a fortification to protect their fleet and camp, flank'd with towers, and defended by a ditch and palisades. Neptune testifies his jealousy at this work, but is pacified by a promise from Jupiter. Both armies pass the night in feasting, but Jupiter disheartens the Trojans with thunder, and other signs of his wrath.

The three and twentieth day ends with the duel of Hector and Ajax: The next day the truce is agreed: Another is taken up in the funeral rites of the slain; and one more in building the fortification before the ships: So that somewhat above three days is employed in this book. The scene lies wholly in the field.

T H E



THE  
SEVENTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILIAD.

**S**O spoke the guardian of the *Trojan* state,  
Then rush'd impetuous thro' the *Scaan* gate.  
Him *Paris* follow'd to the dire alarms ;  
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.

§. 2. *Thro' the Scaan gate.*] This gate is not here particularized by *Homer*, but it appears by the 491st verse of the sixth book that it could be no other. *Eustathius* takes notice of the difference of the words *ἰξίσουρο* and *νίς*, the one apply'd to *Hector*, the other to *Paris* : by which the motion of the former is described as an impetuous fallying forth, agreeable to the violence of a warrior ; and that of the latter as a calmer movement, correspondent to the gentler character of a lover. But perhaps this remark is too refined, since *Homer* plainly gives *Paris* a character of bravery in what immediately precedes and follows this verse.

- 5 As when to sailors lab'ring thro' the main,  
 That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,  
*Jove* bids at length th' expected gales arise;  
 The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:  
 So welcome these to *Troy's* desiring train ;
- 10 The bands are chear'd, the war awakes again.  
 Bold *Paris* first the work of death begun,  
 On great *Menestheus*, *Areithous'* son ;  
 Sprung from the fair *Philomeda's* embrace,  
 The pleasing *Arne* was his native place.
- 15 Then sunk *Eioneus* to the shades below,  
 Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow  
 Full on his neck, from *Hector's* weighty hand ;  
 And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.  
 By *Glaucus'* spear the bold *Iphinous* bleeds,
- 20 Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;  
 Headlong he tumbles : His slack nerves unbound  
 Drop the cold, useless members on the ground.

y. 5. *As when to sailors, &c.* ] This simile makes it plain that the battel had relax'd during the absence of *Hector* in *Troy* ; and consequently that the conversation of *Diomed* and *Glaucus* in the former book, was not (as *Homer's* censurers would have it) in the heat of the engagement.

When

When now *Minerva* saw her *Argives* slain,  
 From vast *Olympus* to the gleaming plain  
 25 Fierce she descends: *Apollo* mark'd her flight,  
 Nor shot less swift from *Ilion's* tow'ry height:  
 Radiant they met, beneath the Beechen shade;  
 When thus *Apollo* to the blue-ey'd maid.

What cause, O daughter of almighty *Jove*!  
 30 Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?  
 Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,  
 To give to *Greece* the long-divided day?

γ. 23. *When now Minerva, &c.*] This machine of the two Deities meeting to part the two armies is very noble. *Eustathius* tells us it is an allegorical *Minerva* and *Apollo*: *Minerva* represents the prudent valour of the *Greeks*, and *Apollo* who stood for the *Trojans*, the power of destiny: So that the meaning of the allegory may be, that the valour and wisdom of the *Greeks* had now conquer'd *Troy*, had not *Destiny* withstood. *Minerva* therefore complies with *Apollo*, an intimation that wisdom can never oppose fate. But if you take them in the literal sense as a real God and Goddess, it may be ask'd what necessity there was for the introduction of two such Deities? To this *Eustathius* answers, that the last book was the only one in which both armies were destitute of the aid of the Gods: In consequence of which there is no gallant action achiev'd, nothing extraordinary done, especially after the retreat of *Hector*; but here the Gods are again introduced to usher in a new scene of great actions. The same author offers this other solution: *Hector* finding the *Trojan* army overpower'd, considers how to stop the fury of the present battel; this he thinks may best be done by the proposal of a single combat: Thus *Minerva* by a very easy and natural fiction may signify that wisdom or courage, (she being the Goddess of both) which suggests the necessity of diverting the war: and *Apollo* that seasonable stratagem by which he effected it.

Too much has *Troy* already felt thy hate,  
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:

- 35 This day, the business of the field suspend;  
War soon shall kindle, and great *Ilion* bend;  
Since vengeful Goddesses confed'rate join  
To raze her walls, tho' built by hands divine.

To whom the progeny of *Jove* replies.

- 40 I left for this the council of the skies:  
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,  
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?  
To her the God: Great *Hector's* soul incite  
To dare the boldest *Greek* to single fight,  
45 Till *Greece*, provok'd, from all her numbers show  
A warrior worthy to be *Hector's* foe.

At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew;  
Sage *Helenus* their secret counsels knew:

γ. 37. *Vengeful Goddesses.*] 'Τυῖν ἀθανάτων in this place must signify *Minerva* and *Juno*, the word being of the feminine gender. *Eustathius*.

γ. 48. *Sage Helenus their sacred counsels knew.* *Helenus* was the Priest of *Apollo*, and might therefore be suppos'd to be informed of this by his God, or taught by an oracle that such was his will. Or else being an *Augur*, he might learn it from the flight of those birds, into which the Deities are here feigned to transform themselves, (perhaps for that reason, as it would be a very poetical manner of expressing it.) The fiction of these Divinities sitting on the beech-tree in the shape of *Vulturs*, is imitated by *Milton* in the fourth book of *Paradise lost*, where *Satan* leaping over the boundaries of *Eden*, sits in the form of a cormorant upon the tree of life.

*Hector*

*Hector* inspir'd he sought: To him address,

50 Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast.

O son of *Priam* ! let thy faithful ear

Receive my words ; thy friend and brother hear !

Go forth persuasive, and a while engage

The warring nations to suspend their rage ;

55 Then dare the boldest of the hostile train

To mortal combat on the list'd plain,

For not this day shall end thy glorious date ;

The Gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.

He said: The warrior heard the word with joy ;

60 Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of *Troy*,

\*. 57. *For not this day shall end thy glorious date.*] *Eustatbius* justly observes, that *Homer* here takes from the greatness of *Hector*'s intrepidity, by making him foreknow that he should not fall in this combat ; whereas *Ajax* encounters him without any such encouragement. It may perhaps be difficult to give a reason for this management of the Poet, unless we ascribe it to that commendable prejudice, and honourable partiality he bears his countrymen, which makes him give a superiority of courage to the heroes of his own nation.

\*. 60. *Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy, Held by the midst atwart.*] — The remark of *Eustatbius* here is observable: He tells us, that the warriors of those times (having no trumpets, and because the voice of the loudest herald would be drown'd in the noise of a battel) address'd themselves to the eyes, and that grasping the middle of the spear denoted a request that the fight might a while be suspended, the holding the spear in that position not being the posture of a warrior ; and thus *Agamemnon* understands it without any farther explication. But however it be, we have a lively picture of a General who stretches his spear across, and presses back the most advanced soldiers of his army.

Held by the midst athwart. On either hand  
 The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand.  
 Great *Agamemnon* bids the *Greeks* forbear;  
 They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.

65 Th' *Athenian* Maid, and glorious God of day,  
 With silent joy the settling hosts survey:  
 In form like vulturs on the beech's height  
 They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.

The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,  
 70 Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.

As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,  
 (Soft *Zephyr* curling the wide wat'ry plain)  
 The waves scarce heave, the face of Ocean sleeps,  
 And a still horror saddens all the deeps:

§. 71. *As when a gen'ral darkness, &c.*] The thick ranks of the troops composing themselves, in order to sit and hear what *Hector* was about to propose, are compared to the waves of the sea just stirr'd by the *West* wind; the simile partly consisting in the *darkness* and *stillness*. This is plainly different from those images of the sea, given us on other occasions, where the armies in their engagement and confusion are compared to the waves in their *agitation* and *tumult*: And that the contrary is the drift of this simile appears particularly from *Homer's* using the word *ἥϊατο*, *sedebant*, twice in the application of it. All the other versions seem to be mistaken here: What caused the difficulty was the expression *ἐπ' αὐμύενοιο வீον*, which may signify the *West* wind blowing on a sudden, as well as *first rising*. But the design of *Homer* was to convey an image both of the gentle motion that arose over the field from the helmets and spears before their armies were quite settled; and of the repose and awe which ensued, when *Hector* began to speak.

Thus

75 Thus in thick orders settling wide around,  
At length compos'd they sit, and shade the ground.  
Great *Hector* first amidst both armies broke  
The solemn silence, and their pow'rs bespoke.

Hear all ye *Trojan*, all ye *Grecian* bands,  
80 What my soul prompts, and what some God commands.  
Great *Jove*, averse our warfare to compose,  
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes ;

γ. 79. *Hear all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands.*] The appearance of *Hector*, his formal challenge, and the affright of the *Greeks* upon it, have a near resemblance to the description of the challenge of *Goliath* in the first book of *Samuel*, ch. 17. *And he stood and cried to the Armies of Israel!—Chuse you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants : but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants—When Saul and all Israel heard the words of the Philistine, they were dismayed, and greatly afraid, &c.*

There is a fine air of gallantry and bravery in this challenge of *Hector*. If he seems to speak too vainly, we should consider him under the character of a challenger, whose business it is to defy the enemy. Yet at the same time we find a decent modesty in his manner of expressing the conditions of the combat : He says simply, *If my enemy kills me ; but of himself, If Apollo grant me victory.* It was an imagination equally agreeable to a man of generosity, and a lover of glory, to mention the monument to be erected over his vanquish'd enemy ; tho' we see he considers it not so much an honour paid to the conquer'd, as a trophy to the conqueror. It was natural too to dwell most upon the thought that pleas'd him best ; for he takes no notice of any monument that should be rais'd over himself, if he should fall unfortunately. He no sooner allows himself to expatiate, but the prospect of glory carries him away thus far beyond his first intention, which was only to allow the enemy to interr their champion with decency.

War with a fiercer tide once more returns,

Till *Ilion* falls, or till yon' navy burns.

85 You then, O Princes of the *Greeks*! appear;

'Tis *Hector* speaks, and calls the Gods to hear:

From all your troops select the boldest knight,

And him, the boldest, *Hector* dares to Fight.

Here if I fall, by chance of battel slain,

90 Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;

But let my body, to my friends return'd,

By *Trojan* hands and *Trojan* flames be burn'd.

And if *Apollo*, in whose aid I trust,

Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;

95 If mine the glory to despoil the foe;

On *Phæbus*' temple I'll his arms bestow;

The breathless carcase to your navy sent,

*Greece* on the shore shall raise a monument;

Which

y. 96. On *Phæbus*' temple I'll his arms bestow.] It was the manner of the ancients to dedicate trophies of this kind to the temples of the Gods. The particular reason for consecrating the arms in this place to *Apollo*, is not only as he was the constant protector of *Troy*, but as this thought of the challenge was inspired by him.

y. 98. *Greece* on the shore shall raise a monument.] Homer took the hint of this from several tombs of the ancient heroes who had fought at *Troy*, remaining in his time upon the shore of the *Hellepont*. He gives that sea the epithet *broad*, to distinguish the particular place of those tombs, which was on the *Rhætan* or *Sigæan* coast, where the *Hellepont* (which in other parts is narrow) opens itself to the *Ægean* sea. *Strabb* gives an account of the monument of *Ajax* near *Rhætum*, and of *Achilles* at the promon-

Which when some future mariner surveys,  
 100 Wash'd by broad *Hellepont's* resounding seas,  
 Thus shall he say, " A valiant *Greek* lies there,  
 " By *Hector* slain, the mighty man of war."  
 The stone shall tell your vanquish'd hero's name,  
 And distant ages learn the victor's fame.  
 105 This fierce defiance *Greece* astonish'd heard,  
 Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.  
 Stern *Menelaus* first the silence broke,  
 And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.

promontory of *Sigeum*. This is one among a thousand proofs of our Author's exact knowledge in Geography and Antiquities. Time (says *Eustatbius*) has destroy'd those tombs which were to have preserv'd *Hector's* glory, but *Homer's* poetry more lasting than monuments, and proof against ages, will for ever support and convey it to the latest posterity.

§. 105. *Greece astonish'd heard.*] It seems natural to enquire, why the *Greeks*, before they accepted *Hector's* challenge, did not demand reparation for the former treachery of *Pandarus*, and insist upon delivering up the author of it ; which had been the shortest way for the *Trojans* to have wipe'd off that stain : It was very reasonable for the *Greeks* to reply to this challenge, that they could not venture a second single combat, for fear of such another insidious attempt upon their champion. And indeed I wonder that *Nestor* did not think of this excuse for his countrymen, when they were so backward to engage. One may make some sort of answer to this, if we consider the clearness of *Hector's* character ; and his words at the beginning of the foregoing speech, where he first complains of the revival of the war as a misfortune common to them both, (which is at once very artful and decent) and lays the blame of it upon *Jupiter*. Tho', by the way, his charging the *Trojan* breach of faith upon the Deity, looks a little like the reasoning of some modern saints in the doctrine of absolute reprobation, making God the author of sin, and may serve for some instance of the antiquity of that false tenet.

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*Women of Greece!* Oh scandal of your race,  
 110 Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace.  
 How great the shame, when every age shall know  
 That not a *Grecian* met this noble foe!  
 Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,  
 A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!  
 115 Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!  
 My self will dare the danger of the day.  
 'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,  
 But in the hands of God is Victory.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour press,  
 120 His manly limbs in azure arms he dress:  
 That day, *Atrides!* a superior hand  
 Had stretch'd thee breathless on the hostile strand;  
 But all at once, thy fury to compose,  
 The Kings of *Greece*, an awful band, arose:  
 125 Ev'n he their Chief, great *Agamemnon*, press'd  
 Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.

§. 109. *Women of Greece!* &c.] There is a great deal of fire in this speech of *Menelaus*, which very well agrees with his character and circumstances. Methinks while he speaks one sees him in a posture of emotion, pointing with contempt at the commanders about him. He upbraids their cowardice, and wishes they may become (according to the literal words) *earth and water*: that is, be resolved into those principles they sprung from, or die. Thus *Eustathius* explains it very exactly from a verse he cites of *Zenophanes*.

Πάντες γὰρ γαίης καὶ ὕδατος ἐκγεγόμεθα.

Whither,

Whither, O *Menelaus* ! wouldst thou run,  
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun ?  
Griev'd tho' thou art, forbear the rash design ;

130 Great *Hector's* arm is mightier far than thine.

Ev'n fierce *Achilles* learn'd its force to fear,  
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.  
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band ;  
Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.

135 The mightiest warrior of th' *Achaian* name,  
Tho' bold, and burning with desire of fame,

Content,

†. 131. *Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd his force to fear.*] The Poet every where takes occasion to set the brotherly love of *Agamemnon* toward *Menelaus* in the most agreeable light : When *Menelaus* is wounded, *Agamemnon* is more concern'd than he ; and here dissuades him from a danger, which he offers immediately after to undertake himself. He makes use of *Hector's* superior courage to bring him to a compliance ; and tells him that even *Achilles* dares not engage with *Hector*. This (says *Eustathius*) is not true, but only the affection for his brother thus breaks out into a kind extravagance. *Agamemnon* likewise consults the honour of *Menelaus*, for it will be no disgrace to him to decline encountering a man whom *Achilles* himself is afraid of. Thus he artfully provides for his safety and honour at the same time.

†. 135. *The mightiest warrior, &c.*] It cannot with certainty be concluded from the words of *Homer*, who is the person to whom *Agamemnon* applies the last lines of this speech : the interpreters leave it as undetermin'd in their translations as it is in the original. Some would have it understood of *Hector*, that the *Greeks* would send such an antagonist against him, from whose hands *Hector* might be glad to escape. But this interpretation seems contrary to the plain design of *Agamemnon's* discourse, which only aims to deter his brother from

Content, the doubtful honour might forego,  
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.

He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind ;  
140 He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd,  
No longer bent to rush on certain harms ;  
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.

He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,  
Grave *Nestor*, then, in graceful act arose.

145 Thus to the Kings he spoke. What grief, what shame  
Attend on *Greece*, and all the *Grecian* name?

How

so rash an undertaking as engaging with *Hector*. - So that instead of dropping any expression which might depreciate the power or courage of this hero, he endeavours rather to represent him as the most formidable of men, and dreadful even to *Achilles*. This passage therefore will be most consistent with *Agamemnon's* design, if it be consider'd as an argument offer'd to *Menelaus*, at once to dissuade him from the engagement, and to comfort him under the appearance of so great a disgrace as refusing the challenge ; by telling him that any warrior, how bold and intrepid soever, might be content to sit still and rejoice that he is not expos'd to so hazardous an engagement. The words αἴκε Φύγῃσι Διὶς ἐν πολέμοιο, signify not to escape out of the combat (as the translators take it) but to avoid entering into it.

The phrase of γόνυ κάμψαι, which is literally to bend the knee, means (according to *Eustatbius*) to rest, to sit down καθίσθηναι, and is used so by *Æschylus* in *Prometheus*. Those interpreters were greatly mistaken who imagin'd it signify'd to kneel down, to thank the Gods for escaping from such a combat ; whereas the custom of kneeling in prayer (as we before observ'd) was not in use among these nations.

\*. 145. *The speech of Nestor.*] This speech, if we consider the occasion of it, could be made by no person but *Nestor*.

No

How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn  
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?  
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,

150 Oh *Peleus*, old in arms, in wisdom old!

Once with what joy the gen'rous Prince would hear  
Of ev'ry chief who fought this glorious war,  
Participate their fame, and pleas'd enquire  
Each name, each action, and each hero's fire?

155 Gods! should he see our warriors trembling stand,  
And trembling all before one hostile hand;

How

No young warrior could with decency exhort others to undertake a combat which he himself declin'd. Nothing could be more in his character than to represent to the *Greeks* how much they would suffer in the opinion of another old man like himself. In naming *Peleus* he sets before their eyes the expectations of all their fathers, and the shame that must afflict them in their old age, if their sons behaved themselves unworthily. The account he gives of the conversations he had formerly held with that King, and his jealousy for the glory of *Greece*, is a very natural picture of the warm dialogues of two old warriors upon the commencement of a new war. Upon the whole, *Nestor* never more displays his oratory than in this place: You see him rising with a sigh, expressing a pathetick sorrow, and wishing again for his youth, that he might wipe away this disgrace from his country. The humour of story-telling, so natural to old men, is almost always mark'd by *Homer* in the speeches of *Nestor*: The apprehension that their age makes them contemptible, puts them upon repeating the brave deeds of their youth. *Plutarch* justifies the praises *Nestor* here gives himself, and the vaunts of his valour, which on this occasion were only exhortations to those he address'd them to: By these he restores courage to the *Greeks*, who were astonish'd at the bold challenge of *Hector*, and causes nine of the  
Princes

How would he lift his aged arms on high,

Lament inglorious *Greece*, and beg to die!

Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,

160 *Minerva*, *Phœbus*, and almighty *Jove*!

Years might again roll back, my youth renew,

And give this arm the spring which once it knew:

When fierce in war, where *Jardan's* waters fall

I led my troops to *Phea's* trembling wall,

165 And with th' *Arcadian* spears my prowess try'd,

Where *Celadon* rolls down his rapid tide.

Princes to rise and accept it. If any man had a right to commend himself, it was this venerable prince, who in relating his own actions did no more than propose examples of virtue to the young. *Virgil*, without any such softning qualification, makes his hero say of himself,

*Sum pius Æneas, famâ super æthera notus.*

And comfort a dying warrior with these words,

*Ænea magni dextrâ cadis.*

The same author also imitates the wish of *Nestor* for a return of his youth, where *Evander* cries out,

*O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos!*

*Qualis eram, cum primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ*

*Strawi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos,*

*Et regem hâc Herilum dextrâ sub Tartara misi.*

As for the narration of the *Arcadian* war introduced here, it is a part of the true history of those times, as we are inform'd by *Pausanias*,

There

There *Ereuthalion* brav'd us in the field,  
 Proud, *Areithous'* dreadful arms to wield;  
 Great *Areithous*, known from shore to shore  
 70 By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;  
 No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,  
 But broke, with this, the battel of the foe.  
 Him not by manly force *Lycurgus* slew,  
 Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,  
 75 Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,  
 Nor ought the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd:  
 Supine he fell: those arms which *Mars* before  
 Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:  
 But when old age had dimm'd *Lycurgus'* eyes,  
 80 To *Ereuthalion* he consign'd the prize.  
 Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,  
 And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;  
 Nor cou'd the strongest hands his fury stay;  
 All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.  
 85 'Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,  
 And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.

†. 177. *Those arms which Mars before Had giv'n.*] *Homer* has the peculiar happiness of being able to raise the obscurest circumstance into the strongest point of light. *Areithous* had taken these arms in battel, and this gives occasion to our Author to say, they were the present of *Mars*. *Eusebius*.

I fought the chief: my arms *Minerva* crown'd:

Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground.

What then he was, Oh were your *Nestor* now!

190 Not *Hector*'s self should want an equal foe.

But warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,

The flow'r of *Greece*, th' examples of our host,

Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,

Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?

195 His warm reproofs the list'ning Kings inflame;

And nine, the noblest of the *Grecian* name,

Up-started fierce: But far before the rest

The King of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:

§. 188. *Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.*] *Nestor*'s insisting upon this circumstance of the fall of *Ereubalion*, which paints his vast body lying extended on the earth, has a particular beauty in it, and recalls into the old man's mind the joy he felt on the sight of his enemy after he was slain. These are the fine and natural strokes that give life to the descriptions of poetry.

§. 196. *And nine, the noblest, &c.*] In this catalogue of the nine warriors, who offer themselves as champions for *Greece*, one may take notice of the first and the last who rises up. *Agamemnon* advanced foremost, as it best became the General, and *Ulysses* with his usual caution took time to deliberate till seven more had offer'd themselves. *Homer* gives a great encomium of the eloquence of *Nestor*, in making it produce so sudden an effect; especially when *Agamemnon*, who did not proffer himself before, even to save his brother, is now the first that steps forth: One would fancy this particular circumstance was contrived to shew, that eloquence has a greater power than even nature itself.

Then

Then bold *Tydidēs*, great in arms, appear'd ;  
 And next his bulk gigantic *Ajax* rear'd :  
*Oileus* follow'd ; *Idomen* was there,  
 And *Merion*, dreadful as the God of war :  
 With these *Eurypylus* and *Thoas* stand,  
 And wise *Ulysses* clos'd the daring band.  
 All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,  
 Demand the fight. To whom the *Pylian* sage :  
 Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide,  
 What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.  
 Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise  
 His country's fame, his own immortal praise.

†. 208. *Let the lots decide.*] This was a very prudent piece of conduct in *Nestor* : he does not chuse any of these nine himself, but leaves the determination entirely to chance. Had he named the hero, the rest might have been griev'd to have seen another prefer'd before them ; and he well knew that the lot could not fall upon a wrong person, where all were valiant. *Eustatbius*.

†. 209. *Whom heav'n shall chuse, be his the chance to raise*

*His country's fame, his own immortal praise.*]

The original of this passage is somewhat confused ; the interpreters render it thus : " Cast the lots, and he who shall be chosen, if he escapes from this dangerous combat, will do an eminent service to the *Greeks*, and also have cause to be greatly satisfied himself." But the sense will appear more distinct and rational, if the words ἄτος and αὐτὸς be not understood of the same person : and the meaning of *Nestor* will then be, " He who is chosen for the engagement by the lot, will do his country great service ; and he likewise who is not, will have reason to rejoice for escaping so dangerous a combat." The expression αἶψα Φύγησι Διὶς ἐκ πολέμοιο, is the same *Homer* uses in †. 118, 119, of this book, which we explain'd in the same sense in the note on †. 135.

The

The lots produc'd, each Hero signs his own;  
 Then in the Gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.  
 The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,  
 And vows like these ascend from all the bands.  
 215 Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,  
 A worthy champion for the *Grecian* state.  
 This task let *Ajax* and *Tydidēs* prove,  
 Or he, the King of Kings, belov'd by *Jove*.  
 Old *Nestor* shook the casque. By heav'n inspir'd,  
 220 Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry *Greek* desir'd.  
 This from the right to left the herald bears,  
 Held out in order to the *Grecian* peers;  
 Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,  
 Till Godlike *Ajax* finds the lot his own;

Y. 213. *The people pray.*] *Homer*, who supposes every thing on earth to proceed from the immediate disposition of heaven, allows not even the lots to come up by chance, but places them in the hands of God. The people pray to him for the disposal of them, and beg that *Ajax*, *Diomed*, or *Agamemnon* may be the person. In which the Poet seems to make the army give his own sentiments, concerning the preference of valour in his heroes, to avoid an odious comparison in downright terms, which might have been inconsistent with his design of complementing the *Grecian* families. They afterwards offer up their prayers again, just as the combat is beginning, that if *Ajax* does not conquer, at least he may divide the glory with *Hector*; in which the Commentators observe *Homer* prepares the readers for what is to happen in the sequel.

Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,

Then casts before him, and with transport cries:

Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;

Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.

§. 225. *Surveys th' inscription.*] There is no necessity to suppose that they put any letters upon these lots, at least not their names, because the herald could not tell to whom the lot of *Ajax* belong'd, till he claim'd it himself. It is more probable that they made some private mark or signet each upon his own lot. The lot was only a piece of wood, a shell, or any thing that lay at hand. *Eustathius.*

§. 227. *Warriors! I claim the lot.*] This is the first speech of *Ajax* in the *Iliad*. He is no Orator, but always expresses himself in short; generally bragging, or threat'ning, and very positive. The appellation of ἄρκος Ἀχαιῶν, the *Bulwark of the Greeks*, which *Homer* almost constantly gives him, is extremely proper to the bulk, strength, and immobility of this heavy hero, who on all occasions is made to stand to the business, and support the brunt. These qualifications are given him, that he may last out, when the rest of the chief heroes are wounded: this makes him of excellent use in *Iliad* 13, &c. He there puts a stop to the whole force of the enemy, and a long time prevents the firing of the ships. It is particularly observable, that he is never assisted by any Deity, as the others are. Yet one would think *Mars* had been no improper patron for him, there being some resemblance in the boisterous character of that God and this hero. However it be, this consideration may partly account for a particular, which else might very well raise a question: Why *Ajax*, who is in this book superior in strength to *Hector*, should afterward in the *Iliad* shun to meet him, and appear his inferior? We see the Gods make this difference? *Hector* is not only assisted by them in his own person, but his men second him, whereas those of *Ajax* are dispirited by heaven: To which one may add another, which is a natural reason, *Hector* in this book expressly tells *Ajax*, "he will now make use of no skill or art in fighting with him." The *Greek* in bare brutal strength prov'd too hard for *Hector*, and therefore he might be suppos'd afterwards to have exerted his dexterity against him.

Now,

Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,

230 To *Saturn's* son be all your vows address:

But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,

And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.

Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,

In such a voice as fills the earth and air.

235 Lives there a chief, whom *Ajax* ought to dread,

*Ajax*, in all the toils of battel bred?

From warlike *Salamis* I drew my birth,

And born to combates, fear no force of earth.

He said. The troops with elevated eyes,

240 Implore the God whose thunder rends the skies.

O Father of mankind, superior Lord!

On lofty *Ida's* holy hill ador'd;

Who in the highest heav'n hast fix'd thy throne,

Supreme of Gods! unbounded, and alone:

245 Grant thou, that *Telamon* may bear away

The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;

Or if illustrious *Hector* be thy care,

That both may claim it, and that both may share.

Now *Ajax* brac'd his dazzling armour on;

250 Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone:

He moves to combat with majestic pace ;  
 So stalks in arms the grizly God of *Thrace*,  
 When *Jove* to punish faithless men prepares,  
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.  
 Thus march'd the Chief, tremendous as a God,  
 Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:  
 His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,  
 He stood, the bulwark of the *Grecian* band.  
 Thro' ev'ry *Argive* heart new transport ran;  
 All *Troy* stood trembling at the mighty man.  
 Ev'n *Hector* paus'd; and with new doubt oppress'd,  
 Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:  
 'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;  
 Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.  
 Stern *Telamon* behind his ample shield,  
 As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlook'd the field.

y. 251. *He moves to combat, &c.*] This description is full of the sublime imagery so peculiar to our author. The *Grecian* champion is drawn in all that terrible glory with which he equals his Heroes to the Gods: He is no less dreadful than *Mars* moving to battle, to execute the decrees of *Jove* upon mankind, and determine the fate of nations. His march, his posture, his countenance, his bulk, his tow'r-like shield; in a word, his whole figure strikes our eyes in all the strongest colours of Poetry. We look upon him as a Deity, and are not astonish'd at those emotions which *Hector* feels at the sight of him.

Huge

Huge was its orb, with sev'n thick folds o'ercaft,  
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the laft.

(The work of *Tychius*, who in *Hylè* dwell'd,

270 And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)

This *Ajax* bore before his manly breast,

And threat'ning, thus his adverfe chief addrest.

*Hector*! approach my arm, and fingly know,  
What strength thou haft, and what the *Grecian* foe.

*Achilles*

§. 269. *The work of Tychius.*] I fhall ask leave to tranfcribe here the ftory of this *Tychius*, as we have it in the ancient *Life of Homer*, attributed to *Herodotus*. “ *Homer* falling into poverty, “ determined to go to *Cuma*, and as he paff thro’ the plain of “ *Hermus*, came to a place called *the new wall*, which was a “ colony of the *Cumæans*. Here (after he had recited for “ verfes in celebration of *Cuma*) he was received by a leather- “ drefler, whose name was *Tychius*, into his houfe, where he “ fhewed to his hoft and his company, a poem on the expedition “ of *Amphiaraus*, and his hymns. The admiration he there ob- “ tain’d procur’d him a prefent fubfiftance. They fhew to this “ day with great veneration the place where he fat when he re- “ cited his verfes, and a poplar which they affirm to have grown “ there in his time.” If there be any thing in this ftory, we have reafon to be pleas’d with the grateful temper of our Poet, who took this occafion of immortalizing the name of an ordinary tradesman, who had obliged him. The fame account of his life takes notice of feveral other inftances of his gratitude in the fame kind.

§. 270. *In arts of armoury.*] I have called *Tychius* an armourer rather than a leather-drefler or currier; his making the fhield of *Ajax* authorizes one expreffion as well as the other; and tho’ that which *Homer* uſes had no lownefs or vulgarity in the *Greek*, it is not to be admitted into *Engliſh* heroic verſe.

§. 263. *Hector, approach my arm, &c.*] I think it needleſs to obſerve how exactly this ſpeech of *Ajax* correſponds with his

*Achilles* shuns the fight ; yet some there are,  
 Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war :  
 Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,  
 Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more ;  
 Whole troops of heroes *Greece* has yet to boast,  
 And sends thee one, a sample of her host.  
 Such as I am, I come to prove thy might ;  
 No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of *Telamon*, thy country's pride!

(To *Ajax* thus the *Trojan* Prince reply'd)

Me, 'as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright,  
 New to the field, and trembling at the fight?  
 Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,  
 To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:

his blunt and soldier-like character. The same propriety, in regard to this hero, is maintained throughout the *Iliad*. The business he is about, is all that employs his head, and he speaks of nothing but fighting. The last line is an image of his mind at all times,

No more——be sudden, and begin the fight.

γ. 285. *Me, as a boy or woman, would'st thou fright?*] This reply of *Hector* seems rather to allude to some gesture *Ajax* had used in his approach to him, as *shaking his spear*, or the like, than to any thing he had said in his speech. For what he had told him amounts to no more, than that there were several in the *Grecian* army who had courted the honour of this combat as well as himself. I think one must observe many things of this kind in *Homer*, that allude to the particular attitude or action, in which the author supposes the person to be at that time.

- I know to shift my ground, remount the car,  
 290 Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war,  
 To right, to left, the dext'rous lance I wield,  
 And bear thick battel on my sounding shield.  
 But open be our fight, and bold each blow;  
 I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
- 295 He said, and rising, high above the field  
 Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield.  
 Full on the brass descending from above  
 Thro' six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,  
 300 'Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then *Ajax* threw,  
 Thro' *Hector's* shield the forceful jav'lin flew,  
 His corslet enters, and his garment rends,  
 And glancing downwards near his flank descends.  
 The wary *Trojan* shrinks, and bending low  
 305 Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.  
 From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,  
 Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:

Fierce

†. 290. *Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war.*] The Greek is, *To move my feet to the sound of Mars*, which seems to shew that those military dances were in use even in *Homer's* time, which were afterwards practised in *Greece*.

†. 305. *From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew.*] *Homer* in this combat makes his heroes perform all their exercises with all sorts of weapons; first darting lances at distance, then advancing closer and pushing with spears, then casting

Fierce as the mountain-lions bath'd in blood,  
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.  
At *Ajax Hector* his long lance extends;

310 The blunted point against the buckler bends.

But *Ajax* watchful as his foe drew near,  
Drove thro' the *Trojan* targe the knotty spear;  
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;

315 Spouts the black gore, and dims the shining shield.

Yet ceas'd not *Hector* thus; but, stooping down;  
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,  
Black, craggy, vast: To this his force he bends;  
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;

320 The hollow brass resounded with the shock.

Then *Ajax* seiz'd the fragment of a rock,  
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,  
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:

The huge stone thund'ring thro' his buckler broke;

325 His slacken'd knees receiv'd the numbing stroke;

Great *Hector* falls extended on the field,  
His bulk supporting on the shatter'd shield.

casting stones, and lastly attacking with swords; in every one of which the Poet gives the superiority to his countryman. It is farther observable, (as *Eustathius* remarks) that *Ajax* allows *Hector* an advantage in throwing the first spear.

Nor wanted heav'nly aid: *Apollo's* might  
Confirm'd his sinews, and restor'd to fight.

- 330 And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew;  
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;  
But then by Heralds voice the word was giv'n;  
The sacred ministers of earth and heav'n;  
Divine *Talchybius* whom the *Greeks* employ,  
335 And sage *Idæus* on the part of *Troy*,  
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;  
And first *Idæus'* awful voice was heard.

§. 328. *Apollo's might.*] In the beginning of this book we left *Apollo* perch'd upon a tree, in the shape of a vulture, to behold the combat: He comes now very opportunely to save his favourite *Hector*. *Eustatbius* says that *Apollo* is the same with *Destiny*, so that when *Homer* says *Apollo* sav'd him, he means no more than that it was not his fate yet to die, as *Helenus* had foretold him.

§. 332. *Heralds, the sacred ministers.*] The heralds of old were sacred persons, accounted the delegates of *Mercury*, and inviolable by the law of nations. The ancient histories have many examples of the severity exercised against those who committed any outrage upon them. Their office was to assist in the sacrifices and councils, to proclaim war or peace, to command silence at ceremonies or single combats, to part the combatants, and to declare the conqueror, &c.

§. 334. *Divine Talchybius, &c.*] This interposition of the two heralds to part the combatants, on the approach of the night, is apply'd by *Tasso* to the single combat of *Tancréd* and *Argantes*, in the sixth book of his *Jerusalem*. The herald's speech, and particularly that remarkable injunction to obey the night, are translated literally by that author. The combatants there also part not without a promise of meeting again in battle, on some more favourable opportunity.

§. 337. *And first Idæus.*] *Homer* observes a just decorum in making

Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,

Both dear to men, and both belov'd of *Jove*.

340 To either host your matchless worth is known,

Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.

But now the Night extends her awful shades;

The Goddess parts you: Be the Night obey'd.

To whom great *Ajax* his high soul express'd.

345 O sage! to *Hector* be these words address'd.

Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,

Let him demand the sanction of the night;

If first he ask it, I content obey,

And cease the strife when *Hector* shows the way.

350 Oh first of *Greeks*! (his noble foe rejoin'd)

Whom heav'n adorns, superiour to thy kind,

With strength of body, and with worth of mind!

making *Idæus* the *Trojan* herald speak first, to end the combat wherein *Hector* had the disadvantage. *Ajax* is very sensible of this difference, when in his reply he requires that *Hector* should first ask for a cessation, as he was the challenger. *Eustatius*.

Y. 350. O first of *Greeks*, &c.] *Hector*, how hardly soever he is prest by his present circumstance, says nothing to obtain a truce that is not strictly consistent with his honour. When he praises *Ajax*, it lessens his own disadvantage, and he is careful to extol him only above the *Greeks*, without acknowledging him more valiant than himself or the *Trojans*: *Hector* is always jealous of the honour of his country. In what follows we see he keeps himself on a level with his adversary; Hereafter we shall meet.——Go thou, and give the same joy to thy *Græcians* for thy escape, as I shall to my *Trojans*. The point of honour in all this is very nicely preserved.

Now martial law commands us to forbear;  
 Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,  
 355 Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,  
 And let the Gods decide of death or life!  
 Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,  
 And heav'n enjoins it, be the Night obey'd.  
 Return, brave *Ajax*, to thy *Grecian* friends,  
 360 And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;  
 As I shall glad each chief, and *Trojan* wife,  
 Who wearies heav'n with vows for *Hector's* life.  
 But let us, on this memorable day,  
 Exchange some gift; that *Greece* and *Troy* may say,

“ Not

\*. 362. *Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life.*] *Eustathius* gives many solutions of the difficulty in these words, *Θείων ἀγῶνα*: They mean either that the *Trojan* Ladies will pray to the Gods for him (*ἀγωνίζας*, or *certatim*) with the utmost zeal and transport; or that they will go in procession to the temples for him (*εἰς θεῶν ἀγῶνα*, *caelum Deorum*;) or that they will pray to him as to a God, *ὅσα Θεῶ τινι εὐχονται ποῖ*.

\*. 364. *Exchange some gift.*] There is nothing that gives us a greater pleasure in reading an heroic Poem, than the generosity which one brave enemy shews to another. The proposal made here by *Hector*, and so readily embraced by *Ajax*, makes the parting of these two heroes more glorious to them than the continuance of the combat could have been. A *French* critic is shock'd at *Hector's* making proposals to *Ajax* with an air of equality; he says that a man that is vanquish'd, instead of talking of presents, ought to retire with shame from his conqueror. But that *Hector* was vanquish'd, is by no means to be allowed; *Homer* had told us that his strength was restored by *Apollo*,

365 " Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;  
" And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,  
The baldric studded, and the sheath enchas'd,  
He gave the *Greek*. The gen'rous *Greek* bestow'd  
370 A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.  
Then with majestick grace they quit the plain;  
This seeks the *Grecian*, that the *Phrygian* train.

The *Trojan* bands returning *Hector* wait,  
And hail with joy the champion of their state:  
375 Escap'd great *Ajax*, they survey'd him round,  
Alive, unharm'd, and vig'rous from his wound.  
To *Troy's* high gates the god-like man they bear,  
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But *Ajax*, glorying in his hardy deed,  
380 The well-arm'd *Greeks* to *Agamemnon* lead,  
A steer for sacrifice the King design'd,  
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.

*Apollo*, and that the two combatants were engaging again upon equal terms with their swords. So that this criticism falls to nothing. For the rest, 'tis said that this exchange of presents between *Hector* and *Ajax* gave birth to a proverb, That the presents of enemies are generally fatal. For *Ajax* with this sword afterwards killed himself, and *Hector* was dragg'd by this belt at the chariot of *Achilles*.

- The victim falls; they strip the smoaking hide,  
 The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;  
 385 Then spread the tables, the repast prepare,  
 Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.  
 The King himself (an honorary sign)  
 Before great *Ajax* plac'd the mighty chine.  
 When now the rage of hunger was remov'd;  
 390 *Nestor*, in each persuasive art approv'd,  
 The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,  
 In words like these his prudent thought exprest.

§. 388. *Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.*] This is one of those passages that will naturally fall under the ridicule of a true modern critick. But what *Agamemnon* here bestows on *Ajax* was in former times a great mark of respect and honour: Not only as it was customary to distinguish the quality of their guests by the largeness of the portions assigned them at their tables, but as this part of the victim peculiarly belong'd to the King himself. It is worth remarking on this occasion, that the simplicity of those times allow'd the eating of no other flesh but beef, mutton, or kid: This is the food of the Heroes of *Homer*, and the Patriarchs and Warriors of the Old Testament. Fishing and fowling were the arts of more luxurious nations, and came much later into *Greece* and *Israel*.

One cannot read this passage without being pleased with the wonderful simplicity of the old heroic ages. We have here a gallant warrior returning victorious (for that he thought himself so, appears from those words *νεχαριότα νικη*) from a single combat with the bravest of his enemies; and he is no otherwise rewarded, than with a larger portion of the sacrifice at supper. Thus an upper seat, or a more capacious bowl, was a recompence for the greatest actions; and thus the only reward in the olympic games was a pine-branch, or a chaplet of parsley or wild olive. The latter part of this note belongs to *Eustatbius*.

How

How dear, O Kings! this fatal day has cost,  
 What *Greeks* are perish'd? what a people lost?  
 395 What tides of blood have drench'd *Scamander's* shore?  
 What crowds of *Heroes* sunk, to rise no more?  
 Then hear me, Chief! nor let the morrow's light  
 Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:  
 Some space at least permit the war to breathe,  
 400 While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeathe,

From

§. 400. *While we to flames, &c.*] There is a great deal of artifice in this counsel of *Nestor*, of burning the dead, and raising a fortification; for tho' piety was the specious pretext, their security was the real aim of the truce, which they made use of to finish their works. Their doing this at the same time they erected the funeral piles, made the imposition easy upon the enemy, who might naturally mistake one work for the other. And this also obviates a plain objection, viz. Why the *Trojans* did not interrupt them in this work? The truce determined no exact time, but as much as was needful for discharging the rites of the dead.

I fancy it may not be unwelcome to the reader to enlarge a little upon the way of disposing the dead among the ancients. It may be proved from innumerable instances, that the *Hebrews* interred their dead; thus *Abraham's* burying place is frequently mentioned in scripture: And that the *Egyptians* did the same, is plain from their embalming them. Some have been of opinion that the usage of burning the dead was originally to prevent any outrage to the bodies from their enemies; which imagination is render'd not improbable by that passage in the first book of *Samuel*, where the *Israelites* burn the bodies of *Saul* and his sons, after they had been misused by the *Philistines*, even tho' their common custom was to bury their dead: And so *Sylla* among the *Romans* was the first of his family who order'd his body to be burnt, for fear the barbarities he had exercised on that of *Marius* might be

retaliated

From the red field their scatter'd bodies bear,  
 And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear:  
 So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,  
 And pious children o'er their ashes weep.

405 Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,  
 High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd:

retaliated upon his own. Tully, *de legibus*, lib. 2. *Proculdubio cremandi ritus à Græcis venit, nam sepultum legibus Numam ad Anienis fontem; totique genti Corneliae solenne fuisse sepulchrum, usque ad Syllam, qui primus ex eâ gente crematus est.* The Greeks used both ways of interring and burning; Patroclus was burned, and Ajax laid in the ground, as appears from *Sophocles's Ajax*, lin. 1185.

Σπένδον κοίλην κάπτον τιν' ἰδεῖν

Τῷ δὲ τάφον.——

*Hæsten* (says the chorus) to prepare a hollow bole, a grave, for this man.

*Thucydides*, in his second book, mentions *ἀλφραναὶ κυρτοὶ σελινάες*: coffins or chests made of cypress wood, in which the Athenians kept the bones of their friends that died in the wars.

The Romans derived from the Greeks both these customs of burning and burying: *In urbe neve SEPELITO neve URITO*, says the law of the twelve tables. The place where they burn'd the dead was set apart for this religious use, and called *Glebe*; from which practice the name is yet apply'd to all the grounds belonging to the church.

*Plutarch* observes that *Homer* is the first who mentions one general tomb for a number of dead persons. Here is a *Tumulus* built round the *Pyre*, not to bury their bodies, for they were to be burn'd; nor to receive the bones, for those were to be carry'd to *Greece*; but perhaps to inter their ashes, (which custom may be gather'd from a passage in *Iliad* 23. y. 255.) or it might be only a *Genosapb* in remembrance of the dead.

Next,

Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,  
 Raise an embattel'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;  
 From space to space be ample gates around,  
 410 For passing chariots, and a trench profound.  
 So Greece to combat shall in safety go,  
 Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.  
 'Twas thus the Sage his wholesome counsel mov'd;  
 The sceptred Kings of Greece his words approv'd.  
 415 Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,  
 The Trojan Peers in nightly council sat:  
 A senate void of order, as of choice,  
 Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.  
 Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:  
 420 Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars hear!

✧. 416. *The Trojan Peers in nightly council sat.*] There is a great beauty in the two Epithets Homer gives to this council, δαϊνὴ, τέρρηχυία, *timida, turbulenta*. The unjust side is always fearful and discordant. I think M. Dacier has not entirely done justice to this thought in her translation. Horace seems to have accounted this an useful and necessary part that contain'd the great moral of the *Iliad*, as may be seen from his selecting it in particular from the rest, in his epistle to Lollius.

*Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem,  
 Græcia Barbarie lento collisa duello,  
 Stultorum regum & populorum continet æsus.  
 Antenor censet belli præcidere causam.  
 Quid Paris? Ut saluus regnet, vivatque beatus,  
 Cogi posse negat.*

'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,

And I but move what ev'ry God requires:

Let *Sparta's* treasures be this hour restor'd,

And *Argive Helen* own her ancient Lord.

425 The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,

Our impious battels the just Gods provoke.

As this advice ye practise, or reject,

So hope success, or dread the dire effect.

The senior spoke, and fate. To whom reply'd

430 The graceful husband of the *Spartan* bride.

Cold counsels, *Trojan*, may become thy years,

But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:

Old man, if void of fallacy or art

Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,

435 Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast giv'n;

But wisdom has its date, assign'd by heav'n.

Then hear me, Princes of the *Trojan* name!

Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame;

My treasures too, for peace, I will resign;

440 But be this bright possession ever mine.

'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,

Slow from his seat the rev'rend *Priam* rose:

His

§. 442. The rev'rend *Priam* rose.] *Priam* rejects the wholesome advice of *Antenor*, and complies with his son. This is indeed extremely

His god-like aspect deep attention drew:

He paus'd, and these pacific words ensue.

445 Ye *Trojans*, *Dardans*, and auxiliar bands!

Now take refreshment as the hour demands:

Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,

'Till the new sun restores the chearful light:

Then shall our herald to th' *Atrides* sent,

450 Before their ships, proclaim my son's intent.

Next let a truce be ask'd, that *Troy* may burn

Her slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn;

That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,

And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!

extremely natural to the indulgent character and easy nature of the old King, of which the whole *Trojan* war is a proof; but I could wish *Homer* had not just in this place celebrated his wisdom in calling him *Θαῖφιν μήσσω ἀτάλαντος*. *Spondanus* refers this blindness of *Priam* to the power of fate; the time now approaching when *Troy* was to be punish'd for its injustice. Something like this weak fondness of a father is described in the scripture, in the story of *David* and *Absalom*.

§. 451. Next let a truce be ask'd.] The conduct of *Homer* in this place is remarkable: He makes *Priam* propose in council to send to the *Greeks* to ask a truce to bury the dead. This the *Greeks* themselves had before determined to propose: But it being more honourable to his country, the Poet makes the *Trojan* herald prevent any proposition that could be made by the *Greeks*. Thus they are requested to do what they themselves were about to request, and have the honour to comply with a proposal which they themselves would otherwise have taken as a favour.

*Eustathius*.

455 The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste  
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.

Soon as the rosy morn had wak'd the day,

To the black ships *Idæus* bent his way;

There, to the sons of *Mars*, in council found,

460 He rais'd his voice: The hosts stood list'ning round.

Ye sons of *Atreus*, and ye *Greeks*, give ear!

The words of *Troy*, and *Troy's* great Monarch hear.

Pleas'd may ye hear (so heav'n succeed my pray'rs)

What *Paris*, author of the war, declares.

¶ 456. *Each at his post in arms.*] We have here the manner of the *Trojans* taking their repast: Not promiscuously, but each at his post. *Homer* was sensible that military men ought not to remit their guard, even while they refresh themselves, but in every action display the soldier. *Eustatbius*.

¶ 461. *The speech of Idæus.*] The proposition of restoring the treasures, and not *Helen*, is sent as from *Paris* only; in which his father seems to permit him to treat by himself as a sov'reign Prince, and the sole author of the war. But the herald seems to exceed his commission in what he tells the *Greeks*. *Paris* only offer'd to restore the treasures he took from *Greece*, not including those he brought from *Sidon* and other coasts, where he touch'd in his voyage: But *Idæus* here proffers all that he brought to *Troy*. He adds, as from himself, a wish that *Paris* had perish'd in that voyage. Some ancient expositors suppose those words to be spoken aside, or in a low voice, as it is usual in Dramatic Poetry. But without that *salvo*, a generous love for the welfare of his country might transport *Idæus* into some warm expressions against the author of its woes. He lays aside the Herald to act the Patriot, and speaks with indignation against *Paris*, that he may influence the *Grecian* captains to give a favourable answer. *Eustatbius*.

- 465 The spoils and treasures he to *Ilion* bore,  
 (Oh had he perish'd e'er they touch'd our shore)  
 He proffers injur'd *Greece*; with large encrease  
 Of added *Trojan* wealth, to buy the peace.  
 But, to restore the beauteous bride again,  
 470 This *Greece* demands, and *Troy* requests in vain.  
 Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn  
 Our slaughter'd heroes, and their bones in-urn.  
 That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,  
 And whose the conquest, mighty *Jove* decide!  
 475 The *Greeks* gave ear, but none the silence broke;  
 At length *Tydid*es rose, and rising spoke.  
 Oh take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,  
 Their proffer'd wealth, not ev'n the *Spartan* dame.

Let

Y. 475. *The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke.*] This silence of the *Greeks* might naturally proceed from an opinion, that however desirous they were to put an end to this long war, *Menelaus* would never consent to relinquish *Helen*, which was the thing insisted upon by *Paris*. *Eustatbius* accounts for it in another manner, and it is from him *M. Dacier* has taken her remark. The Princes (says he) were silent, because it was the part of *Agamemnon* to determine in matters of this nature; and *Agamemnon* is silent, being willing to hear the inclinations of the Princes. By this means he avoided the imputation of exposing the *Greeks* to dangers for his advantage and glory; since he only gave the answer which was put into his mouth by the Princes, with the general applause of the army.

Y. 477. *Oh take not, Greeks, &c.*] There is a peculiar decorum in making *Diomed* the author of this advice, to reject even

Let conquest make them ours: Fate shakes their wall,  
 480 And *Troy* already totters to her fall.

Th' admiring chiefs, and all the *Grecian* name,  
 With gen'ral shouts return'd him loud acclaim.

Then thus the King of Kings rejects the peace:

Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of *Greece*.

485 For what remains; let fun'ral flames be fed

With heroes corps: I war not with the dead:

Go search your slaughter'd chiefs on yonder plain,

And gratify the *Manes* of the slain.

Be witness, *Jove*, whose thunder rolls on high!

490 He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.

To sacred *Troy*, where all her Princes lay

To wait th' event, the herald bent his way.

He came, and standing in the midst, explain'd

The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.

495 Strait to their sev'ral cares the *Trojans* move,

Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:

Nor less the *Greeks*, descending on the shore,

Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore.

even *Helen* herself if she were offer'd; this had not agreed with an amorous husband like *Menelaus*, nor with a cunning politician like *Ulysses*, nor with a wise old man like *Nestor*. But it is proper to *Diomed*, not only as a young fearless warrior, but as he is in particular an enemy to the interests of *Venus*.

And

And now from forth the chambers of the main,  
 To shed his sacred light on earth again,  
 Arose the golden chariot of the day,  
 And tippt the mountains with a purple ray.  
 In mingled throngs the *Greek* and *Trojan* train  
 Thro' heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.  
 Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,  
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.  
 The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed,  
 And, laid along their cars, deplor'd the dead.  
 Sage *Priam* check'd their grief: With silent haste  
 The bodies decent on the piles were plac'd:  
 With melting hearts the cold remains they burn'd;  
 And sadly slow, to sacred *Troy* return'd.  
 Nor less the *Greeks* their pious sorrows shed,  
 And decent on the pile dispose the dead;

γ. 508. *And, laid along their cars.*] These probably were not chariots, but carriages; for *Homer* makes *Nestor* say in γ. 332 of the *orig.* that this was to be done with mules and oxen, which were not commonly join'd to chariots, and the word *κυκλῶμεν* there, may be apply'd to any vehicle that runs on wheels. *Ἀμαξα* signifies indifferently *plaustrum* and *currus*; and our *English* word *car* implies either. But if they did use chariots in bearing their dead, it is at least evident, that those chariots were drawn by mules and oxen at funeral solemnities. *Homer's* using the word *Ἀμαξα* and not *δίφρος*, confirms this opinion.

The

515 The cold remains consume with equal care ;  
 And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.  
 Now, e'er the morn had streak'd with red'ning light  
 The doubtful confines of the day and night ;  
 About the dying flames the *Greeks* appear'd,  
 520 And round the pile a gen'ral tomb they rear'd.  
 Then, to secure the camp and naval pow'rs,  
 They rais'd embattel'd walls with lofty tow'rs :

From

§. 523. Then, to secure the camp, &c.] *Homer* has been accused of an offence against probability, in causing this fortification to be made so late as in the last year of the war. *M. Dacier* answers to this objection, That the *Greeks* had no occasion for it till the departure of *Achilles* : He alone was a greater defence to them ; and *Homer* had told the reader in a preceding book, that the *Trojans* never durst venture out of the walls of *Troy* while *Achilles* fought : these intrenchments therefore serve to raise the glory of his principal hero, since they become necessary as soon as he withdraws his aid. She might have added, that *Achilles* himself says all this, and makes *Homer's* apology in the ninth book, §. 460. The same author, speaking of this fortification, seems to doubt whether the use of intrenching camps was known in the *Trojan* war, and is rather inclined to think *Homer* borrow'd it from what was practised in his own time. But I believe (if we consider the caution with which he has been observed, in some instances already given, to preserve the manners of the age he writes of, in contradistinction to what was practised in his own ;) we may reasonably conclude the art of fortification was in use even so long before him, and in the degree of perfection that he here describes it. If it was not, and if *Homer* was fond of describing an improvement in this art made in his own days ; nothing could be better contrived than his feigning *Nestor* to be the author of it, whose wisdom and experience in war render'd it probable that he might carry his

project

From space to space were ample gates around,  
 For passing chariots ; and a trench profound,  
 Of large extent ; and deep in earth below  
 Strong piles infix'd stood adverse to the foe.

So toil'd the *Greeks* : Meanwhile the Gods above  
 In shining circle round their father *Jove*,

Amaz'd

projects farther than the rest of his contemporaries. We have here a fortification as perfect as any in the modern times : A strong wall is thrown up, towers are built upon it from space to space, gates are made to issue out at, and a ditch sunk, deep, wide and long, to all which palisades are added to compleat it.

§. 527. *Meantime the Gods.*] The fiction of this wall raised by the *Greeks*, has given no little advantage to *Homer's Poem*, in furnishing him with an opportunity of changing the scene, and in a great degree the subject and accidents of his battels ; so that the following descriptions of war are totally different from all the foregoing. He takes care at the first mention of it to fix in us a great idea of this work, by making the Gods immediately concern'd about it. We see *Neptune* jealous lest the glory of his own work, the walls of *Troy*, should be effaced by it ; and *Jupiter* comforting him with a prophecy that it shall be totally destroy'd in a short time. *Homer* was sensible that as this was a building of his imagination only, and not founded (like many other of his descriptions) upon some antiquities or traditions of the country, so posterity might convict him of a falsity, when no remains of any such wall should be seen on the coast. Therefore (as *Aristotle* observes) he has found this way to elude the censure of an improbable fiction : The word of *Jove* was fulfilled, the hands of the Gods, the force of the rivers, and the waves of the sea, demolish'd it. In the twelfth book he digresses from the subject of his poem, to describe the execution of this prophecy. The verses there are very noble, and have given the hint to *Milton* for those in which he accounts after the same

Amaz'd beheld the wondrous works of man :

530 Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began.

What mortals henceforth shall our pow'r adore,

Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,

If the proud *Grecians* thus successful boast

Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?

535 See the long walls extending to the main,

No God consulted, and no victim slain!

Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends;

Wide, as the morn her golden beam extends.

While old *Laomedon's* divine abodes,

540 Those radiant structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods,

Shall, raz'd and lost, in long oblivion sleep.

Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.

Th' Almighty thund'rer with a frown replies,

That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies.

same poetical manner, for the vanishing of the terrestrial paradise,

— All fountains of the deep  
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, 'till inundation rise  
Above the highest hills: Then shall this mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd  
Out of its place, push'd by the borned flood,  
With all its verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the op'ning gulf,  
And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals and orcs, and sea-mews clang.

Strong

Strong God of Ocean! thou, whose rage can make  
 The solid earth's eternal basis shake!  
 What cause of fear from mortal works cou'd move  
 The meanest subject of our realms above?  
 Where-e'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,  
 Thy pow'r is honour'd, and thy fame shall last.  
 But yon' proud work no future age shall view,  
 No trace remain where once the glory grew.  
 The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,  
 And whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:  
 Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;  
 The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heav'n: while, o'er the *Grecian* train,  
 The rolling sun descending to the main  
 Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew;  
 Black from the tents the sav'ry vapours flew.  
 And now the fleet, arriv'd from *Lemnos'* strands,  
 With *Bacchus'* blessings cheer'd the gen'rous bands.

\*. 560. *And now the fleet, &c.*] The verses from hence to the end of the book, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity. As that *Jason* had a son by *Hyppisyle*, who succeeded his mother in the kingdom of *Lemnos*: That the isle of *Lemnos* was anciently famous for its wines, and drove a traffick in them; and that coined money was not in use in the time of the *Trojan* war, but the trade of countries carry'd on by exchange in gros, brass, oxen, slaves, &c. I must not forget the particular term us'd here for slave, ἀνδράποδον, which is literally the same with our modern word *footman*.

OF

Of fragrant wines the rich *Ennaus* sent  
 A thousand measures to the royal tent.  
 565 (*Ennaus*, whom *Hypsipyle* of yore  
 To *Jason*, shepherd of his people, bore)  
 The rest they purchas'd at their proper cost,  
 And well the plenteous freight supply'd the host:  
 Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave;  
 570 Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave.  
 All night they feast, the *Greek* and *Trojan* pow'rs;  
 Those on the fields, and these within their tow'rs.  
 But *Jove* averse the signs of wrath display'd,  
 And shot red light'nings thro' the gloomy shade:  
 575 Humbled they stood; pale horror seiz'd on all,  
 While the deep thunder shook th' aërial hall.  
 Each pour'd to *Jove* before the bowl was crown'd,  
 And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground;  
 Then late refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,  
 580 Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

∫. 575. *But Jove averse, &c.*] The signs by which *Jupiter* here shews his wrath against the *Grecians*, are a prelude to those more open declarations of his anger which follow in the next book, and prepare the mind of the reader for that machine, which might otherwise seem too bold and violent.





The Fight being again begun to the advantage of the Greeks. Jupiter lets fall Thunder at  
 of Diomedes Horse, & Nestor who accompanies him, so he is forc'd at it, then  
 Orders him to quit the Field of Battle, & w<sup>th</sup> of Trojans remain Masters.

R. VIII.

A. Howard del.

M. J. Smith scul.

THE  
EIGHTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILIAD.



## The ARGUMENT.

### The second battel, and the distress of the *Greeks*.

**J**UPITER assembles a council of the Deities, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus if they assist either side: Minerva only obtains of him that she may direct the Greeks by her counsels. The armies join battel; Jupiter on mount Ida weighs in his balances the fates of both, and affrights the Greeks with his thunders and lightnings. Nestor alone continues in the field in great danger; Diomed relieves him; whose exploits, and those of Hector, are excellently described. Juno endeavours to animate Neptune to the assistance of the Greeks, but in vain. The acts of Teucer, who is at length wounded by Hector, and carry'd off. Juno and Minerva prepare to aid the Grecians, but are restrained by Iris, sent from Jupiter. The night puts an end to the battel. Hector continues the field, (the Greeks being driven to their fortification before the ships) and gives orders to keep the watch all night in the camp, to prevent the enemy from reembarking and escaping by flight. They kindle fires through all the field, and pass the night under arms.

The time of seven and twenty days is employed from the opening of the Poem to the end of this book. The scene here (except of the celestial machines) lies in the field toward the sea-shore.

T H E



THE  
\* EIGHTH BOOK  
OF THE  
ILLIAD.

**A**URORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;  
When *Jove* conven'd the senate of the skies,  
Where high *Olympus*' cloudy tops arise.

The

\* *Homer*, like most of the *Greeks*, is thought to have travelled into *Egypt*, and brought from the priests there, not only their learning, but their manner of conveying it in fables and hieroglyphicks. This is necessary to be consider'd by those who would thoroughly penetrate into the beauty and design of many parts of this author: For whoever reflects that this was the mode of learning in those times, will make no doubt but there are several mysteries both of natural and moral

- 5 The Sire of Gods his awful silence broke ;  
 The heav'n's attentive trembled as he spoke.  
 Celestial states, immortal Gods! give ear,  
 Hear our decree, and rev'rence what ye hear ;  
 The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move ;  
 10 Thou Fate! fulfil it ; and, ye pow'rs! approve!  
 What God but enters yon' forbidden field,  
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield ;  
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,  
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n :  
 15 Or far, oh far from steep *Olympus* thrown,  
 Low in the dark *Tartarean* gulf shall groan,

With

moral philosophy involv'd in his fictions, which otherwise in the literal meaning appear too trivial or irrational ; and it is but just, when these are not plain or immediately intelligible, to imagine that something of this kind may be hid under them. Nevertheless, as *Homer* travell'd not with a direct view of writing philosophy or theology, so he might often use these hieroglyphical fables and traditions as embellishments of his poetry only, without taking the pains to open their mystical meaning to his readers, and perhaps without diving very deeply into it himself.

§. 16. *Low in the dark Tartarean Gulf, &c.*] This opinion of *Tartarus*, the place of torture for the impious after death, might be taken from the *Egyptians* : for it seems not improbable, as some writers have observed, that some tradition might then be spread in the Eastern parts of the world, of the fall of the angels, the punishment of the damned, and other sacred truths were afterwards more fully explain'd and taught by the Prophets and Apostles. These *Homer* seems to allude to in this and other passages ; as where *Vulcan* is said to be precipitated from heaven in the first book, where *Jupiter* threatens

- With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;  
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,  
 20 As from that centre to th' æthereal world.  
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;  
 And know, th' Almighty is the God of Gods.  
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,  
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of *Jove* :  
 25 Let down our golden, everlasting chain,  
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:

Strive

threatens *Mars* with *Tartarus* in the fifth, and where the *Dæmon* of *Discord* is cast out of heaven in the nineteenth. *Virgil* has translated a part of these lines in the sixth *Æneid*.

——— *Tum Tartarus ipse*  
*Bis patet in præceptis tantum, tenditque sub umbras,*  
*Quantus ad æthereum cæli suspectus Olympum.*

And *Milton* in his first book,

*As far remov'd from God and light of heav'n,*  
*As from the centre thrice to th' utmost pole.*

It may not be unpleasing just to observe the gradation in these three great Poets, as if they had vied with each other, in extending this idea of the depth of hell. *Homer* says as far, *Virgil* twice as far, *Milton* thrice.

§. 25. *Let down our golden everlasting chain.*] The various opinions of the ancients concerning this passage are collected by *Eusebius*. *Jupiter* says, *If he holds this chain of gold, the force of all the Gods is unable to draw him down, but he can draw up them, the seas, and the earth, and cause the whole universe to hang unactive.* Some think that *Jupiter* signifies the *Æther*, the golden

Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
 To drag, by this, the Thund'rer down to earth :  
 Ye strive in vain ! If I but stretch this hand,  
 30 I heave the Gods, the Ocean, and the Land ;

den chain the *Sun* : If the *Æther* did not temper the rays of the sun as they pass thro' it, his beams would not only drink up and exhale the Ocean in vapours, but also exhale the moisture from the veins of the earth, which is the cement that holds it together : by which means the whole creation would become unactive, and all its powers suspended.

Others affirm, that by this golden chain may be meant the days of the world's duration, *ἡμέρας αἰῶνος*, which are as it were painted by the lustre of the sun, and follow one another in a successive chain till they arrive at their final period : While *Jupiter* or the *Æther* (which the ancients call'd the soul of all things) still remains unchanged.

*Plato* in his *Theætetus* says that by this golden chain is meant the sun, whose rays enliven all nature, and cement the parts of the universe.

The *Stoicks* will have it, that by *Jupiter* is implied destiny, which over-rules every thing both upon and above the earth.

Others (delighted with their own conceits) imagine that *Homer* intended to represent the excellence of monarchy ; that the sceptre ought to be sway'd by one hand, and that all the wheels of government should be put in motion by one person.

But I fancy a much better interpretation may be found for this, if we allow (as there is great reason to believe) that the *Egyptians* understood the true system of the world, and that *Pythagoras* first learn'd it from them. They held that the planets were kept in their orbits by gravitation upon the sun, which was therefore called *Jovis carcer* ; and sometimes by the sun (as *Macrobius* informs us) is meant *Jupiter* himself : We see too that the most prevailing opinion of antiquity fixes it to the sun ; so that I think it will be no strained interpretation to say, that by the inability of the Gods to pull *Jupiter* out of his place with this *catena*, may be understood the superior attractive force of the sun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the rest of the planets toward him.

I fix the chain to great *Olympus*' height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight!  
For such I reign, unbounded and above;  
And such are Men, and Gods, compar'd to *Jove*.

35 Th' Almighty spoke, nor durst the pow'rs reply,  
A rev'rend horror silenc'd all the sky;  
Trembling they stood before their sovereign's look;  
At length his best-belov'd, the pow'r of *Wisdom*, spoke.

Oh first and greatest! God, by Gods ador'd!

40 We own thy might, our father and our Lord!

✧. 35. *Th' Almighty spoke.*] *Homer* in this whole passage plainly shews his belief of one supreme, omnipotent God, whom he introduces with a majesty and superiority worthy the great ruler of the universe. Accordingly *Justin Martyr* cites it as a proof of our Author's attributing the power and government of all things to one first God, whose divinity is so far superiour to all other Deities, that if compared to him, they may be rank'd among mortals. *Admon. ad gentes*. Upon this account, and with the authority of that learned father, I have ventur'd to apply to *Jupiter* in this place such appellatives as are suitable to the supreme Deity: a practice I would be cautious of using in many other passages where the notions and descriptions of our Author must be own'd to be unworthy of the divinity.

✧. 39. *O first and greatest! &c.*] *Homer* is not only to be admir'd for keeping up the characters of his Heroes, but for adapting his speeches to the characters of his Gods. Had *Juno* here given the reply, she would have begun with some mark of resentment, but *Pallas* is all submission; *Juno* would probably have contradicted him, but *Pallas* only begs leave to be sorry for those whom she must not assist; *Juno* would have spoken with the prerogative of a wife, but *Pallas* makes her address with the obsequiousness of a prudent daughter. *Eustathius*.

But ah! permit to piteous human state:

If not to help, at least lament their fate.

From fields forbidden we submit to refrain,

With arms unaiding mourn our *Argives* slain;

45 Yet grant my counsels still their breasts may move,

Or all must perish in the wrath of *Jove*.

The cloud-compelling God her suit approv'd,

And smil'd superiour on his best-belov'd.

Then call'd his coursers, and his chariot took;

50 The steadfast firmament beneath them shook:

Rapt by th' æthereal steeds the chariot roll'd;

Brass were their hoofs, their curling manes of gold.

Of heav'n's undrossy gold the God's array

Refulgent, flash'd intolerable day.

55 High on the throne he shines: His coursers fly

Between th' extended earth and starry sky.

But when to *Ida's* topmost height he came,

(Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)

Where o'er her pointed summits proudly rais'd,

60 His fane breath'd odours, and his altar blaz'd:

There, from his radiant car, the sacred Sire

Of Gods and men releas'd the steeds of fire:

Blue ambient mists th' immortal steeds embrac'd;

High on the cloudy point his seat he plac'd;

Thence

65 Thence his broad eye the subject world surveys,  
The town, and tents, and navigable seas.

Now had the *Grecians* snatch'd a short repaste,  
And buckled on their shining arms with haste.

*Troy* rouz'd as soon; for on this dreadful day

70 The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.

The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;

Squadrons on squadrons cloud the dusky plain:

§. 69. *For on this dreadful day The fate of fathers, wives, and infants lay.*] It may be necessary to explain, why the *Trojans* thought themselves obliged to fight in order to defend their wives and children. One would think they might have kept within their walls; the *Grecians* made no attempt to batter them, neither were they invested; and the country was open on all sides except towards the sea, to give them provisions. The most natural thought is, that they and their auxiliaries being very numerous, could not subsist but from a large country about them; and perhaps not without the sea, and the rivers, where the *Greeks* encamp'd: That in time the *Greeks* would have surrounded them, and block'd up every avenue to their town: That they thought themselves obliged to defend the country with all the inhabitants of it; and that indeed at first this was rather a war between two nations, and became not properly a siege till afterwards.

§. 71. *The gates unfolding, &c.*] There is a wonderful sublimity in these lines; one sees in the description the gates of a warlike city thrown open, and an army pouring forth; and hears the trampling of men and horses rushing to the battle.

These verses are, as *Eustatbius* observes, only a repetition of a former passage; which shews that the Poet was particularly pleas'd with them, and that he was not ashamed of a repetition, when he could not express the same image more happily than he had already done.

- Men, steeds, and chariots shake the trembling ground;  
 The tumult thickens, and the skies resound.
- 75 And now with shouts the shocking armies clos'd,  
 To lances lances, shields to shields oppos'd,  
 Host against host with shadowy legions drew,  
 The sounding darts in iron tempests flew,  
 Victors and vanquish'd join promiscuous cries,
- 80 Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise;  
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry fields are dy'd,  
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.  
 Long as the morning beams encreasing bright,  
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light;
- 85 Commutual death the fate of war confounds,  
 Each adverse battel gear'd with equal wounds.  
 But when the Sun the height of heav'n ascends;  
 The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends,

With

†. 84. *The sacred light.*] Homer describing the advance of the day from morning till noon, calls it *ισπὸν*, or sacred, says *Eustathius*, who gives this reason for it, because that part of the day was allotted to sacrifice and religious worship.

†. 88. *The Sire of Gods his golden scales suspends.*] This figure representing God as weighing the destinies of men in his balances, was first made use of in holy writ. In the book of *Job*, which is acknowledg'd to be one of the most ancient of the scriptures, he prays to be weighed in an even balance, that God may know his integrity. Daniel declares from God to *Belsazzar*, thou art weighed in the balances, and found light. And *Proverbs*, ch. 16. †. 11. *A just weight and balance are the Lord's.* Our Author has it again in the twenty second Iliad, and it appear'd

With equal hand : In these explor'd the fate

90 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the mighty weight.

Prefis'd

appear'd so beautiful to succeeding Poets, that *Æschylus* (as we are told by *Plutarch de aud. Poetis*) writ a whole tragedy upon this foundation, which he called *Psychostasia*, or the weighing of souls. In this he introduced *Thetis* and *Aurora* standing on either side of *Jupiter's* scales, and praying each for her son while the heroes fought.

Καὶ τότε δὴ χρύσεια πᾶν ἐτίταινε τάλαντα,  
Ἐν δ' ἐτίθει δύο κῆρε τανηλεγείος θανάτοιο,  
Ἐλκε δὲ μέσσα λαβὼν ῥέπτε δ' Ἐκτορος αἰσιμον ἡμάρ-

It has been copied by *Virgil* in the last *Æneid*.

*Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances  
Sustinet, & fata imponit diversa duorum :  
Quem damnet labor, & quo vergat pondere letum.*

I cannot agree with *Madam Dacier* that these verses are inferior to *Homer's* ; but *Macrobius* observes with some colour, that the application of them is not so just as in our author ; for *Virgil* had made *Juno* say before, that *Turnus* would certainly perish.

*Nunc juvenem imparibus video concurrere fatis,  
Parcarumque dies & vis inimica propinquat.*

So that there was less reason for weighing his fate with that of *Æneas* after that declaration. *Scaliger* trifles miserably, when he says *Juno* might have learn'd this from the fates, tho' *Jupiter* did not know it, before he consulted them by weighing the scales. But *Macrobius's* excuse in behalf of *Virgil* is much better worth regard ; I shall transcribe it entire, as it is perhaps the finest period in all that author. *Hæc & alia ignoscenda Virgilio, qui studis circa Homerum nimietate excedit modum. Et revera non poterat non in aliquibus minor videri, qui per omnem pœsim suam hoc uno est præcipuè usus archetypo. Acriter enim in Homerum oculos intendit, ut æmularetur ejus non modo magnitudinem sed & simplicitatem, & præsentiam orationis, & tacitam majestatem. Hinc*

Press'd with its load, the *Grecian* balance lies

Low sunk on earth, the *Trojan* strikes the skies.

*diversarum inter heroas suas personarum varia magnificatio, binc Deorum interpositio, binc avaritas fabulosa, binc affectuum naturalium expressio, binc monumentorum persecutio, binc parabolarum exaggeratio, binc torrentis orationis sonitus, binc rerum singularum cum splendore fastidium.* Sat. l. 5. c. 13.

As to the ascent or descent of the scales, *Eustatbius* explains it in this manner. The descent of the scale toward earth signifies unhappiness and death, the earth being the place of misfortune and mortality; the mounting of it signifies prosperity and life, the superiour regions being the seats of felicity and immortality.

*Milton* has admirably improved upon this fine fiction, and with an alteration agreeable to a Christian Poet. He feigns that the Almighty weighed *Satan* in such scales, but judiciously makes this difference, that the mounting of his scale denoted ill success; whereas the same circumstance in *Homer* points the victory. His reason was, because *Satan* was immortal, and therefore the sinking of his scale could not signify death, but the mounting of it did his *lightness*, conformable to the expression we just now cited from *Daniel*.

*Tb' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
Hung forth in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
Between Astræa and the Scorpion sign:  
Wherein all things created first be weigh'd,  
The pendulous round earth, with balanc'd air,  
In counterpoise; now ponders all events,  
Battels and realms: In these be put two weights,  
The sequel each of parting and of fight:  
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam.*

I believe upon the whole this may with justice be preferr'd both to *Homer's* and *Virgil's*, on account of the beautiful allusion to the sign of *Libra* in the heavens, and that noble imagination of the Maker's weighing the whole world at the creation, and all the events of it since; so correspondent at once to philosophy, and to the style of the scriptures.

Then

Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his horrors spreads;  
 The clouds burst dreadful o'er the *Grecian* heads;  
 95 Thick light'nings flash; the mutt'ring thunder rolls;  
 Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

Before

v. 93. *Then Jove from Ida's top, &c.*] This distress of the *Greeks* being suppos'd, *Jupiter's* presence was absolutely necessary for the inferior Gods that were friendly to *Greece* were rather more in number and superiour in force to those that favour'd *Troy*; and the Poet had shew'd before, when both armies were left to themselves, that the *Greeks* could overcome the *Trojans*; besides, it would have been an indelible reflection upon his countrymen to have been vanquish'd by a smaller number. Therefore nothing less than the immediate interposition of *Jupiter* was requisite, which shews the wonderful address of the Poet in his machinery. *Virgil* makes *Turnus* say in the last *Æneid*,

—Dii me terrent & *Jupiter* hostis.

And indeed this defeat of the *Greeks* seems more to their glory than all their victories, since even *Jupiter's* omnipotence could with difficulty effect it.

v. 95. *Thick lightnings flash.*] This notion of *Jupiter's* declaring against the *Greeks* by thunder and lightning, is drawn (says *Dacier*) from truth itself: *Sam. i. ch. 7.* And as *Samuel* was offering up the burnt-offering, the *Philistines* drew near to battel against *Israel*: But the Lord thunder'd with a great thunder on that day upon the *Philistines*, and discomfited them, and they were smitten before *Israel*. To which may be added that in the 18th Psalm: The Lord thunder'd in the heavens, and the Higbest gave his voice; hailstones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scatter'd them; he shot out lightnings and discomfited them.

Upon occasion of the various successes given by *Jupiter*, now to *Grecians*, now to *Trojans*, whom he suffers to perish interchangeably; some have fancy'd this supposition injurious to the nature of the sovereign being, as representing him variable or inconstant in his rewards and punishments. It may be answer'd, that as God makes use of some people to chastise others,

Before his wrath the trembling hosts retire ;

The God in terrors, and the skies on fire.

Nor great *Idomeneus* that fight could bear,

100 Nor each stern *Ajax*, thunderbolts of war :

others, and none are totally void of crimes, he often decrees to punish those very persons for lesser sins, whom he makes his instruments to punish others for greater : so purging them from their own iniquities before they become worthy to be chastisers of other men's. This is the case of the *Greeks* here, whom *Jupiter* permits to suffer many ways, tho' he had destin'd them to revenge the rape of *Helen* upon *Troy*. There is a history in the Bible just of this nature. In the 20th chapter of *Judges*, the *Israelites* are commanded to make war against the tribe of *Benjamin*, to punish a rape on the wife of a *Levite* committed in the city of *Gibeab* : When they have laid siege to the place, the *Benjamites* sally upon them with so much vigour, that a great number of the besiegers are destroy'd : They are astonish'd at these defeats, as having undertaken the siege in obedience to the command of God : But they are still order'd to persist, till at length they burn the city, and almost extinguish the race of *Benjamin*. There are many instances in scripture, where heaven is represented to change its decrees according to the repentance or relapses of men : *Hezekias* is order'd to prepare for death, and afterwards fifteen years are added to his life. It is foretold to *Achab*, that he shall perish miserably, and then upon his humiliation God defers the punishment till the reign of his successor, &c.

I must confess, that in comparing passages of the sacred books with our Author, one ought to use a great deal of caution and respect. If there are some places in scripture that in compliance to human understanding represent the Deity as acting by motives like those of men ; there are infinitely more that shew him as he is, all perfection, justice, and beneficence ; whereas in *Homer* the general tenor of the poem represents *Jupiter* as a being subject to passion, inequality, and imperfection. I think *M. Dacier* has carry'd these comparisons too far, and is too zealous to defend him upon every occasion in the points of theology and doctrine.

Nor

Nor he, the King of Men, th' alarm sustain'd;  
*Nestor* alone amidst the storm remain'd.  
 Unwilling he remain'd, for *Paris'* dart  
 Had pierc'd his courser in a mortal part;  
 105 Fix'd in the forehead where the springing mane  
 Curl'd o'er the brow, it stung him to the brain;  
 Mad with his anguish, he begins to rear,  
 Paw with his hoofs aloft, and lash the air.  
 Scarce had his faulchion cut the reins, and freed  
 110 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed,  
 When dreadful *Hector*, thund'ring thro' the war,  
 Pour'd to the tumult on his whirling car.  
 That day had stretch'd beneath his matchless hand  
 The hoary monarch of the *Pylian* band,  
 115 But *Diomed* beheld; from forth the crowd  
 He rush'd, and on *Ulysses* call'd aloud.

Whither,

[Y. 115. But *Diomed* beheld.] The whole following story of *Nestor* and *Diomed* is admirably contriv'd to raise the character of the latter. He maintains his intrepidity, and ventures singly to bring off the old hero, notwithstanding the general consternation. The art of *Homer* will appear wonderful to any one who considers all the circumstances of this part, and by what degrees he reconciles this flight of *Diomed* to that undaunted character. The thunderbolt falls just before him; that is not enough; *Nestor* advises him to submit to heaven; this does not prevail, he cannot bear the thoughts of flight: *Nestor* drives back the chariot without his consent; he is again inclined to go on till *Jupiter* again declares against him. These two heroes are very artfully placed together, because none but

- Whither, oh whither does *Ulysses* run:  
 Oh flight unworthy great *Laertes'* son!  
 Mix'd with the vulgar shall thy fate be found,  
 120 Pierc'd in the back, a vile, dishonest wound?  
 Oh turn and save from *Hector's* direful rage  
 The glory of the *Greeks*, the *Pylian* sage,  
 His fruitless words are lost unheard in air;  
*Ulysses* seeks the ships, and shelters there.  
 125 But bold *Tydidēs* to the rescue goes,  
 A single warrior 'midst a host of foes;

a person of *Nestor's* authority and wisdom should have prevailed upon *Diomed* to retreat: A younger warrior could not so well in honour have given him such counsel, and from no other would he have taken it. To cause *Diomed* to fly, required both the counsel of *Nestor*, and the thunder of *Jupiter*.

ψ. 121. *O turn and save, &c.*] There is a decorum in making *Diomed* call *Ulysses* to the assistance of his brother sage; for who better knew the importance of *Nestor*, than *Ulysses*? But the question is, whether *Ulysses* did not drop *Nestor*, as one great minister would do another, and fancy'd he should be the wise man when the other was gone? *Eusebius* indeed is of opinion that *Homer* meant not to cast any aspersions on *Ulysses*, nor would have given him so many noble appellations, when in the same breath he reflected upon his courage. But perhaps the contrary opinion may be ill grounded, if we observe the manner of *Homer's* expression. *Diomed* call'd *Ulysses*, but *Ulysses* was deaf, he did not bear; and whereas the Poet says of the rest, that they had not the *hardiness* to stay, *Ulysses* is not only said to fly, but παρῆλθεν, to make violent haste towards the navy. *Ovid* at least understood it thus, for he puts an objection in *Ajax's* mouth, *Metam.* 13. drawn from this passage, which would have been improper, had not *Ulysses* made more speed than he ought; since *Ajax* on the same occasion retreated as well as he.

Before

Before the coursers with a sudden spring  
He leap'd, and anxious thus bespoke the King.

Great perils, father! wait th' unequal fight;

30 These younger champions will oppress thy might.

Thy veins no more with ancient vigour glow,  
Weak is thy servant, and thy coursers slow.

Then haste, ascend my seat, and from the car  
Observe the steeds of *Tros*, renown'd in war,

35 Practis'd alike to turn, to stop, to chace,

To dare the fight, or urge the rapid race:

These late obey'd *Aeneas*' guiding rein;

Leave thou thy chariot to our faithful train:

With these against yon' *Trojans* will we go,

40 Nor shall great *Hector* want an equal foe;

Fierce as he is, ev'n he may learn to fear

The thirsty fury of my flying spear.

Thus said the chief; and *Nestor*, skill'd in war,

Approves his counsel, and ascends the car:

45 The steeds he left, their trusty servants hold;

*Eurymedon*, and *Sthenelus* the bold.

γ. 142. *The thirsty fury of my flying spear.*] Homer has figures of that boldness which it is impossible to preserve in another language. The words in the original are *Δορυ μαίεται*, *Hector shall see if my spear is mad in my hands*. The translation pretends only to have taken some shadow of this, in animating the spear, giving it *fury*, and strengthening the figure with the epithet *thirsty*.

The

- The rev'rend charioteer directs the course,  
 And strains his aged arm to lash the horse.  
*Hector* they face; unknowing how to fear,  
 150 Fierce he drove on; *Tydidēs* whirl'd his spear.  
 The spear with erring haste mistook its way,  
 But plung'd in *Eniopēus*' bosom lay.  
 His opening hand in death forsakes the rein;  
 The steeds fly back: He falls, and spurns the plain.  
 155 Great *Hector* sorrows for his servant kill'd,  
 Yet unreveng'd permits to press the field;  
 Till to supply his place and rule the car,  
 Rose *Archeptolemus*, the fierce in war.  
 And now had death and horror cover'd all;  
 160 Like tim'rous flocks the *Trojans* in their wall  
 Inclos'd had bled: but *Jove* with awful sound  
 Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vast profound:  
 Full in *Tydidēs*' face the light'ning flew;  
 The ground before him flam'd with sulphur blue;

The

†. 159. *And now had death, &c.*] *Eusebius* observes how wonderfully *Homer* still advances the character of *Diomed*: when all the leaders of *Greece* were retreated, the Poet says that had not *Jupiter* interposed, *Diomed* alone had driven the whole army of *Troy* to their walls, and with his single hand have vanquish'd an army.

†. 164. *The ground before him flam'd.*] Here is a battel describ'd with so much fire, that the warmest imagination of an able

165 The quiv'ring steeds fell prostrate at the fight;  
 And *Nestor's* trembling hand confess'd his fright:  
 He drop'd the reins; and shook with sacred dread,  
 Thus, turning, warn'd th' intrepid *Diomed*.

O chief! too daring in thy friend's defence,  
 170 Retire advis'd, and urge the chariot hence.

able painter cannot add a circumstance to heighten the surprize or horror of the picture. Here is what they call the *Fracas*, or hurry and tumult of the action in the utmost strength of colouring, upon the foreground; and the *repose* or *solemnity* at a distance, with great propriety and judgment. First, in the *Eloignement*, we behold *Jupiter* in golden armour, surrounded with glory, upon the summit of mount *Ida*; his chariot and horses by him, wrapt in dark clouds. In the next place below the horizon, appear the clouds rolling and opening, thro' which the lightning flashes in the face of the *Greeks*, who are flying on all sides; *Agamemnon* and the rest of the commanders in the rear, in postures of astonishment. Towards the middle of the piece, we see *Nestor* in the utmost distress, one of his horses having a deadly wound in the forehead with a dart, which makes him rear and writhe, and disorder the rest. *Nestor* is cutting the harness with his sword, while *Hector* advances driving full speed. *Diomed* interposes, in an action of the utmost fierceness and intrepidity: These two heroes make the principal figures and subject of the picture. A burning thunderbolt falls just before the feet of *Diomed's* horses, from whence a horrid flame of sulphur arises.

This is only a specimen of a single picture designed by *Homer*, out of the many with which he has beautified the *Iliad*. And indeed every thing is so natural and so lively, that the History-painter would generally have no more to do, but to delineate the forms, and copy the circumstances, just as he finds them described by this great master. We cannot therefore wonder at what has been so often said of *Homer's* furnishing Ideas to the most famous Painters of antiquity.

This

This day, averse, the sov'reign of the skies  
 Assists great *Hector*, and our palm denies.  
 Some other sun may see the happier hour,  
 When *Greece* shall conquer by his heav'nly pow'r.

175 'Tis not in man his fix'd decree to move:

The great will glory to submit to *Jove*.

O rev'rend Prince! (*Tydid*es thus replies)

Thy years are awful, and thy words are wise.

But ah, what grief? should haughty *Hector* boast,  
 180 I fled inglorious to the guarded coast.

Before that dire disgrace shall blast my fame,  
 O'erwhelm me, earth! and hide a warrior's shame.

To whom *Gere*nian *Nestor* thus reply'd:

Gods! can thy courage fear the *Phrygian's* pride?

185 *Hector* may vaunt, but who shall heed the boast? }

Not those who felt thy arm, the *Dardan* host,

Nor *Troy*, yet bleeding in her heroes lost;

Not ev'n a *Phrygian* dame, who dreads the sword  
 That lay'd in dust her lov'd, lamented lord.

190 He said; and hasty, o'er the gasping throng  
 Drives the swift steeds; the chariot smoaks along.

The shouts of *Trojans* thicken in the wind;

The storm of hissing javelins pours behind.

Then

Then with a voice that shakes the solid skies,  
 5 Pleas'd *Hector* braves the warrior as he flies.  
 Go, mighty hero! grac'd above the rest  
 In seats of council and the sumptuous feast :  
 Now hope no more those honours from thy train;  
 Go, less than woman, in the form of man!  
 10 To scale our walls, to wrap our tow'rs in flames,  
 To lead in exile the fair *Phrygian* dames,  
 Thy once proud hopes, presumptuous Prince! are fled ;  
 This arm shall reach thy heart, and stretch thee dead.

Now fears dissuade him, and now hopes invite,  
 15 To stop his coursers, and to stand the fight ;  
 Thrice turn'd the chief, and thrice imperial *Jove*  
 On *Ida's* summits thunder'd from above.  
 Great *Hector* heard ; he saw the flashing light,  
 (The sign of conquest) and thus urg'd the fight.  
 20 Hear ev'ry *Trojan*, *Lycian*, *Dardan* band,  
 All fam'd in war, and dreadful hand to hand.  
 Be mindful of the wreaths your arms have won,  
 Your great forefathers glories, and your own.

§. 194. *The solid skies.*] *Homer* sometimes calls the heavens  
*brazen*, Οὐρανὸν πολὺχαλκον, and *Jupiter's* palace, χαλκο-  
 βαΐς δῶ. One might think from hence that the notion of the  
*solidity of the heavens*, which is indeed very ancient, had been  
 generally receiv'd. The scripture uses expressions agreeable to it,  
*A heaven of brass*, and the *firmament*.

Heard ye the voice of *Jove*? Success and fame

215 Await on *Troy*, on *Greece* eternal shame.

In vain they skulk behind their boasted wall,

Weak bulwarks! destin'd by this arm to fall.

High o'er their slighted trench our steeds shall bound,

And pass victorious o'er the levell'd mound.

220 Soon as before yon' hollow ships we stand,

Fight each with flames, and toss the blazing brand,

Till their proud navy wrapt in smoke and fires,

All *Greece*, encompass'd, in one blaze expires.

Furious he said; then, bending o'er the yoke,

225 Encourag'd his proud steeds, while thus he spoke.

Now *Xanthus*, *Æthon*, *Lampus*! urge the chace,

And thou, *Podargus*! prove thy gen'rous race:

Be

§. 214. *Heard ye the voice of Jove?*] It was a noble and effectual manner of encouraging the troops, by telling them that God was surely on their side: This, it seems, has been an ancient practice, as it has been used in modern times by those who never read *Homer*.

§. 226. *Now Xanthus, Æthon, &c.*] There have been Critics who blame this manner, introduced by *Homer* and copied by *Virgil*, of making a hero address his discourse to his horses. *Virgil* has given human sentiments to the horse of *Pallas*, and made him weep for the death of his master. In the tenth *Æneid*, *Mexentius* speaks to his horse in the same manner as *Hector* does here. Nay, he makes *Turnus* utter a speech to his spear, and invoke it as a divinity. All this is agreeable to the art of oratory, which makes it a precept to speak to every thing, and make every thing speak; of which there are innumerable applauded instances in the most celebrated orators.

Nothing

Be fleet, be fearless, this important day,  
 And all your master's well-spent care repay.  
 For this, high fed in plenteous stalls ye stand,  
 Serv'd with pure wheat, and by a Princess' hand;  
 For this, my spouse of great *Aëtion's* line  
 So oft has steep'd the strength'ning grain in wine.  
 Now swift pursue, now thunder uncontroll'd;  
 Give me to seize rich *Nestor's* shield of gold;  
 From *Tydeus'* shoulders strip the costly load,  
*Vulcanian* arms, the labour of a God:

These

Nothing can be more spirited and affecting than this enthusiasm of *Hector*, who, in the transport of his joy at the sight of *Diomed* flying before him, breaks out into this apostrophe to his horses, as he is pursuing. And indeed the air of this whole speech is agreeable to a man drunk with the hopes of success; and promising himself a series of conquests. He has in imagination already forced the *Grecian* retrenchments, set the fleet in flames, and destroyed the whole army.

Y. 232. *For this, my spouse.*] There is (says *M. Davier*) a secret beauty in this passage, which perhaps will only be perceiv'd by those who are particularly vers'd in *Homer*. He describes a Princess so tender in her love to her husband, that she takes care constantly to go and meet him at his return from every battle, and in the joy of seeing him again, runs to his horses, and gives them bread and wine as a testimony of her acknowledgment to them for bringing him back. Notwithstanding the raillery that may be past upon this remark, I take a Lady to be the best judge to what actions a woman may be carry'd by fondness to her husband. *Homer* does not expressly mention bread, but wheat; and the commentators are not agreed whether she gave them wine to drink, or steep'd the grain in it. *Hobbes* translates it as I do.

Y. 237. *Vulcanian arms, the labour of a God.*] These were the arms that *Dionysus* had receiv'd from *Glaucus*, and a prize worthy

These if we gain, then Victory, ye pow'rs!

This night, this glorious night, the fleet is ours.

240 That heard, deep anguish stung *Saturnia's* soul;  
She shook her throne that shook the starry pole:  
And thus to *Neptune*: Thou, whose force can make  
The steadfast earth from her foundations shake,  
See'st thou the *Greeks* by fates unjust oppress,

245 Nor swells thy heart in that immortal breast?

Yet *Æge*, *Helicè*, thy pow'r obey,

And gifts unceasing on thine altars lay.

Would all the Deities of *Greece* combine,

In vain the gloomy Thund'rer might repine:

250 Sole should he sit, with scarce a God to friend,

And see his *Trojans* to the shades descend:

Such be the scene from his *Idaan* bow'r;

Ungrateful prospect to the fullen pow'r!

*Neptune* with wrath rejects the rash design:

255 What rage, what madness, furious *Queen*! is thine?

I war not with the Highest. All above

Submit and tremble at the hand of *Jove*.

worthy *Hætor*, being (as we are told in the sixth book) entirely of gold. I do not remember any other place where the shield of *Nestor* is celebrated by *Homer*.

Y. 246. *Yet Ægæ, Helicè.*] These were two cities of *Greece* in which *Neptune* was particularly honoured, and in each of which there was a temple and a statue of him.

Now

Now godlike *Hector*, to whose matchless might  
*Jove* gave the glory of the destin'd fight,  
 Squadrons on squadrons drives, and fills the fields  
 With close-rang'd chariots, and with thicken'd shields.  
 Where the deep trench in length extended lay,  
 Compacted troops stand wedg'd in firm array,  
 A dreadful front! they shake the bands, and threat  
 With long-destroying flames the hostile fleet.  
 The King of Men, by *Juno's* self inspir'd,  
 Toil'd thro' the tents, and all his army fir'd.  
 Swift as he mov'd, he lifted in his hand  
 His purple robe, bright ensign of command.  
 High on the midmost bark the King appear'd;  
 There, from *Ulysses'* deck, his voice was heard.

To

†. 262. *Where the deep trench.*] That is to say, the space betwixt the ditch and the wall was filled with the men and chariots of the *Greeks*: *Hector* not having yet past the ditch. *Eustathius*.

†. 269. *His purple robe.*] *Agamemnon* here addresses himself to the eyes of the army; his voice might have been lost in the confusion of a retreat, but the motion of this purple robe could not fail of attracting the regards of the soldiers. His speech also is very remarkable; he first endeavours to shame them into courage, and then begs of *Jupiter* to give that courage success; at least so far as not to suffer the whole army to be destroyed. *Eustathius*.

†. 270. *High on the midmost bark, &c.*] We learn from hence the situation of the ships of *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, and *Ajax*. The two latter being the strongest heroes of the army, were placed to defend either end of the fleet, as most obnoxious to the incur-

- To *Ajax* and *Achilles* reach'd the sound,  
 Whose distant ships the guarded navy bound.  
 Oh *Argives*! shame of human race; he cry'd,  
 275 (The hollow vessels to his voice reply'd)  
 Where now are all your glorious boasts of yore,  
 Your hasty triumphs on the *Lemnian* shore?  
 Each fearless hero dates an hundred foes,  
 While the feast lasts, and while the goblet flows;  
 280 But who to meet one martial man is found,  
 When the fight rages, and the flames surround?  
 O mighty *Jove*! oh Sire of the distress'd!  
 Was ever King like me, like me oppress'd?  
 With pow'r immense, with justice arm'd in vain;  
 285 My glory ravish'd, and my people slain!  
 To thee my vows were breath'd from every shore;  
 What altar smoak'd not with our victims gore;  
 With fat of bulls I fed the constant flame,  
 And ask'd destruction to the *Trojan* name.  
 290 Now, gracious God! far humbler our demand;  
 Give these at least to 'scape from *Hector's* hand,  
 And save the reliques of the *Grecian* land!

incursions or surprizes of the enemy; and *Ulysses* being the ablest head, was allotted the middle place, as more safe and convenient for the council, and that he might be the nearer, if any emergency required his advice. *Eustatius, Spodanus.*

Thus

Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard  
His vows, in bitterness of soul preferr'd;  
The wrath appeas'd, by happy signs declares,  
And gives the people to their monarch's pray'rs.  
His eagle, sacred bird of heav'n! he sent,  
A fawn his talons trufs'd (divine portent!)

ÿ. 293. *Thus pray'd the King, and heav'n's great Father heard.*] It is to be observ'd in general, that *Homer* hardly ever makes his heroes succeed, unless they have first offer'd a prayer to heaven. Whether they engage in war, go upon an embassy, undertake a voyage; in a word, whatever they enterprize, they almost always supplicate some God; and whenever we find this omitted, we may expect some adversity to befall them in the course of the story.

ÿ. 297. *The eagle, sacred bird!*] *Jupiter* upon the prayers of *Agamemnon* sends an omen to encourage the *Greeks*. The application of it is obvious: The eagle signified *Hector*, the fawn denoted the fear and flight of the *Greeks*, and being dropt at the altar of *Jupiter*, shew'd that they would be saved by the protection of that God. The word *Παυομφαῖος* (says *Eustatbius*) has a great significancy in this place. The *Greeks* having just received this happy omen from *Jupiter*, were offering oblations to him under the title of the *Father of Oracles*. There may also be a natural reason for this appellation, as *Jupiter* signified the *Æther*, which is the vehicle of all sounds.

*Virgil* has a fine imitation of this passage, but diversify'd with many more circumstances, where he makes *Juturna* shew a prodigy of the like nature to encourage the *Latins*, *Æn.* 12.

*Namque volans rubrâ fulvus Jovis ales in æthrâ,  
Litoreas agitabat aves, turbamque sonantem  
Agminis aligeri: subitò cùm lapsus ad undas  
Cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis.  
Arrexere animos Itali: cunctæque volucres  
Convertunt clamore fugam (mirabile visu)  
Ætheraque obscurant pennis, hostemque per auras  
Factâ nube premunt: donec vi victus & ipso  
Pondere defecit, prædamque ex unguibus ales  
Projecit fluvio, penitusque in nubila fugit.*

High

- High o'er the wond'ring hosts he soar'd above,  
 300 Who paid their vows to *Panomphean Jove*;  
 Then let the prey before his altar fall;  
 The *Greeks* beheld, and transport seiz'd on all:  
 Encourag'd by the sign, the troops revive,  
 And fierce on *Troy* with doubled fury drive.
- 305 *Tydidēs* first, of all the *Grecian* force,  
 O'er the broad ditch impell'd his foaming horse,  
 Pierc'd the deep ranks, their strongest battel tore,  
 And dy'd his jav'lin red with *Trojan* gore.  
 Young *Agelāus* (*Phradmon* was his fire)  
 310 With flying coursers shun'd his dreadful ire:  
 Strook thro' the back the *Phrygian* fell oppress;  
 The dart drove on, and issu'd at his breast:  
 Headlong he quits the car; his arms resound;  
 His pond'rous buckler thunders on the ground.
- 315 Forth rush a tide of *Greeks*, the passage freed;  
 Th' *Atrida* first, th' *Ajaces* next succeed:  
*Meriones*, like *Mars* in arms renown'd,  
 And godlike *Idomen*, now pass'd the mound;

γ. 305. *Tydidēs first.*] *Diomed*, as we have before seen, was the last that retreated from the thunder of *Jupiter*; he is now the first that returns to the battel. It is worth while to observe the behaviour of the hero upon this occasion: He retreats with the utmost reluctance, and advances with the utmost ardour; he flies with greater impatience to meet danger, than he could before to put himself in safety. *Eustathius*.

*Evamon's*

*Evamon's* son next issues to the foe,

320 And last, young *Teucer* with his bended bow.

Secure behind the *Telamonian* shield

The skilful archer wide survey'd the field,

With ev'ry shaft some hostile victim slew,

Then close beneath the seven-fold orb withdrew :

325 The conscious infant so, when fear alarms,

Retires for safety to the mother's arms.

Thus *Ajax* guards his brother in the field,

Moves as he moves, and turns the shining shield.

Who first by *Teucer's* mortal arrows bled ?

330 *Orsilochns* ; then fell *Ormenus* dead :

The god-like *Lycophon* next press'd the plain,

With *Chromius*, *Dator*, *Opheloestes* slain :

Bold *Hamopæon* breathless sunk to ground ;

The bloody pile great *Melanippus* crown'd.

§. 321. *Secure behind the Telamonian shield.*] *Eustathius* observes that *Teucer* being an excellent archer, and using only the bow, could not wear any arms which would encumber him, and render him less expedite in his archery. *Homer* to secure him from the enemy, represents him as standing behind *Ajax's* shield, and shooting from thence. Thus the Poet gives us a new circumstance of a battel, and tho' *Ajax* atchieves nothing himself, he maintains a superiority over *Teucer* : *Ajax* may be said to kill these *Trojans* with the arrows of *Teucer*.

There is also a wonderful tenderness in the simile with which he illustrates the retreat of *Teucer* behind the shield of *Ajax* : Such tender circumstances soften the horrors of a battel, and diffuse a sort of serenity over the soul of the reader.

- 335 Heaps fell on heaps, sad trophies of his art,  
 A Trojan ghost attending ev'ry darr.  
 Great *Agamemnon* views with joyful eye  
 The ranks grow thinner as his arrows fly:  
 Oh youth for ever dear! (the monarch cry'd)  
 340 Thus, always thus, thy early worth be try'd;  
 Thy brave example shall retrieve our host,  
 Thy country's saviour, and thy father's boast!  
 Sprung from an alien's bed thy sire to grace,  
 The vig'rous offspring of a stol'n embrace,  
 345 Proud of his boy, he own'd the gen'rous flame,  
 And the brave son repays his cares with fame.  
 Now hear a monarch's vow: If heav'n's high pow'rs  
 Give me to raze *Troy's* long-defended tow'rs;

§. 337. *Great Agamemnon views.*] *Eustatbius* observes that *Homer* would here teach the duty of a General in a battel. He must observe the behaviour of his soldiers: He must honour the hero, reproach the coward, reduce the disorderly; and for the encouragement of the deserving, he must promise rewards, that desert in arms may not be paid with glory only.

§. 343. *Sprung from an alien's bed.*] *Agamemnon* here, in the height of his commendations of *Teucer*, tells him of his spurious birth: This (says *Eustatbius*) was reckon'd no disgrace among the ancients; nothing being more common than for heroes of old to take their female captives to their beds; and as such captives were then given for a reward of valour, and as a matter of glory, it could be no reproach to be descended from them. Thus *Teucer* (says *Eustatbius*) was descended from *Telamon* and *Hesione* the sister of *Priam*, a female captive.

What-

Whatever treasures *Greece* for me design,  
 350 The next rich honorary gift be thine:  
 Some golden tripod, or distinguish'd car,  
 With coursers' dreadful in the ranks of war,  
 Or some fair captive whom thy eyes approve,  
 Shall recompense the warrior's toils with love.  
 355 To this the chief: With praise the rest inspire,  
 Nor urge a soul already fill'd with fire.  
 What strength I have, be now in battel try'd,  
 'Till ev'ry shaft in *Phrygian* blood be dy'd.  
 Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,  
 360 Still aim'd at *Hector* have I bent my bow;  
 Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,  
 And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead:  
 But sure some God denies me to destroy  
 This fury of the field, this dog of *Troy*.

¶ 364. *This dog of Troy.*] This is literal from the *Greek*, and I have ventured it, as no improper expression of the rage of *Teucer*, for having been so often disappointed in his aim, and of his passion against that enemy who had so long prevented all the hopes of the *Grecians*. *Milton* was not scrupulous of imitating even these, which the modern refiners call unmannerly strokes, of our author, (who knew to what extremes human passions might proceed, and was not ashamed to copy them.) He has put this very expression into the mouth of God himself, who upon beholding the havock which *Sin* and *Death* made in the world, is moved in his indignation to cry out,

*See with what heat these dogs of hell advance!*

- 365 He said, and twang'd the string. The weapon flies  
 At *Hector's* breast, and sings along the skies:  
 He miss'd the mark; but pierc'd *Gorgythio's* heart,  
 And drench'd in royal blood the thirsty dart.  
 (Fair *Castianira*, nymph of form divine,  
 370 This offspring added to King *Priam's* line)  
 As full-blown poppies overcharg'd with rain  
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain;

So

\*. 367. *He miss'd the mark.*] These words, says *Eustathius*, are very artfully inserted; the reader might wonder why so skilful an archer should so often miss his mark, and it was necessary that *Teucer* should miss *Hector*, because *Homer* could not falsify the history: This difficulty he removes by the intervention of *Apollo*, who wafts the arrow aside from him: The Poet does not tell us that this was done by the hand of a God, 'till the arrow of *Teucer* came so near *Hector* as to kill his charioteer, which made some such contrivance necessary.

\*. 371. *As full-blown poppies.*] This simile is very beautiful, and exactly represents the manner of *Gorgythion's* death: There is such a sweetness in the comparison, that it makes us pity the youth's fall, and almost feel his wound. *Virgil* has apply'd it to the death of *Euryalus*.

— Inque humeros cervix collapsa recumbit:  
 Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro  
 Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo  
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

This is finely improv'd by the Roman author, with the particulars of *succisus aratro*, and *lasso collo*. But it may on the other hand be observ'd in the favour of *Homer*, that the circumstance of the head being oppress'd and weigh'd down by the helmet, is so remarkably just, that it is a wonder *Virgil* omitted it, and the rather because he had particularly taken  
 notice

So sinks the youth: His beauteous head, depress'd  
Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

375 Another shaft the raging archer drew;

That other shaft with erring fury flew,

(From *Hector Phœbus* turn'd the flying wound)

Yet fell not dry, or guiltless to the ground:

Thy breast, brave *Archeptolemus*! it tore,

380 And dipp'd its feathers in no vulgar gore.

Headlong he falls: his sudden fall alarms

The steeds that startle at his sounding arms.

*Hector* with grief his charioteer beheld,

All pale and breathless on the sanguin field.

notice before, that it was the *helmet* of *Euryalus* which occasion'd the discovery and unfortunate death of this young hero and his friend.

One may make a general observation, that *Homer* in those comparisons that breathe an air of tenderness, is very exact, and adapts them in every point to the subject which he is to illustrate: But in other comparisons, where he is to inspire the soul with sublime sentiments, he gives a loose to his fancy, and does not regard whether the images exactly correspond. I take the reason of it to be this: In the first, the copy must be like the original to cause it to affect us; the glass needs only to return the real image to make it beautiful: whereas in the other, a succession of noble ideas will cause the like sentiments in the soul; and tho' the glass should enlarge the image, it only strikes us with such thoughts as the Poet intended to raise, sublime and great.

- 385 Then bids *Cebriones* direct the rein,  
 Quits his bright car, and issues on the plain.  
 Dreadful he shouts: From earth a stone he took,  
 And rush'd on *Tenzer* with the lifted rock.  
 The youth already strain'd the forceful yew;  
 390 The shaft already to his shoulder drew;  
 The feather in his hand, just wing'd for flight,  
 Touch'd where the neck and hollow chest unite;  
 There, where the juncture knits the channel-bone,  
 The furious chief discharg'd the craggy stone:  
 395 The bow-string burst beneath the pond'rous blow,  
 And his numb'd hand dismiss'd his useless bow.  
 He fell: But *Ajax* his broad shield display'd,  
 And screen'd his brother with a mighty shade;  
 'Till great *Alastor*, and *Mecistens*, bore  
 400 The batter'd archer groaning to the shore.  
 Troy yet found grace before th' *Olympian* Sire,  
 He arm'd their hands, and fill'd their breasts with fire.  
 The *Greeks*, repuls'd, retreat behind their wall,  
 Or in the trench on heaps, confus'dly fall.  
 405 First of the foe great *Hector* march'd along,  
 With terroure cloath'd, and more than mortal strong.

As the bold hound that gives the lion chace,  
 With beating bosom, and with eager pace,  
 Hangs on his haunch, or fastens on his heels,

410 Guards as he turns, and circles as he wheels:

Thus oft' the *Grecians* turn'd, but still they flew;  
 Thus following *Hector* still the hindmost flew.  
 When flying they had pass'd the trench profound,  
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground;

415 Before the ships a desp'rate stand they made,

And fir'd the troops, and call'd the Gods to aid.

Fierce on his ratt'ling chariot *Hector* came;

His eyes like *Gorgon* shot a sanguin flame

That wither'd all their host: Like *Mars* he stood,

420 Dire as the monster, dreadful as the God!

§. 407. *As the bold hound that gives the lion chace.*] This simile is the justest imaginable; and gives the most lively picture of the manner in which the *Grecians* fled, and *Hector* pursued them, still slaughtering the hindmost. *Gratius* and *Oppian* have given us partiular descriptions of those sort of dogs, of prodigious strength and size, which were employ'd to hunt and tear down wild beasts. To one of these fierce animals he compares *Hector*, and one cannot but observe his care not to disgrace his *Grecian* countrymen by an unworthy comparison: Tho' he is obliged to represent them flying, he makes them fly like lions; and as they fly, turn frequently back upon their pursuer; so that it is hard to say, if they, or he, be in the greater danger. On the contrary, when any of the *Grecian* heroes pursue the *Trojans*, it is he that is the lion, and the flyers are but sheep or trembling deer.

226 HOMER'S *ILIAD*. BOOK VIII.

Their strong distress the wife of *Jove* survey'd;  
Then pensive thus, to War's triumphant maid.

Oh daughter of that God, whose arm can wield  
Th' avenging bolt, and shake the sable shield!

425 Now, in this moment of her last despair,  
Shall wretched *Greece* no more confess our care,  
Condemn'd to suffer the full force of Fate,  
And drain the dregs of heav'n's relentless hate?  
Gods! shall one raging hand thus level all?

430 What numbers fell? what numbers yet shall fall?  
What pow'r divine shall *Hector's* wrath assuage?  
Still swells the slaughter, and still grows the rage!

So spoke th' imperial regent of the skies;  
To whom the Goddess with the azure eyes:

435 Long since had *Hector* stain'd these fields with gore,  
Stretch'd by some *Argive* on his native shore:  
But He above, the Sire of heav'n withstands,  
Mocks our attempts, and flights our just demands.  
The stubborn God, inflexible and hard,

440 Forgets my service and deserv'd reward:

Sav'd

†. 439. *The stubborn God, inflexible and hard.*] It must be owned that this speech of *Minerva* against *Jupiter*, shocks the Allegory more than perhaps any in the poem. Unless the Deities may sometimes be thought to mean no more than beings that presided over those parts of nature, or those passions and

Sav'd I, for this, his fav'rite \* son distress'd,  
 By stern *Euristheus* with long labours press'd?  
 He begg'd, with tears he begg'd, in deep dismay;  
 I shot from heav'n, and gave his arm the day.

\* *Hercules.*

445 Oh had my wisdom known this dire event,  
 When to grim *Pluto's* gloomy gates he went;  
 The triple dog had never felt his chain,  
 Nor *Styx* been cross'd, nor hell explor'd in vain.  
 Averse to me of all his heav'n of Gods,

450 At *Thetis'* suit the partial Thund'rer nods.  
 To grace her gloomy, fierce, resenting son,  
 My hopes are frustrate, and my *Greeks* undone.  
 Some future day, perhaps he may be mov'd  
 To call his blue-ey'd maid his best-belov'd.

455 Haste, launch thy chariot, thro' yon' ranks to ride;  
 My self will arm, and thunder at thy side.  
 Then Goddesses! say, shall *Hector* glory then,  
 (That terroure of the *Greeks*, that Man of men)

and faculties of the mind. Thus as *Venus* suggests unlawful as well as lawful desires, so *Minerva* may be described as the Goddess not only of Wisdom but of Craft; that is, both of true and false Wisdom. So the moral of *Minerva's* speaking rashly of *Jupiter*, may be, that the wisest of finite beings is liable to passion and indiscretion, as the commentators have already observ'd.

When *Juno's* self, and *Pallas* shall appear,

460 All dreadful in the crimson walks of war?

What mighty *Trojan* then, on yonder shore,

Expiring, pale, and terrible no more,

Shall feast the fowls, and glut the dogs with gore?

She ceas'd, and *Juno* rein'd the steeds with care;

465 (Heav'n's awful empress, *Saturn's* other heir)

*Pallas*, meanwhile, her various veil unbound,

With flow'rs adorn'd, with art immortal crown'd;

The radiant robe her sacred fingers wove

Floats in rich waves, and spreads the court of *Jove*.

470 Her father's arms her mighty limbs invest,

His cuirass blazes on her ample breast.

The vig'rous pow'r the trembling car ascends;

Shook by her arm, the massy jav'lin bends;

Huge, pond'rous, strong! that when her fury burns

475 Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hosts o'erturns.

\*. 461. *What mighty Trojan then, on yonder shore.*] She means  *Hector*, whose death the Poet makes her foresee in such a lively manner, as if the image of the hero lay bleeding before her. This picture is noble, and agreeable to the observation we formerly made of *Homer's* method of prophesying in the spirit of poetry.

\*. 469. *Floats in rich waves.*] The Greek word is *κατέκλυσε*, pours the veil on the pavement. I must just take notice that here is a repetition of the same beautiful verses which the author had used in the fifth book.

- Saturnia* lends the lash; the coursers fly;  
 Smooth glides the chariot thro' the liquid sky.  
 Heav'n-gates spontaneous open to the pow'rs,  
 Heav'n's golden gates, kept by the winged *Hours*,  
 480 Commission'd in alternate watch they stand,  
 The Sun's bright portals and the skies command;  
 Close, or unfold, th' eternal gates of day,  
 Bar heav'n with clouds, or roll those clouds away.  
 The founding hinges ring, the clouds divide;  
 485 Prone down the steep of heav'n their course they guide.  
 But *Jove* incens'd, from *Ida*'s top survey'd,  
 And thus enjoin'd the many-colour'd maid.  
*Thaumantia*! mount the winds, and stop their car;  
 Against the Highest who shall wage the war?  
 490 If furious yet they dare the vain debate,  
 Thus have I spoke, and what I spake is Fate.  
 Their coursers crush'd beneath the wheels shall lie,  
 Their car in fragments scatter'd o'er the sky;  
 My light'ning these rebellious shall confound,  
 495 And hurl them flaming, headlong to the ground,

¶ 477. *Smooth glides the chariot, &c.*] One would almost think *Homer* made his Gods and Goddesses descend from *Olympus*, only to mount again, and mount only to descend again, he is so remarkably delighted with the descriptions of their horses, and their manner of flight. We have no less than three of these in the present book.

Condemn'd for ten revolving years to weep  
 The wounds impress'd by burning thunder deep.  
 So shall *Minerva* learn to fear our ire,  
 Nor dare to combat her's and nature's Sire.

500 For *Juno*, headstrong and imperious still,  
 She claims some title to transgress our will.

Swift as the wind, the various-colour'd maid  
 From *Ida's* top her golden wings display'd;  
 To great *Olympus'* shining gates she flies,

505 There meets the chariot rushing down the skies,  
 Restrains their progress from the bright abodes,  
 And speaks the mandate of the Sire of Gods.

What frenzy, Goddesses! what rage can move  
 Celestial minds to tempt the wrath of *Jove*?

510 Desist, obedient to his high command;  
 This is his word: and know his word shall stand.  
 His light'ning your rebellion shall confound,  
 And hurl ye headlong, flaming to the ground:

¶. 500. For *Juno* headstrong and imperious still, She claims, &c.] *Eustatbius* observes here, if a good man does us a wrong, we are justly angry at it; but if it proceeds from a bad one, it is no more than we expected, we are not at all surprized, and we bear it with patience.

There are many such passages as these in *Homer* which glance obliquely at the fair sex; and *Jupiter* is here forced to take upon himself the severe husband, to teach *Juno* the duty of a wife.

Your



No more let beings of superior birth  
 Contend with *Jove* for this low race of earth:

530 Triumphant now, now miserably slain,

They breathe or perish as the fates ordain.

But *Jove's* high counsels full effect shall find,

And ever constant, ever rule mankind.

She spoke, and backward turn'd her steeds of light,

535 Adorn'd with manes of gold, and heav'nly bright.

The *Houres* unloos'd them, panting as they stood,

And heap'd their mangers with ambrosial food.

There ty'd, they rest in high celestial stalls;

The chariot propt against the crystal walls.

540 The pensive Goddesses, abash'd, controul'd,

Mix with the Gods, and fill their seats of gold.

And now the Thund'rer meditates his flight

From *Ida's* summits to th' *Olympian* height.

Swifter than thought the wheels instinctive fly,

545 Flame thro' the vast of air, and reach the sky.

¶ 531. *They breathe or perish, as the fates ordain.*] The translator has turn'd this line in compliance to an old observation upon *Homer*, which *Macrobius* has written, and several others have since fallen into: They say he was so great a fatalist, as not so much as to name the word *Fortune* in all his works, but constantly *Fate* instead of it. This remark seems curious enough, and indeed does agree with the general tenor and doctrine of this Poet; but unluckily it is not true, the word which they have proscribed being imply'd in the original of this, *γ. 430. Οὐκ*  
*Τύχη.*

'Twas

'Twas *Neptune's* charge his coursers to unbrace,  
 And fix the car on its immortal base ;  
 There stood the chariot, beaming forth its rays,  
 Till with a snowy veil he skreen'd the blaze.

50 He, whose all-conscious eyes the world behold,  
 Th' eternal Thunderer, fate thron'd in gold.  
 High heav'n the footstool of his feet he makes,  
 And wide beneath him, all *Olympus* shakes.

Trembling afar th' offending pow'rs appear'd,  
 55 Confus'd and silent, for his frown they fear'd.

He saw their soul, and thus his word imparts ;  
*Pallas* and *Juno* ! say, why heave your hearts ?  
 Soon was your battel o'er : Proud *Troy* retir'd  
 Before your face, and in your wrath expir'd.

60 But know, whoe'er almighty pow'r withstand !  
 Unmatch'd our force, unconquer'd is our hand :  
 Who shall the Sov'reign of the skies controul ?  
 Not all the Gods that crown the starry pole.

Your hearts shall tremble, if our arms we take,  
 65 And each immortal nerve with horror shake.

†. 547. *And fix the car on its immortal base.*] It is remark'd by *Eustatbius* that the word *βασίς* signifies not only altars, but pedestals or bases, of statues, &c. I think our language will bear this literally, tho' *M. Dacier* durst not venture it in the *French*. The solemnity with which this chariot of *Jupiter* is set up, by the hands of a God, and cover'd with a fine veil, makes it easy enough to imagine that this distinction also might be shewn it.

For

For thus I speak, and what I speak shall stand;  
 What pow'r soe'er provokes our lifted hand,  
 On this our hill no more shall hold his place,  
 Cut off, and exil'd from th' æthereal race.

570 *Juno* and *Pallas* grieving hear the doom,  
 But feast their souls on *Ilion's* woes to come.

¶ 570. *Juno and Pallas.*] In the beginning of this book *Juno* was silent, and *Minerva* reply'd: Here, says *Eustatbius*, *Homer* makes *Juno* reply with great propriety to both their characters. *Minerva* resents the usage of *Jupiter*, but the reverence she bears to her father, and her King, keeps her silent; she has not less anger than *Juno*, but more reason. *Minerva* there spoke with all the submission and deference that was owing from a child to a father, or from a subject to a King; but *Juno* is more free with her husband, she is angry, and lets him know it by the first word she utters.

*Juno* here repeats the same words which had been us'd by *Minerva* to *Jupiter* near the beginning of this book. What is there utter'd by wisdom herself, and approv'd by him, is here spoken by a Goddess, who (as *Homer* tells us at this very time) imprudently manifested her passion, and whom *Jupiter* answers with anger. To deal fairly, I cannot defend this in my Author, any more than some other of his repetitions; as when *Ajax* in the fifteenth *Iliad*, ¶. 668. uses the same speech word for word to encourage the *Greeks*, which *Agamemnon* had made in the fifth, ¶. 653. I think it equally an extreme, to vindicate all the repetitions of *Homer*, and to excuse none. However *Eustatbius* very ingeniously excuses this, by saying that the same speeches become entirely different by the different manner of introducing them. *Minerva* address'd herself to *Jupiter* with words full of respect, but *Juno* with terms of resentment. This, says he, shews the effect of opening our speeches with art: It prejudices the audience in our favour, and makes us speak to friends: whereas the auditor naturally denies that favour, which the Orator does not seem to ask; so that what he delivers, tho' it has equal merit, labours under this disadvantage, that his judges are his enemies.

Tho,

Tho' secret anger swell'd *Minerva's* breast,  
The prudent Goddess yet her wrath repress,  
But *Juno*, impotent of rage, replies.

75 What hast thou said, Oh tyrant of the skies!  
Strength and Omnipotence invest thy throne;  
'Tis thine to punish; ours to grieve alone.  
For *Greece* we grieve, abandon'd by her fate  
To drink the dregs of thy unmeasur'd hate:  
80 From fields forbidden we submit refrain,  
With arms unaiding see our *Argives* slain;  
Yet grant our counsels still their breasts may move,  
Lest all should perish in the rage of *Jove*.

The Goddess thus: and thus the God replies

85 Who swells the clouds, and blackens all the skies.  
The morning sun, awak'd by loud alarms,  
Shall see th' almighty Thunderer in arms.  
What heaps of *Argives* then shall load the plain,  
Those radiant eyes shall view, and view in vain.  
90 Nor shall great *Hector* cease the rage of fight,  
The navy flaming, and thy *Greeks* in flight,

¶. 590. *Nor shall great Hector cease, &c.*] Here, says *Eustathius*, the Poet prepares the reader for what is to succeed: he gives us the out-lines of his piece, which he is to fill up in the progress of the poem. This is so far from cloying the reader's appetite, that it raises it, and makes him desirous to see the picture drawn in its full length.

Ev'n

Ev'n till the day, when certain fates ordain  
 That stern *Achilles* (his *Patroclus* slain)  
 Shall rise in vengeance, and lay waste the plain.

595 For such is Fate, nor can'st thou turn its course  
 With all thy rage, with all thy rebel force.  
 Fly, if thou wilt, to earth's remotest bound,  
 Where on her utmost verge the seas resound;  
 Where curs'd *Iapetus* and *Saturn* dwell,

600 Fast by the brink, within the steams of hell;  
 No sun e'er gilds the gloomy horrors there,  
 No chearful gales refresh the lazy air:  
 There arm once more the bold *Titanian* band;  
 And arm in vain; For what I will, shall stand.

605 Now deep in Ocean sunk the lamp of light,  
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night:  
 The conqu'ring *Trojans* mourn his beams decay'd;  
 The *Greeks* rejoicing bless the friendly shade.

The victors keep the field; and *Hector* calls

610 A martial council near the navy-walls:  
 These to *Scamander's* bank apart he led,  
 Where thinly scatter'd lay the heaps of dead.  
 Th' assembled chiefs, descending on the ground,  
 Attend his order, and their Prince surround.

615 A massy spear he bore of mighty strength,  
 Of full ten cubits was the lance's length;

The

The point was brass, refulgent to behold,  
 Fix'd to the wood with circling rings of gold:  
 The noble *Hector* on this lance reclin'd,

20 And bending forward, thus reveal'd his mind.

Ye valiant *Trojans*, with attention hear!

Ye *Dardan* bands, and gen'rous Aids give ear!

This day, we hop'd, would wrap in conqu'ring flame  
 Greece with her ships, and crown our toils with fame:

25 But darkness now, to save the cowards, falls,

And guards them trembling in their wooden walls.

Obeys the Night, and use her peaceful hours

Our steeds to forage, and refresh our pow'rs.

Straight from the town be sheep and oxen sought,

30 And strength'ning bread, and gen'rous wine be brought:

Wide o'er the field, high-blazing to the sky,

Let num'rous fires the absent sun supply,

The flaming piles with plenteous fuel raise,

Till the bright morn her purple beam displays:

35 Lest in the silence and the shades of night,

Greece on her sable ships attempt her flight.

Y. 621. *Ye valiant Trojans, &c.*] *Eustatbius* observes that *Hector* here speaks like a soldier: He bears a spear, not a sceptre in his hand; he harangues like a soldier, but like a victor; he seems to be too much pleased with himself, and in this vein of self-flattery, he promises a compleat conquest over the *Greeks*.

Not

- Not unmolested let the wretches gain  
 Their lofty decks, or safely cleave the main;  
 Some hostile wound let every dart bestow,  
 640 Some lasting token of the *Phrygian* foe,  
 Wounds, that long hence may ask their spouses care,  
 And warn their children from a *Trojan* war.  
 Now thro' the circuit of our *Ilian* wall,  
 Let sacred heralds sound the solemn call;  
 645 To bid the Sires with hoary honours crown'd,  
 And beardless youths, our battlements surround.  
 Firm be the guard, while distant lie our pow'rs,  
 And let the matrons hang with lights the tow'rs:  
 Lest under covert of the midnight shade,  
 650 Th' insidious foe the naked town invade.  
 Suffice, to-night, these orders to obey;  
 A nobler charge shall rouse the dawning day.  
 The Gods, I trust, shall give to *Hector's* hand,  
 From these detested foes to free the land,

†. 648. *And let the matrons.*] I have been more observant of the decorum in this line than my Author himself. He calls the women *Θηλύτταται*, an epithet of scandalous import, upon which *Porphyry* and the *Greek* Scholiast have said but too much. I know no man that has yet had the impudence to translate that remark, in regard of which it is politeness to imitate the Barbarians, and say, *Gracum est, non legitur*. For my part, I leave it as a motive to some very curious persons of both sexes to study the *Greek* language.

Who plow'd, with fates averſe, the wat'ry way;  
For *Trojan* vultures a predeſtin'd prey.

Our common ſafety muſt be now the care;  
But ſoon as morning paints the fields of air,  
Sheath'd in bright arms let ev'ry troop engage,

And the fir'd fleet behold the battel rage.

Then, then ſhall *Hector* and *Tydidēs* prove,  
Whoſe fates are heavieſt in the ſcale of *Jove*.

To-morrow's light (oh haſte the glorious morn!)  
Shall ſee his bloody ſpoils in triumph born,

With this keen jav'lin ſhall his breaſt be gor'd,  
And proſtrate heroes bleed around their lord.

Certain as this, oh! might my days endure,  
From age inglorious, and black death ſecure;  
So might my life and glory know no bound,

Like *Pallas* worſhip'd, like the Sun renown'd!

As the next dawn, the laſt they ſhall enjoy,  
Shall cruſh the *Greeks*, and end the woes of *Troy*.

The leader ſpoke. From all his hoſts around  
Shouts of applauſe along the ſhores reſound.

Each from the yoke the ſmoaking ſteeds unty'd,  
And fix'd their headſtalls to his chariot-side.

Fat ſheep and oxen from the town are led,  
With gen'rous wine, and all-ſuſtaining bread.

Full hecatombs lay burning on the shore;

680 The winds to heav'n the curling vapours bore.

Ungrateful off'ring to th' immortal pow'rs!

Whose wrath hung heavy o'er the Trojan tow'rs;

Nor Priam nor his sons obtain'd their grace;

Proud Troy they hated, and her guilty race.

685 The troops exulting sat in order round,

And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground.

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night!

O'er heav'ns clear azure spreads her sacred light,

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,

690 And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;

§. 679. *Full hecatombs, &c.*] The six lines that follow being a translation of four in the original, are added from the authority of *Plato* in *Mr. Barnes* his edition: That author cites them in his second *Alcibiades*. There is no doubt of their being genuine, but the question is only whether they are rightly placed here? I shall not pretend to decide upon a point which will doubtless be the speculation of future Criticks.

§. 687. *As when the moon, &c.*] This comparison is inferior to none in *Homer*. It is the most beautiful night-piece that can be found in poetry. He presents you with a prospect of the heavens, the seas, and the earth: The stars shine, the air is serene, the world enlighten'd, and the moon mounted in glory. *Eustathius* remarks that *Φαειδὺν* does not signify the moon at full; for then the light of the stars is diminish'd or lost in the greater brightness of the moon. And others correct the word *Φαειδὺν* to *Φάει νῆν*, for *Φάει νῆν*; but this criticism is forced, and I see no necessity why the moon may not be said to be bright, tho' it is not in the full. A Poet is not oblig'd to speak with the exactness of Philosophy, but with the liberty of Poetry.

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,  
 And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head;  
 55 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:  
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the fight,  
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.  
 So many flames before proud *Iliou* blaze,  
 60 And lighten glimm'ring *Xanthus* with their rays:  
 The long reflections of the distant fires  
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.

Full

§. 703. *A thousand piles.*] *Homer* in his catalogue of the *Grecian* ships, tho' he does not recount expressly the number of the *Greeks*, has given some hints from whence the sum of their army may be collected. But in the same book where he gives an account of the *Trojan* army, and relates the names of the leaders and nations of the auxiliaries, he says nothing by which we may infer the number of the army of the besieged. To supply therefore that omission, he has taken occasion by this piece of poetical arithmetick, to inform his reader, that the *Trojan* army amounted to 50000. That the assistant nations are to be included herein, appears from what *Delon* says in l. 10. that the auxiliaries were encamped that night with the *Trojans*.

This passage gives me occasion to animadvert upon a mistake of a modern writer, and another of my own. The *Abbè Terrasson*, in a late treatise against *Homer*, is under a grievous error, in saying that all the forces of *Troy* and the auxiliaries cannot be reasonably suppos'd from *Homer* to be above ten thousand men. He had entirely overlook'd this place, which says there were a thousand fires, and fifty men at each of them.

See

705 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
 Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.  
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,  
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

See my observations on the second book, where these fires by a slip of my memory are called funeral piles: I should be glad it were the greatest error I have committed in these notes.

\*. 707. *The coursers o'er their heaps of corn.*] I durst not take the same liberty with M. *Dacier*, who has omitted this circumstance, and does not mention the horses at all. In the following line, the last of the book, *Homer* has given to the *Morning* the epithet *fair-spear'd* or *bright-throned*, εὐθρονον ἥμα. I have already taken notice in the preface of the method of translating the epithets of *Homer*, and must add here, that it is often only the uncertainty the moderns lie under, of the true genuine signification of an ancient word, which causes the many various constructions of it. So that it is probable the author's own words, at the time he used them, never meant half so many things as we translate them into. Madam *Dacier* generally observes one practice as to these throughout her version: She renders almost every such epithet in *Greek* by two or three in *French*, from a fear of losing the least part of its significance. This perhaps may be excusable in prose; tho' at best it makes the whole much more verbose and tedious, and is rather like writing a dictionary than rendering an author: But in verse, every reader knows such a redoubling of epithets would not be tolerable. A Poet has therefore only to chuse that, which most agrees with the tenour and main intent of the particular passage, or with the genius of poetry itself.

It is plain that too scrupulous an adherence to many of these, gives the translation an exotic, pedantic, and whimsical air, which it is not to be imagined the original ever had. To call a hero the *great artificer of flight*, the *swift of foot*, or the *horse-tamer*, these give us ideas of little peculiarities, when in the author's time they were epithets used only in general to signify alacrity, agility, and vigour. A common reader would imagine from these servile versions, that *Diomed* and *Achilles* were foot-racers, and *Hector* a horse-courser, rather than that any of them were heroes. A man shall be call'd a faithful translator for rendering πῶδας ὠκύς in *English*, *swift-footed*; but laugh'd at if he should translate our *English* word *dextrous* into any other language. *right-banded*.



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